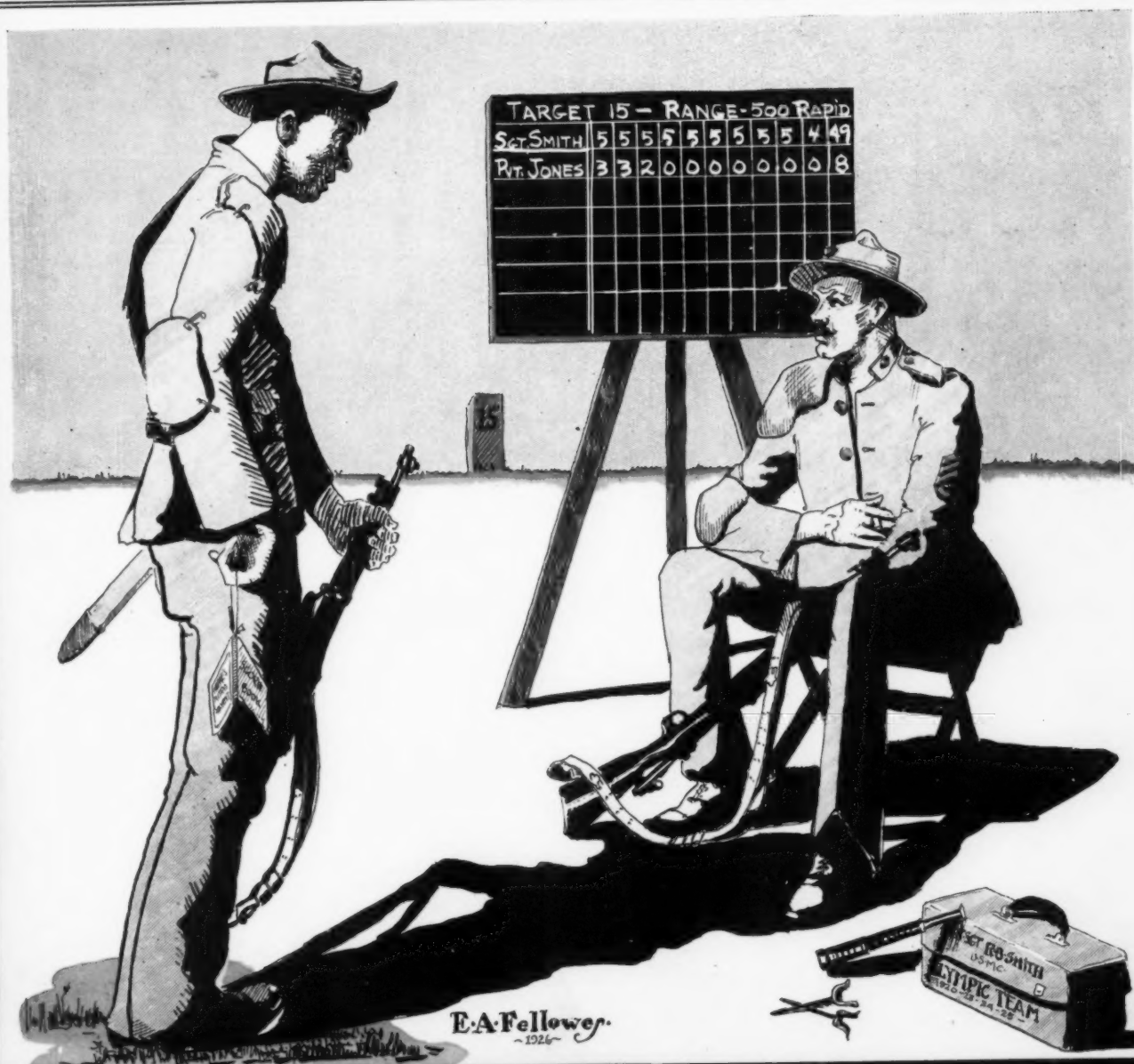


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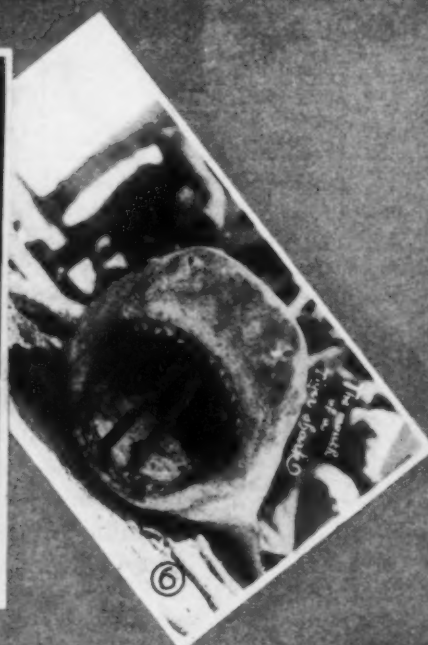
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# \$120.00 Dawson Amateur Picture Contest

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Every Marine, regardless of rank, may enter this contest. It makes no difference whether you use a little box camera, a vest pocket camera or whatever camera you have. Pictures of your barracks, camp, favorite scenes and views, pictures of your football and baseball teams, your favorite chow hound, your company or battalion in drill formation, parades, reviews, guard mounts—every day you see people, places, things or events that are well worth photographing. Have your camera handy—take pictures often and enter the best of them, as many as you like, in this contest. There are sixteen prizes.

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CLASS NO.	FIRST PRIZE	SECOND PRIZE	THIRD PRIZE
1. Pictures of Persons or Animal Life .....	\$12.00 Kodak	\$6.00 Kodak	\$3.00 Album
2. Scenic or Nature Picture .....	\$12.00 Kodak	\$6.00 Kodak	\$3.00 Album
3. Sports or Action Pictures .....	\$12.00 Kodak	\$6.00 Kodak	\$3.00 Album
4. A Subject with News Value .....	\$12.00 Kodak	\$6.00 Kodak	\$3.00 Album
5. Indoor, Shade, or Cloudy day Picture .....	\$3.00 Cash	\$2.00 Cash	\$1.00 Cash

Persons Eligible: Any amateur photographer, except members of the staff of The Leatherneck and employees of the Dawson-Kraft-Shop. Dawson-Kraft-Shop representatives are not considered as employees in this contest.

Closing dates: All pictures must be received by the Dawson-Kraft-Shop, care The Leatherneck, Washington, D. C., before 12 M. Monday, January 10, 1927.

The Best Pictures Entered will be published in each issue of The Leatherneck, and honorary mention given to the sender

## Contest Conditions

1. Finished and developed prints up to any size may be submitted.
2. Contestants may submit any number of prints.
3. Every print submitted to the contest must bear on the reverse side the name and address of the sender printed in ink.
4. Prints entered in this contest, and the negatives that might be made from them, become the exclusive property of the Dawson-Kraft-Shop, which reserves the exclusive publication rights to them, as well as re-

print and sale rights to them.

5. Photos will be returned only if requested and postage accompanies them.
6. Awards will be made as soon as possible after closing date of contest.

7. Honorary mention will be awarded to all contestants.
8. The judges will be a committee appointed by the editors of The Leatherneck. Their decision will be final.

Make it a rule to enter at least one picture for each issue of The Leatherneck in this contest. Do not forget that there are five classes, three prizes each, and a Grand Prize. The more pictures you send us the greater chance you have of winning.

Note: Send all pictures to The Dawson-Kraft-Shop, care The Leatherneck, Washington, D. C.



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THE PEE DESIGN BY EATFELLOWS

Volume 9

WASHINGTON, D. C., July, 1926

Number 10

# THE DEATH PLANE



By Donald Edward Keyhoe

FLIGHT SURGEON CALNAN sat up with an exclamation of annoyance as the doorbell repeated its clamor. Then an expression of surprise replaced the irritation on his lean, nervous face. A bright light was streaming through the windows of his bachelor quarters, though the hour was only three-thirty. Suddenly alert, he snatched up his dressing gown and hurried downstairs. As the door opened he saw a figure silhouetted against the glare of the field landing lights.

"What is it?" he asked crisply, shading his eyes with a quick hand. Then he recognized Stafford, a junior pilot, who was officer-of-the-day. "Oh—hello, Paul. What's wrong?"

Stafford's air-tanned face was strangely pale.

"A man's been killed in a crash," he said in a tense voice. "I wish you'd have a look at him—there's something queer about it. I'll tell you what I know while you're dressing."

"I was inspecting sentries when I first heard his motor," he continued as Calnan led the way to his bedroom. "I didn't pay much attention for I knew none of our ships were out. Then I heard the motor cut out—it stopped suddenly as though it had been switched off. I managed to get the field lights on in time but the plane never even turned—just glided over the middle hangar and cracked up in the trees. We got over there as soon as we could—it wasn't over a couple of minutes. The ship hadn't hit very hard. The wings had taken most of the crash by hitting a couple of limbs. I didn't think anyone would be hurt—but the pilot was dead."

He stopped abruptly, as though visualizing the scene. Calnan looked at him in some surprise. "Nothing very unusual about that," he observed. "I've seen men bumped off when their ships were hardly touched."

Stafford gave him a peculiar glance.

"That isn't all," he said, wetting his lips with his tongue. "He's been dead at least three hours!"

A boot thudded to the floor from

Calnan's hand. "Three hours! Stafford—you've gone crazy!"

"Your hospital steward set the time," retorted the younger man, with some defiance. "And he's not far wrong, either. But he wants you to come over and see the body. I didn't notice any wound, except a bruise on his arm where it was jammed between the 'stick' and the instrument board. That probably happened when the ship hit."

"Can't you dope out where he came from by the plane?" asked Calnan practically. "What kind is it?"

"Private built ship, from the looks of it," said Stafford. "No insignia on it at all. And we searched the body for letters or clothing marks, but there wasn't a thing."

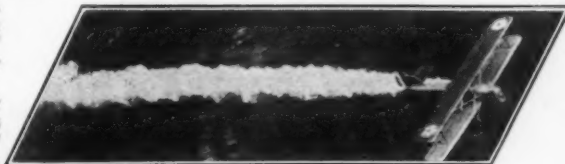
"Hm!" muttered the flight surgeon, in growing puzzlement. "Let's get over to the dispensary and see about this. It begins to sound a little off color."

A little later he straightened up from a careful examination of the silent figure which had been carried in from the wrecked plane.

"Stafford, this man was murdered," he said quietly. "Strangled in such a way as not to leave very deep marks. An arm crooked about his neck and drawn tight would be my guess. That means there was another man in the ship when it crashed. He must have slipped away before you got there."

"Nothing doing," responded Stafford positively. "We'd have seen him—remember the river cuts off most of that stretch. Besides, I had the men search clear through the place."

Calnan made an impatient gesture.



"Dead men don't fly airplanes. There must have been a second person. The only question is how he got away. He certainly never jumped out in the air—"

Then he drove his fist resoundingly into his palm.

"Why didn't we think of that? He could have used a parachute, Stafford. It sounds desperate—but murder is a desperate thing. A man who would carry the body of a victim in an airplane certainly would be cool enough for that. He probably made the jump when you heard the motor stop, expecting the ship to fall into a spin. That would make it look like a natural crash."

The other man appeared doubtful of his explanation.

"It seems to me it would have spun in," he objected. "Mighty few ships are lined up well enough to hold a glide like that. It came in straight as an arrow."

"It's the only logical explanation," said Calnan, "unless you believe in ghosts. Let's go out and have a look at this wreck. Maybe we can find something you missed in the excitement. I'm beginning to enjoy this—first time I've had any mystery since my Military Intelligence service in the war."

Stafford shivered slightly.

"Your idea of enjoyment doesn't jibe with mine," he said rather curtly. There was no other word until they reached the strange plane. It hung, as Stafford had said, between two limbs, its nose resting a foot above the ground. Calnan climbed into the rear seat, which had been occupied by the dead man.

"Special make, all right," he commented. "Hispano Suiza motor, though; we could trace that number, but it would take a week or two. Standard instruments, but no particular identification there. Hello—what's this?"

He leaned down, flashing his electric torch along the floor and under the space between the two seats.

"What did you find?" inquired Stafford as he sat up.

Calnan did not answer. He was pointing the flashlight out upon the mangled wings. Once he



turned and stared back along the tail, then dived again into the cockpit. After a prolonged silence there came a rending sound and he merged with a small instrument in his hand.

"That's only a recording barometer," remarked Stafford, in a rather bewildered tone. "What do you want it for?"

"It will tell us where the ship came from, unless I'm badly mistaken," answered Calnan. "This curve on the record sheet shows the height of the plane from the time it started until crashed here. That's assuming it was set in motion when the ship took off—and I think it was. Each one of these space units represents half an hour—I guess you know that. The highest altitude is seven thousand feet, and the ship kept that height almost the whole flight, if the curve is right. Now what would you say is the average speed for a plane like this?"

"A hundred knots, approximately," replied Stafford, after a moment's consideration. "But what good will that do you?"

"Everything," said the flight surgeon with growing animation. "It's a problem in navigation. Allowing about fifteen minutes for climbing up to seven thousand feet and gliding down again, the barometer gives us two hours in the air. Two hours at a hundred knots certainly makes nothing but two hundred miles in distance. Now all we need is the course. I think you said the ship came down straight over the middle hangar. Is that right?"

Stafford nodded, but his expression was dubious.

"I get your idea," but you certainly don't think this plane flew here in a straight line all the way for two hundred miles? Think of the wind error—and the human factor. It's hard work to hold a perfect course like that."

There was an enigmatic smile on Calnan's thin face.

"I'm counting all of that into the problem. Maybe I'm way off, but I'd like to see. I'll go get the radio weather reports for the country north of here while you check up the compass course, using the middle of the hangar for your bearing from here. Get it as close as you can. I'll be over in the chart room."

The sky was beginning to show gray when Stafford entered the flight building and made his way to the chart room.

"I checked the bearing two ways—and mighty near fell off the roof doing it," he grumbled good-naturedly. "I hope it will turn out to be worth something. The ship was heading a hair off a south-east course—in other words, it came

from the northwest if your theory is right."

Calnan's eyes shone with sudden enthusiasm.

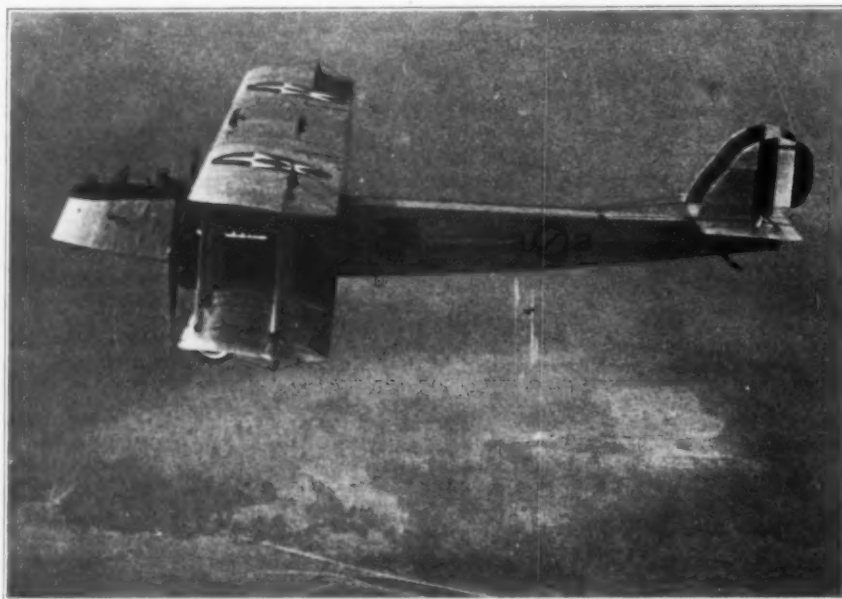
"Luck is with us," he declared excitedly. "The wind has been steady in that section almost all night. Let's see, two hundred miles to the northwest, and then fifteen due east from the wind. That puts us—" he broke off, working hastily over a large map of the eastern United States. As he laid down the last correction he drew a small circle and stood up triumphantly.

"Just twelve miles from the town of Allendale," he completed his words. "Of course it may be a little to one side or the other, but we'll be able to see it from the air."

"See it!" echoed Stafford. "You mean we're going out there?"

The flight surgeon stared at him a second.

"You bet we're going—or at least I



For two hours the huge Martin bomber had droned its way into the northwest.

am. Think I'd miss the fun after all this work, and after losing a good night's sleep? I'm going to telephone Allendale and learn what I can about any flying field near there. While I'm doing that you chase over to the colonel's house and tell him what's happened. Ask him if it's all right to go out there in a bomber."

Stafford's reluctance was obvious.

"He'll be mad as a hornet if I wake him up. Maybe we'd better wait until morning."

Calnan seized a pad of paper and rapidly scribbled a note.

"Give this to him—he'll understand, don't worry. If we're going to catch the man back of this we'll have to surprise him, before he has a chance to learn that his plan failed. Don't bother to come back here. I'll meet you at the hangar. We'll need some support in this, so pick a couple of good men for your crew."

\* \* \*

FOR NEARLY two hours the huge

Martin bomber had droned its way into the northwest. Stafford sat at the controls, holding steadily to the course Calnan had laid down, while the flight surgeon scanned the horizon with a pair of field glasses. Two capable looking mechanics and a brawny sergeant of the guard detachment made up the crew.

As the plane swung over a wooded stretch Calnan's intent glance gave way to a look of satisfaction. He turned and leaned close to Stafford, shouting to make himself heard above the roar of the motors.

"I think that's it—the cleared spot to the left. You know what to do. Make it natural, but try to get as close to the building as you can."

Stafford nodded calmly. For a few minutes the bomber continued onward as though it would pass beyond the spot Calnan had indicated. Stafford's hand sought the gas cut-off to the starboard

motor, closing it tight. In a moment the powerful Liberty faltered in its thunder of exhaust. There came an irregular sputter, then the propeller stopped with a last convulsive kick. Stafford nosed the plane into a hurried turn, gliding back toward the clearing, at one end of which was a long, low structure. From this building, which seemed to be a hangar for two or three planes, ran a short narrow-gauge track, ending in a tent a hundred feet away.

Skimming the trees which bordered the field, Stafford brought the bomber to a trundling stop a hundred yards from the hangar. Two men appeared in the entrance as he switched off the port motor. Both wore the dungarees of mechanics. As they approached Calnan turned his head in a swift aside to his companions.

"Stafford, you and the sergeant get out with me, but let me talk to them first. And you—" to the mechanics—"get to work on that motor. But be ready for anything."

Then he climbed to the ground, stretching himself lazily.

"It's a good thing this field was here," he observed cheerfully, as the two strangers reached the plane. "A few miles further on we'd have had to drop into the trees."

The foremost of the two nodded absently, his swarthy face retaining its stolid look, though his dark eyes roamed curiously over the plane and its crew. The other man, a sallow, undersized youth, showed more interest.

"It's ticklish flyin' round these sticks,"



he admitted. "There ain't many ships hitting this way on account of it. Where you headed for?"

"Chicago," stated Calnan, briefly. He turned to the swarthy man, who was watching the mechanics as they prepared to take down the starboard gas line. "I don't remember this place—is it on the Airways map?"

"No, it's a private field," returned the man, without glancing at him. "The owner had it kept off on purpose. Of course it's different with something like this. What's your trouble?"

"Dirty carburetor jets or else clogged feed line," explained Calnan. "We'll get it fixed in an hour or so. By the way, I'll have to report landing here. What's the name of the field—or does it have any?"

The swarthy man hesitated. "Sumner Wade owns it," he said at last. "It's what he calls his experimental shop. He's the fellow that invented a turn-indicator for flying in clouds and at night."

"W a d e," said Calnan thoughtfully, as though recalling a forgotten memory. "Seems to me I've met him. Isn't he a tall, gray haired man, about fifty-five? Sharp nose, sort of bushy eyebrows?"

The swarthy mechanic opened his mouth, but before he could speak the sallow-faced youth broke in.

"Sure, that's the boss. And he's got a sharp tongue, too. Believe me, nobody around here can get along with him—unless it's Carl." He grinned at his companion.

The swarthy man did not smile.

"Jack, you run along and get to work on that lathe," he said curtly.

"And tell Stern to go ahead with that job I told him about—he'll know what I mean."

The boy departed reluctantly. The man he had called Carl turned back to Calnan.

"Sorry Wade isn't here today—he'd be glad to see you."

"Oh, that's all right," said Calnan easily, though his eyes were fixed intently on the other man's face. "I've seen him quite recently, in fact later than you have."

If he had thought to startle the man before him he was disappointed. The swarthy countenance showed nothing but a natural surprise.

"Must have been recent," he commented, removing his hat to scratch his head as though puzzled. "He didn't leave here till after dark last night. Maybe we don't mean the same man."

Calnan's voice suddenly became harsh,

and at its tone Stafford and the burly sergeant drew closer.

"There is no mistake, Mr. Carl," he ground out, with peculiar emphasis on the name. "Sumner Wade was—"

A sputter, then a deafening roar from the hangar drowned his words. Whirling, he stared in that direction. Instantly the swarthy man dashed his hat to the ground and ducked under the wing of the bomber, racing with almost incredible speed toward the hangar. As the trio at the plane tore after him a moving object became visible in the dim confines of the structure. Then a light pursuit plane darted into the sunlight, pausing only to permit the fleeing man to hurl himself into the rear cockpit. As the motor roared wide open Calnan's voice rose above the din.

"The prop! Fire at the prop!"

A series of staccato reports added to the clamor, then there came a splintering crash, followed by a rising shriek,

reappeared. The door of the second room was locked. The sallow-faced youth, who had followed the sudden procession of events with open mouth, volunteered an explanation.

"That's Wade's special workroom—nobody but Carl's been in it, I reckon."

Calnan glanced at him keenly.

"Do you live here—or who is it that lives in that room next to the workshop?"

"That's Carl's room," said the boy quickly. "I live in town—it's ten miles from here. So does Stern." He indicated the man held by the two mechanics. "I've worked here a couple of years. What's wrong, mister? Gosh, Wade'll be mad when he gets back—you sure liable to get in trouble."

Calnan laughed grimly.

"How long have these two worked for Wade?" he asked tersely. "What do you know about them?"

"I guess it's been about six months since Carl came," answered the boy. "Stern came later—Carl said he needed a helper, and Wade told him to get someone he knew was all right."

The flight surgeon nodded.

"I thought it would be something like that. It fits in with—a h! here comes our other friend."

Half-supported, half-dragged by the big sergeant, the man called Carl entered the hangar. Under his swarthy skin the blood had partly ebbed away, leaving his face a sickly hue. There was little trace of the assurance he had maintained under Calnan's questioning.

The flight surgeon studied him silently for several seconds. Then a

slow smile came over his lean features. "Landre—ah! that hit you in a weak spot, didn't it—they say dead men tell no tales, but it's not always good to rely on that. You planned a beautiful alibi—and it would have worked but for an accident."

The swarthy man showed a flash of returning spirit.

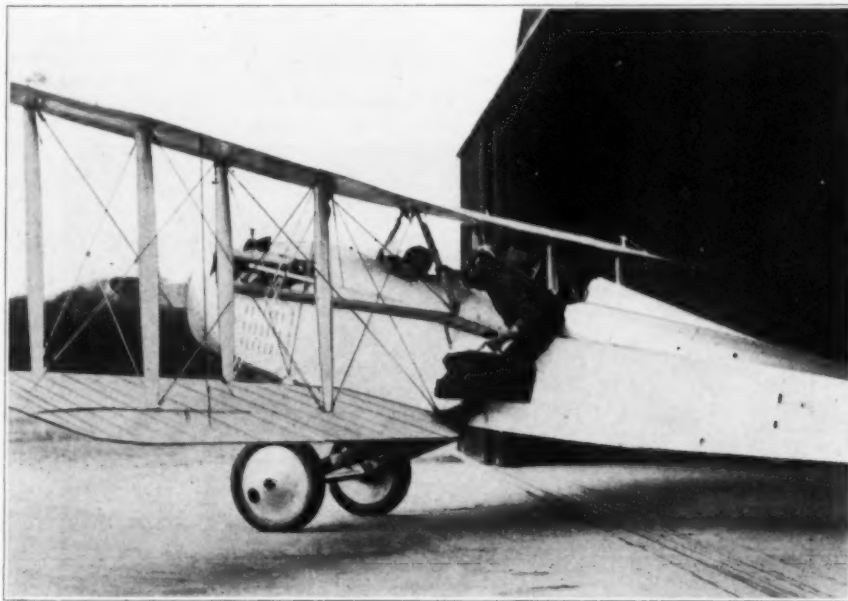
"I don't know what you're talking about. My name's not Landre—and what's more you're going to pay for winging me like this, damn you."

Calnan went on serenely as though he had not been interrupted.

"When you, or your friend here, it doesn't matter which—choked Sumner Wade last night you never dreamed it could be brought back to you. And yet—in just a few hours—you are caught. And this time you'll stay caught."

Blood rushed darkly into the other's

Continued on page fifty-five



Then a light pursuit plane darted into the sunlight, pausing only to permit the fleeing man to hurl himself into the rear cockpit.

as the unburdened motor raced for a moment. The disabled plane drifted aimlessly for a hundred yards and stopped. A pistol gleamed in the hands of the swarthy man but before he could take aim a shot from the sergeant's automatic sent it clattering to the floor of the plane. The swarthy man collapsed with a groan, his right hand a mangled mass. The pilot of the plane, a hard-faced man with the eyes of a tiger, stood up sullenly, his arms raised.

Calling the two mechanics from the bomber, Calnan led the way to the hangar, leaving the sergeant to bind the first prisoner's wound before bringing him in. Half of the structure was found to be divided into workshops, containing models of planes, bombs, and numerous devices pertaining to flying. The other half was storage space for planes, with the exception of two rooms at one end. Calnan entered one of these but quickly

# INKADIER LETTERS

By John (Skipper) Culnan, U. S. M. C., '16-'24  
Drawings by CAPT. JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

## No. 17. AN ALARUM AND AN EXCURSION

Breuvannes, France,  
1 December 1917.

Some said that Skipper Bill Crabbe was at the bottom of it. Others blamed it on a certain fair damsel of the Red Cross service. And there were those who explained it as just a whim of "Hike 'em Hiram."

"It was Wild Bill," declared Clyde McDonald, fastest backfield man in the regiment. "He talked the colonel into betting boku francs on his 66th Company team, and when us Forty-Niners ran circles around 'em the other day it made the old man pretty sore. So when Bill begins to argue in the Battle of Champagne last night that it would take more than an hour to break the battalion out at midnight, the old man naturally takes the opposite side of the argument."

What happened, at any rate, was that in the wee hours out at the barracks on the edge of the village all the confounded bugles in the battalion burst out with "General Quarters," and Wild Bill was breezing through each shack routing us out.

What with stumbling into uniform and packs in the dark, the profanity was classic in its scope, and when Willie Green, over in the 66th, piped up with his famous "When the war breaks out in Germany—," we were half-inclined to believe that the Squareheads were bearing down on the highly valued fertilizer heaps of Breuvannes.

And when we stepped off at no slouchy pace toward town in the blackness of the night we were buffaloed for fair to know what the idea was. As we passed the colonel's igloo we were joined by Louis French, chef extraordinaire for the old man, and Joe Toulson, orderly, also extraordinaire. Ah, now we'd get the low-down on this unparalleled move.

"Where away, Pop?" we asked the famed chef.

"All I know," he growled, "is he's gonna get a helluva slim breakfast in the morning."

Now we were clearing the eastern edge of town, and heading straight for Germany. Puzzled was no name for our mental condition.

"May the Creator condemn my spirit

to the nether regions," declared the top, or words to that effect and more eloquent, and we agreed to the same fate if we could see what it was all about.

It is something like six kilometres, or kill-o-marines, as we say, to Damblain, home of the Second Battalion, and we were heading down the pike in that direction as though the wine-soaked hamlet were in a state of siege.

Joe Toulson lowered his voice to talk to Frank Williams at the rear of the column.

"When we get to the half-way house I'm going to duck in and see Marie," he told Frank. "Might be the last time. Yuh never can tell."

"You'll have to make it snappy, won't you?" said Williams.

"Don't worry," whispered Joe.



"Joe slipped around to the rear of the building"

Strange enough, at the half-way house, a rambling stone farm dwelling close to the highway, we were brought to a halt, and as we fell out along the roadside, Joe slipped around to the rear of the building with his gifted secrecy.

No sooner than we had parked our sleepy carcasses in the ditch than we heard the tramp of another outfit. It grew louder.

"It'll be battlesights," whispered Jerry Finnegan dramatically.

"It's that d— Second Battalion," growled the top.

"Fair enough," said Bob Slover, "I could shoot my best friend after being busted out like this."

The Second Battalion came to a halt at the head of our column. There was a brief staff conference. Then we fell in and hiked straight back to Breuvannes, laughing and cursing among ourselves, and groped our way back to the wooden Ostermoors.

"If there was some way of getting back into the same dream I was having," mourned Willie Reilly, "I wouldn't care so much. I was just getting elected mayor of Cohoes, New York, when Snair went hermantow with his bugle."

"Well, if you ever find yourself in that situation again, counseled Finnegan, "you'll know it's a dream."

The mutinous growls gradually subsided into snores, and a late reveille that morning served to restore the perennial good humor of the outfit.

Late in the day Little Chuck O'Connor found Joe Toulson dashing off a letter of great length at Chaplain Brady's club.

"Look it over if you want to," drawled Joe; "it's to an old railroad buddy in Philly."

Chuck reports that he found the following data in the letter:

"Attack on the half-way house planned at Regimental P. C. in course of banquet. Shock troops move out at 12:30 a. m. Halt called at half-way house. Toulson appoints himself raiding party while regiment is standing by. Enemy pill-box found unguarded—sole defender asleep on post. Capture effected without bloodshed. Unconditional surrender. Armistice celebrated. Regiment is heard evacuating without, but raiding party holds fast to every inch gained until dawn, etc., etc."

"I've seen a little service in this outfit," declared Little Chuck, in giving us the low-down on the episode. "but I see I've failed to make the grade. When a mere recruit can make a regiment stand by three miles from camp in the middle of the night while he—well, Toulson's colonel of this organization as far as I'm concerned."

# Drum Echoes in the Hills

By Lieut. Col. Walter N. Hill

Continued from June LEATHERNECK

## CHAPTER VII.

THE constant rumors and reports had made an impression upon even Captain Hatten's stubborn unbelief, and when Daudet brought him a panicky little warning in the poorest French, written by Helene, he became convinced and sent a dispatch to Port-au-Prince.

In response to which, at noon the next day there appeared on the Port-au-Prince road a high cloud of dust, from which emerged a troop of mounted gendarmes, their accoutrements clanking, their horses flecked with foam. At their head rode Lieutenant Patrick O'Hara, erect and soldierly, his honest red face shining from beneath his tropical helmet. After him trailed the gendarmes, khaki hats pulled over their eyes, shirts wide open, with red and yellow handkerchiefs knotted about their necks, bandoliers over their shoulders, and carbines in boots ready for action.

"Glad to see you, O'Hara," cried Daudet clasping the young, red-headed giant by the hand.

"What's the big idea?" questioned O'Hara. "Colonel telephoned last night and gave me boots and saddles for Mirebelais."

"Caco uprising, all the Chiefs are out," replied Daudet briefly.

"Fine! We'll go for 'em," he laughed as he went off to attend to his precious horses.

The compound of the Cascernes was a turmoil of snorting, squealing ponies, and shouting black soldiers. Stallions quarreled together, kicking and biting viciously, and mules, anxious to unload, pranced about recklessly, spilling their packs, while whooping gendarmes tugged at their halter shanks. With many hand shakes and rough jokes, old comrades met, and wandered among the shacks to purchase roasted plantains and boiled red beans; while others, care free and soldier-like, stretched under the trees and slept.

"So there will be fine hunting in the mountains this season!" grinned an old veteran as he seated himself in the sergeant's room.

"Fine hunting! Oui, mon che (Yes my dear)," growled Jean Jacques, "but much work also."

"So get yourself a sharp knife in the market," laughed Pierre as he polished the Lieutenant's Winchester. "And fill your macoute (haversack) with biscuits and coffee. I see Le Gros Rouge (gendarme nickname for O'Hara) feeding his horses double rations!"

In the midst of all this, Hatten suddenly ordered Daudet to select twenty men and ride post haste for the Selton's Plantation at Savanette. Anxious to be off, Daudet was soon ready and his little troop stood in the road as he came down the stairs, his saddle bags on his shoulders. Hatten, his face black with smouldering rage, stood facing him as he stepped into the front room. He waved a letter violently in Daudet's face.

"Do you know who wrote this letter?" he snarled through clenched teeth.

A deep flush mounted to the young officer's cheeks, and he shrank before the other's gaze. He felt helpless and quite

unable to speak,—his thoughts seemed dead, his faculties benumbed. To tell the truth seemed as hopeless as to confess what small amount of guilt rested with him.

"Yes, I know the writing, Hatten," he said slowly, striving for calmness of word and thought.

"You know it is from . . . my wife . . . do you?" snarled the older man threateningly.

"Yes."

"Well, I've read it; so don't try to lie. I'm not going to kill you . . . you sneaking hound! You're not worth that! Now go and carry out your duty, and God help you if you fail!" Hatten's voice shook with rage.

Daudet swallowed hard, trying to speak. Suddenly he straightened to attention, saluted, and strode from the room in silence. Flinging his bags over the saddle, he mounted, and signalling the gendarmes to follow, rode at a gallop down the dirty lane, through the ravine and out on the Grand Savann.

Hatten did not move until the sound of Daudet's horses had died away. Then, folding the tell-tale letter and putting it in his pocket, he mounted the stairs and did the first dishonest thing he had ever done in his life. He ransacked Daudet's belongings from end to end, and later wrote a long letter to the Colonel explaining to that officer that he had absolute proof of Daudet's guilt.

## CHAPTER VIII.

CENTRAL HAITI became devastated by savage warfare. Grim horror hung in the valleys and stole over the hills—a war isolated and mysterious, which burst forth at unexpected moments in distant skirmishes, bloody ambushes, and frightful murders. Through all the vast wilderness of mountain and forest, there wandered bands of Caco pillagers who perpetrated in the name of liberty and freedom, atrocious deeds of barbarism and cruelty.

The hills and valleys of the distant Savanette Range were as yet untainted by this curse. Life at the Selton Plantation daily pursued its peaceful way. But in spite of the apparent calm, Daudet knew that danger threatened. In vain, however, did he plead with Mr. Selton to go back to Port-au-Prince while it was still possible. The old gentleman refused to listen, scoffing at the idea of danger from the peaceful mountain people among whom they lived. So Daudet kept Jean Jacques with his twenty gendarmes constantly on the alert scouting and patrolling, waiting and watching for the moment when the hordes should swarm through the valleys like a scourge of locusts.

The time passed quickly enough, as Daudet found a delightful companion in Constance Selton. While Monsieur Gabriel superintended the trimming of the coffee trees, and Mr. Selton breathing the pure air, regained his health; Daudet felt deeply in love.

One morning they had ridden a short distance from the Plantation Lodge and climbed a grassy hillock, dismounting to rest in a grove of pine trees. The sky was cloudless and the outlines of the

jagged peaks seemed chiseled from masses of burnished bronze. Constance clasped her hands around her knees, and hummed a few notes happily.

"But you do not believe," she said mockingly, "that love is an infection which can be caught like measles."

Daudet laughed. "I don't mean that, although I suppose our doctors will some day isolate the love germ; they've discovered nearly everything else. I meant that when loves comes, it creeps upon us like a disease until it consumes our entire being."

"But I don't like to think of love as a disease."

"What shall we call it then?"

"A failing . . . no, not that, for love should make us strong, . . . say rather a . . ."

"A sweet catastrophe!" he interrupted, "for it brings us happiness and sorrow, hope and despair."

"A good simile," she commented smiling.

Daudet was watching the lovely contour of her profile. His silence caused her to turn, her eyes met his, then fell under his glance and the color mounted to her cheeks. For a few moments neither spoke, the eloquence of mutual thought needing no words. He spoke at last, his tone low and tender.

"Constance," he murmured, "you must have guessed already what I . . . . Rapid hoof beats broke in on his eager words and both turned to see Jean Jacques riding swiftly up the path. He flung himself from the saddle and saluted.

"Lieutenant, David Boeuf with two hundred men crossed the Fer a Cheval at noon today," he announced breathlessly.

Daudet sprang to his feet. "What trail does he come on?" he demanded.

"Probably by Chapel San Martin up the valley."

"Go and start moving the rations and ammunition into the old ruins. I shall be there directly."

Jean Jacques mounted and rode away. Constance had risen and stood with startled eyes watching Daudet's face as he spoke.

"What did he say?" she faltered, "and why are you so serious?"

"He said the Cacos have crossed the Fer a Cheval and are headed this way. I knew they would come sooner or later, but your father would not believe me."

"What will they do?" her hand was on his arm.

"Plunder and rob the country people and try to kill us."

"Oh how terrible! Can't we leave now?"

"No, it's too late, they would ambush us in some defile. The old French ruin we talked about the other day is an excellent place to defend, and we can hold out there until help comes." He laid his hand on hers. "Trust me, Constance, will you?" he asked earnestly.

"More than anyone else in the world," she whispered.

They galloped rapidly back to the Plantation to find that even now the skeptical Selton disbelieved, but as dark-



ness came, up the valley shrilled a tooting conch horn, an evil screeching note of warning. And the awful rumble of the Voodoo Drums vibrated through the still air, while on the mountain sides twinkled the camp fires of the prowling horde.

The old French ruin made a sturdy rampart; by diligent work, Daudet arranged the Seltons comfortably, and established his outpost. Hardly were these preparations completed when the gendarme at the arched gateway challenged sharply:

"Qui moune la?" (Who is there?)

Daudet leaped to his feet. "Who is it, Jean Jacques?" he called.

"A young girl, Lieutenant," growled the Sergeant, striding forward and dragging a slender figure by the hand. "I think it is old Dieudonne's daughter."

A frightened, trembling Helene came forward. "Oh, Lieutenant," she gasped, "Metelus carried me off from my father but I have escaped. He has hundreds of men and they have sworn to kill you. They have dreadfully wounded the Mirebelais Captain and killed many of his men. He and the rest are surrounded in Chapel San Martin, between here and Mirebelais, not far from here!"

#### CHAPTER IX.

DAUDET was torn by conflicting emotions. His own desire was to stay and safeguard Constance and her father. But he felt that Hatten's chances of safety were of the slimmest unless he could reach him and bring him back. He knew the Caco traits and habits well enough to feel sure that they would not attempt to attack such a strong position as the ruin, until overwhelming numbers had assembled. And from the various reports he knew that only roving bands were about, while Metelus Pierre's main forces were yet to arrive. So he felt that the Seltons' position was for the present impregnable, and he ran no risk in leaving them in Jean Jacques' care. Although his very instinct seemed to cry aloud for him to stay beside his beloved, he finally decided that his duty led him to Hatten. And when darkness had fallen, he stole silently out of the ruin with Pierre and six gendarmes,—to rescue the man who hated him.

A half moon gave just light enough to make the trail visible. The tortuous

path wound amid the rocky hillocks, which jutted skyward in ghoulish shapes. A wilderness of the wilderness. They successfully slipped by the Caco outposts. Roving patrols swarmed about, but Daudet skillfully avoided them. Pierre touched Daudet's arm.

"Lieutenant," he whispered, "over that ridge is the Chapel San Martin . . . but see! There is a camp fire on the trail ahead!"

"It's only a small band, our only chance is to go on," said Daudet shortly. "Tell the gendarmes to follow me!"

"Forward with the Lieutenant, gendarmes!" whispered Pierre hoarsely. "We are going through the Cacos!"

The gendarmes grasped their carbines and scrambled up the slope. A dull report roared out, and a dozen rifles flashed, while a hundred voices took up the cry:

"Gendarmes moune yo! Gendarmes moune yo vini!" (The Gendarmes! The Gendarmes are coming!)

From hilltop to hilltop, and across the valleys, the night air was filled with yells and cries. Conch horns exhorted the scattered Divisions to gather and attack the foe. Bullets whined, but silently, with grim determination, the little party struggled on. Caco rifles flashed, one gendarme pitched forward on his face. The others, with bowed heads, followed their white chief, who, with a clever detour, avoided the howling horde, and placed his little force panting with exhaustion on the last ridge. Just below them was the Chapel, while on their flanks and rear roared the rifles of their enemies.

"Fire!" shouted Daudet, well knowing he could hold them no longer.

The carbines rattled above the din. The Cacos staggered under the leaden hail. Daudet rose to his feet. "Now is our chance!" he cried. "Make for the Chapel!" He dragged Pierre to his feet, common impulse and danger bridging the chasm between the races.

All followed except one, who lay motionless, his stiffening hands still clasp his carbine. Down the slope they stumbled, and staggered into the chapel compound panting like dogs. Hatten's gendarmes lay in a circle within the frail barricade, firing desperately at the shadowy uncertain forms of their enemies. Near the chapel door crouched a

group of wretched habitants (country people) already driven from their homes by the marauding bands.

"Where's the Captain?" demanded Daudet.

"Here," whispered an old gendarme. "He is dying, Lieutenant."

"Watch the defenses; they may try to rush us, Pierre!" warned Daudet hoarsely, and followed the gendarme into the chapel.

On a rough litter of poles and leaves lay the still form of Hatten. A candle, flickering on the steps of the altar, lighted his ghastly features. He was covered with blood and dirt, and his eyes were closed. Daudet knelt beside him. "Hatten!" he said softly. "I'm sorry to see you here! Where are you hit?"

Hatten opened his eyes, a gleam of anger flashed for a second. "Daudet," he muttered with a sigh, then suddenly his eyes grew wild. "How did you get here . . . Daudet?"

"I heard you were here, and came," answered Daudet simply.



Echoing through the valleys and ravines, the drums were still rumbling the call.



"How did you get in? We're surrounded!" Hatten's teeth were closed, his jaw shut with pain.

"Pierre and I fooled 'em and we slipped through."

"My God!" whispered the wounded man. "And you did that . . . . . for me . . . . . Daudet? That was the firing I heard just now. I'm dying Daudet . . . . . I'm losing so much blood! You came for me? Why Daudet? Why did you come for me?"

Daudet deftly cut away the dirty trousers and exposed the gaping wound of a fractured leg . . . . . "I came to help you Hatten," he answered. "And I'm going to bandage you up, and carry you back . . . . . or . . . . . if we have to . . . . . we'll stick it out here together."

Daudet worked skillfully, Hatten watching him. "Daudet," he whispered weakly, "you're brave . . . . . you didn't have to come . . . . . but you did. I'll never forget it . . . . . if I live . . . . . I only wish I . . . . ." A crash of firing drowned his voice. Pierre crawled to Daudet's side.

"They are closing in Lieutenant!"

Daudet tied the last bandage, patted Hatten's shoulder, and leaped outside the door among the gendarmes. Heavy laden slugs were whining and droning all about him. "We must drive 'em back," he said to himself, and hardly knowing what he did he leaped to the front.

"En avant! Gendarmes, suivez-moi!" (Forward, Gendarmes, follow me!) he roared.

With a yell the gendarmes responded. It was a deadly and desperate onslaught. The unexpectedness of this aggressive attack had its effect; the Cacos broke into little bands and fled. The gendarmes pressed on; the Cacos retreated. Held back by Daudet, they refrained from pursuit.

"Now is the time, Pierre!" cried Daudet. "Have those habitants carry the litter!" . . . . .

Faint streaks of dawn had begun to lighten the east; a dull greyness crept on the world. In that drear mountain spot, day was coming, as the little column, with Hatten groaning on his litter, dragged themselves up the last ridge towards the ruins.

All around were the camp fires of the enemy. While prowling patrols searched the forest trails, intent on discovering the desperate fugitives. Noiselessly, Daudet and Pierre had cut their way through the jungle, a few hundred yards more and they would be safe.

Suddenly a dozen figures leaped from the sombre forest, and with a dull crash the Gras spoke. Daudet sank to the ground.

"Keep on with the Captain!" he cried. "Run gendarmes to the ruin!" The blood oozed through his shirt; he felt sick and faint. Pierre knelt beside him, with one hand he raised his officer's head, and tried to find the wound, with trembling fingers.

"I'm done for, Pierre," he murmured. "It has gone through my breast . . . . . go with the Captain . . . . . leave me!"

"Oh! No! My Lieutenant! You can't die here!" blubbered the poor gendarme.

"Yes," gasped Daudet. "It is . . . . . over. Do . . . . . as I tell you . . . . . tell Hatten . . . . . and her . . . . . they lied about me in Port-au-Prince . . . . . Good-bye Pierre!"

Fierce savage faces with gleaming eyes crowded about. The black mob jostled each other to gloat over their coveted prisoner. A dozen hands seized rough hold of Pierre and pulled him to his feet. Daudet's head fell to the ground, and he lay motionless. A big burly negro, naked save for a ragged sack, pushed forward.

"Stand aside, friends, while I hack!" he roared, waving a long curved Dominican sword.

The rest slunk back . . . . . Pierre threw himself sobbing on the body of his master. "No! No!" he shrieked. "Kill me first you dirty Caco!"

"What is this?" thundered a deep voice. "Who speaks of hacking?" The reeking jabbering crowd parted and the tall form of David Boeuf strode into the circle. "Do not be so quick with your head cutting, compatriot! Remember you are not supreme! Carry the white man to the chief, I say!"

Then, seizing Pierre by the nape of the neck, he dragged him from the body, and in spite of his struggles held him as a cat holds its reluctant kittens. "And as for you, Gendarme! We'll cut you to pieces slowly, beginning with your toes!"

## CHAPTER X.

METELUS PIERRE, Minister of the Revolution, was in a happy frame of mind. His visions were materializing. Daudet was captured in a dying condition, the Mirebelais Captain was wounded, and the other whites with their little group of gendarme guards would soon be crushed. His divisions were preparing to hurl themselves at the barricade of the ruins. Echoing through the valleys and ravines, the drums were still rumbling the call. All Haiti would soon ring with his name. The Avenger!

For a moment his vision clouded. Word had come that Dieudonne Jean Baptist had arrived with his division from Bois Tombe. What would he have to say about Helene? But that did not matter. It was a mere question of a woman, and,—Dieudonne was getting old. Metelus was the Minister, and had the power.

Now came news that the Dominicans wanted to join him. In fact an envoy waited for him to decide; he clapped his hands.

"Where is that Captain Lebrun?" he asked the aged Caco who entered.

"Outside, Minister."

"Let him come in."

A ragged vagabond stepped into the hut, and waited in silence for Metelus to speak.

"Where is General El Torro?" the Caco Chief demanded.

"At Hondo Vallee, a few miles from here."

"Can you guide me there?"

"Certainly, Minister."

"I'll take a guard and go."

"General El Torro wishes to see the Minister alone."

Metelus hesitated. "How many men has he?" he asked abruptly.

"Two hundred rifles."

"Will he join?"

"He only waits to see you."

"We could raid the Cul-de-Sac," mused Metelus to himself, then aloud. "Well, let us go and see this Dominican." And rising he seized his rifle and strode from the hut.

They took a faintly marked cow path which led to the east. Zig-zagging over a rise they plunged into a narrow canyon. The trail followed one side with barely room for one man to pass. A tremendous boulder barred their way.

"How much farther compatriot?" snarled Metelus. "I'm tired of this mountain climbing."

Captain Lebrun turned. "We are here, Minister!" he cried, and running straight at the Caco, wrenched the rifle from his hands.

Strong, sinewy arms grasped Metelus about the neck, pulling him to the ground, and bound his arms with a tough grass rope. He glared about him with terror stricken eyes. Old Dieudonne stood over him, and Daudet seized him roughly by the shoulders and sat him against the cliff, while Pierre waved his ragged shirt and laughed aloud. Dieudonne stooped forward and spat in the face of the Supreme Chief.

"You vagabond!" he sneered. "So you think I am too old to protect the honor of my family?"

"Old friend!" gasped Metelus. "I did not harm the girl, and now I will marry her!"

Dieudonne's thick lips curled in a hideous smile, he snatched Daudet's pearl handled revolver from its holster.

"Wretch!" he hissed. "You thought you could fool me . . . . . crush me! Robber! Traitor! You thought the white man was dead! You see him alive and well. I saved him . . . . . He is my friend! He saved my daughter, and you tried to ruin her. So I'm going to kill you!" And he leveled the revolver at the shrinking form.

Daudet intervened. "No, Dieudonne! No! Let others judge him. Do not kill him here! Let . . . . ." He did not finish for a horrible yelling sounded in the canyon, and a conch horn tooted.

"They have missed him!" cried Dieudonne. "Let me kill him Lieutenant, I beg you!"

"Up the cliff before they catch us here!" exclaimed Daudet. "We can cross the range and reach the ruins if we are quick. Bring Metelus, Dieudonne! Help him, Pierre."

Daudet leaped up the steep side of the canyon; Dieudonne and Pierre followed, dragging Metelus with them. A fierce shout arose as the Cacos saw them. The deep throated Gras boomed out, and the slugs whistled overhead.

"Climb, vagabond pig, or I'll kill you in spite of the white man!" howled Dieudonne pushing the terrified Metelus ahead with the muzzle of the revolver.

Daudet hesitated; the bare hill tops in every direction were dark with scrambling figures. The bullets were coming closer, kicking up the dirt at their feet, or, striking rocks, screamed away in noisy ricochet.

"It's no use Lieutenant!" wailed Dieudonne. "We can not escape, but I shall die happy," and leveling the revolver he shot Metelus through the head. The body fell backward and without a sound rolled down the slope. Daudet sank down still weak from loss of blood.

"Let us fight here while the cartridges last," he grasped.

Pierre crouched beside him. "Guard the right my Lieutenant, I will take the left!"

Dieudonne tossed the revolver on the

ground. "Fight my friends; it is your duty. I cannot fire on my compatriots."

The Cacos had seen their Minister killed, and with cries of vengeance pressed forward towards their victims. Suddenly Daudet listened attentively. "What is that?" he demanded.

Dieudonne cocked his head. "A white devil gun!" (machine gun) he exclaimed.

"My God, the Marines!" shouted Daudet, standing up recklessly in spite of the whistling bullets. "Look! Here they come!"

Over the ridges to the west swarmed a column of khaki in grey campaign hats, and through the still mountain air came the steady rat-a-tat-tat of a machine gun. The Marines were attacking. The Cacos hesitated; the long range Springfields were creating havoc in their ranks, dead and wounded tumbling right and left. The swarming mob was melting before the deadly fire, and the barren slopes were dotted with their fleeing figures. . . . .

#### CHAPTER XI

"IN a way," said Major Sheehan of the Marines, to Mr. Selton and the others as they gathered in a group after the defeat of the Cacos. "I am glad poor Daudet was killed, for it has saved the honor of the Service, and removed the necessity of a very unpleasant duty. Especially unpleasant, after listening to your stories of his bravery."

"May I ask what?" queried Mr. Selton.

"Why, I was ordered to place him under arrest; it seems he stole quite a large sum from the Quartermaster's safe."

"How queer!" exclaimed Selton, frowning. "I should never have believed him a thief."

"I don't believe it!" said Constance tensely, her pale face set with emotion. . . . "Andrew Daudet could not be. . . ." She choked. . . . "A thief! . . . He could not be, Major Sheehan!"

The Major coughed, he was sorry he had spoken. Then he tried to change the conversation. "I think. . . ." he began, but did not finish. Instead he stood staring at the crumbling entrance of the ruins. . . . . Through the opening,

pale, his clothing begrimed, limped Daudet, following him came a grinning vagabond and a white-haired old Haitian.

"Oh! Mon papa! Mon papa!" shrieked a high voice, and Helene flung herself into her father's arms.

Daudet saluted the Major, and smiled at the Seltons. "I'm back," he said weakly. "They almost had me, but old Dieudonne and Pierre saved my life; thank God the vagabonds had to wrap the Krag cartridges in goat's skin to make them fit the Gras, so the bullet only went under the skin."

Constance tried to smile, and even held out her hand. Mr. Selton did not speak, and the Major coughed again and rubbed his nose. Daudet looked from one to the other bewildered.

"Is anything the matter? Is Hatten dead?" he asked.

"No, Daudet," said Sheehan sternly. "But I'm sorry to say you're under arrest!"

Daudet caught his breath. "For what Major?"

"You took four hundred dollars from the Quartermaster's safe the last night you were on duty at Headquarters, and gave it to Mrs. Hatten; but, unfortunately, she has escaped from Haiti."

Daudet trembled and almost fell, steadying himself with his hand on Pierre's shoulder.

"Why don't you deny it young man?" demanded Selton.

"I can't. . . . yet; give me time to think."

"Captain Hatten would like to see the Major and Lieutenant Daudet, sir," said a Marine orderly, suddenly "appearing" on the scene.

The two officers stood by the wounded man's cot. In his hands he held a letter. He was deathly pale, and his eyes were large with fever and excitement. He held out his hand to Daudet, who took it in silence.

"I didn't think they had killed you, Daudet," he said in a weak voice, then shaking the letter. "Major Sheehan, I've a letter from my wife written before she ran away. It's a full confession! She's rotten, damn her! She stole

that money, when she called on you that last night in the office, Daudet." He paused. "Do you remember that you went out to answer the telephone?" Daudet nodded. "Well, that's when she took it. And you lent her four hundred more, so now she's beaten it." He laughed bitterly. "I misjudged you, Daudet! I thought you were a quitter. But you're true blue! I wronged you. . . . I was jealous. . . . and I told the Colonel that you stole the money. . . . I thought you did. Forgive me. . . . Daudet. Major, that's the whole thing here in this damned letter. . . . here, read it. Never let me see it again!" And Hatten covered his face with his hands, a strong man, broken.

"Where did you get the money you lent Mrs. Hatten, Daudet?" asked the Major.

Daudet grinned. "I broke the Regulations and played poker with that German, Spitzer," he admitted sheepishly.

The Major laughed, and Daudet slipped quietly away to search for Constance. He found her sitting dejectedly under the coffee trees.

"Constance," he said softly. She looked up, her eyes red from crying. He sat down beside her. "Did you believe them?" he asked.

"No," she whispered with averted head. "Thank you, that is all I wanted to know."

"Is that all?" He rose to his knees, facing her, no longer the immaculate officer; dishevelled and unkempt, with the rough bandage that Dieudonne had wrapped about his wound showing through the rents in his blood-stained shirt.

"No, not quite all," he faltered. "We've had the romance and the tragedy, and there remains only the. . . ."

"What?" softly, her face lifted to his. "The love," he murmured.

"It's here, Andrew, you have only to ask for it."

He took both her hands in his and pressed them to his lips. "I shall always love Haiti, she has given you to me," he said. The silence of the wilderness settled about them and the first crickets began to chirp.

THE END.



# "The He-Devil Maline"

By Sergeant-Major C. B. Proctor

Illustrated by C. E. Hawkins

"Although the Chinese, by conquering the fear of death, have the true philosophy of life, the presence of a Caucasian running amuck in their midst wielding a defensive weapon is still influential in forcing the Chink to seek heavenly protection from his 'joss,'" said Sergeant I. C. World, at a recent Scuttlebutt Convention of the Ananias Club of Sea-Going Marines.

"Many years ago I was a Leatherneck on board an ark-of-war patrolling the Yangtze Kiang," the old-time sergeant continued. "I was sent ashore one day on an errand of peace. You know an errand of peace means that my only weapons were my teeth and finger nails. To my extreme discomfort I found myself, on stepping ashore, mixed up in one of those frequent revolutions staged by the disciples of almond-eyed Confucius. With presence of mind, assisted by an empty gun of the blunderbuss type, taken from one of the warring Chinos, I managed to force my way through the Chinese lines, and, accompanied by all the Americans in town, returned to the ship in safety.

"You see, it was this way. On that eventful morning, while we were riding at anchor just above Nanking, China, I was called upon to deliver a message to the American Consul ashore regarding the safety of himself and the missionaries from the American Mission Compound. Now, all the consulates and mission compounds were located on the outskirts of the town, and although it appeared from our ship that the fighting had not as yet reached this locality, we had every reason to believe that these foreigners could not much longer pursue the routine of a peaceful existence, as the sounds of the fighting seemed to be spreading with marked rapidity. The message I was bearing requested that all Americans take refuge aboard our ship before it was too late. Immediately upon my arrival ashore I learned that several Japanese sailors, who were guarding their consulate, had been beheaded, and that all foreigners were in danger. Any delay, therefore, or failure to carry out the duty assigned me, might mean the death of all Americans in and about Nanking. Had I been armed I would have felt much better, but it was too late then to think of that. I had to get to the American Consul and get there pronto.

"As I turned into Consulate Road I saw it was infested with warring Chinos. The sharp crack of many rifles nearly deafened me, and the dead and wounded cluttered up the right of way in front of me. The Chinks had begun to loot and the beheader's knife glistened merrily in the sun's rays. In fact, the morning began to partake of a serious nature. I could almost hear the folks back home saying 'Don't he look natural?' and the village choir singing 'Till We Meet Again!' But, I thinks to myself, the U. S. Marine has ever been able

to cope with any situation that has arisen with the tools at hand, and as there's lots of tools lying around, why should I fail—why should I be the one to put a blot on the glorious traditions of our service? So I crouched in a doorway a moment, unseen, and made an estimate of the situation. My mind was moving fast, take it from me!

"Aha! The strategic thought! If some pig-tailed warrior would only fall somewhere near me I could seize his gat, and with it force my way to the American consulate. No sooner had this mental eruption broke—than—CRACK! Fifty feet away from my secluded doorway an armed rebel drops. I rush to his side, grab his gun, but—he has no am-



"Mutters a few weird monosyllables to his divine protector"

muniton! However, it couldn't be helped, and besides I'd lost my sheltered doorway—only one thing left to do, so I gave a wild yell and did it!

"Down the street I goes on the double—gun at 'charge bayonets,' madly simulating loading. The celestial dare-to-dies must have thought I was a disciple of militant peace sent down by their own fatalistic Buddha, by the way they stood aside and let me pass. Or maybe they had never seen a man go so fast before. Or maybe their guns weren't loaded—anyway they let me go without firing a shot.

"Just as I was bearing down on the American Consulate at full speed ahead, I was confronted by a seemingly ferocious rebel warrior, ears filled with cotton, armed with all conceivable kinds of weapons, and carrying the ever-present 'joss' for heavenly protection. A second look revealed the fact that he was no other than High Sing, my former soprano laundryman. Let's switch the searchlight of scrutiny on this type of Chinese warrior. Without a doubt he is the greatest rascal unhung; fighting is purely a matter of business with him and the side that pays him the most, or pays him at all, gets his services, no matter what the issue. He only laundries when the war business gets dull or entirely unprofitable.

"Mellican man no can pass here,' ejaculates the former scrub-and-wash-clothes hero, in broken English.

"Say, look here, you pig-tailed heathen, if you impede my progress and live, which is very unlikely, you will never wash another pair of Marine's socks! Stand aside, you slant-eyed Mongol, the United States is in a hurry!" says I, looking as fierce as I could and training my funnel-shaped weapon at the pit of his oriental bread basket. At this seemingly firm and positive declaration and gesture, High Sing wavers a minute, then starts to 'kow-tow.' Then he falls to his knees, mutters a few weird monosyllables to his divine protector, the 'joss,' and says: "No! No! Mellican man, I no stoppee you—you go!" adding, after a moment's silence, 'I likee be Mellican Maline, how much you pay, I chantee?"

"Needless to say this application for transfer from the Chinese Army to the U. S. Marines was promptly disapproved. I believe that there should be a certain place set aside for this type of warrior in the heated hereafter on account of the contaminating influence they would have on the other inhabitants of Hades.

"I faced nor' nor' west, placed High Sing immediately in front of me facing in the same direction, and then gently but firmly described an arc of a circle with my right foot (speed of said foot being in the neighborhood of nine knots) so that its course of swing was intercepted by the region of Sing's hip-pocket, and continued on my way.

"The fighting ashore continued for about a month after this eventful day and I understand much damage was done and many lives were lost. Before Nanking was captured by the northern troops the town was burned by the rebels. It was while I was visiting the ruins about a week after the surrender that I was accosted by an Imperial Chinese soldier who, after regarding me for a moment, remarked, in Pidgin English, 'I sabe you, John. You been Mellican he-devil, you fightee like hell, Consulate Road, you luckee you no makee die!'"



# SHARPE'S LAST GAMBLE

By C. T. J.

HIS name? Sharpe! That will do for those who want a name, and his old buddies of Company F, if they chance to read this, will know who he is without a name. At the time of which I write, he had hardly passed the recruit stage, but he had picked up a goodly fund of service slang, and he prided himself on his large vocabulary of "cuss words." He was then, and he still is, a quick tempered bundle of nervous energy, burnt a leathery brown by the tropic sun, and during his first few months in the Islands he had an insatiable craze for fighting chickens.

The boys of old Company F had watched for months and laughed when Sharpe would fight his cocks and lose, and hand over his money to a heartless cockpit owner, with a steady stream of "Cavitenos" punctuated here and there with a good, solid American cuss-word.

Then one night Sharpe's fortune turned, and he swaggered a little more than usual when he entered the mess hall, carrying under his arm a perky little American Bantam rooster, a grin on his face from ear to ear.

Laughs of derision greeted his entrance. "Look what Sharpe's going to put in the ring!"

"Where'd you get the fierce fighting cock, Sharpe?"

"Ain't you afraid he's too big? He must be powerful heavy!"

"Sharpe, on the level, you ain't going to fight that runt, are you?"

"Yeh!" he said, good-naturedly, too pleased with himself to be angry at the sarcasm. "He's some little guy, this rooster is, name o' Buck! Fight anything this side o' Manila, and I'm going to clean up this dump!"

"Yes you will!" we taunted. "You'll hand your pesos over to Tineo same as always, and cuss your own damphoolishness!" and we laughed uproariously.

Little did we know Buck!

Sharpe had picked Buck up on one of the passing ships. Hennessy, the engineer, a queer sort of a cuss, had bought the little runt from a pet store in the States, because he had passed the wind-down and seen it fighting. The very smallness, the gallant way he waded into his opponent, the jaunty red of his stiff, proud comb, the bright yellow legs and the gamecock color of the ruffled, mangy

feathers, touched a responsive cord in the man's heart, and he had gone in and bartered for the small soldier. Thereafter, the lonely hours off duty on the big man-o-war had been filled with the joy of teaching the game little rooster little tricks of fighting. There was only one thing that Hennessy loved more than he loved Buck and that was booze, and

the "gu-gu" would say if he could. That is what he thinks.

Well, the first time Sharpe showed up with Buck, the grins on the brown faces spread wider, and the white men said things calculated to get Sharpe's goat, but the boy seemed not to notice; seemed as if he had a good joke up his sleeve—and he did.

The gu-gu's, seeing the runt that Sharpe was fighting, bet their money wildly and dropped in their big, clumsy, too-fat fighters. Little Buck cocked his bright head on one side, gave that queer, half-crow which was his battle cry, and

waded in. Three times in succession he won, three times in succession he left his big opponent flapping on the floor of the pit, and once he spread his bright wings and crowed, as if he were calling on the world to bring on its fighters, that they were his meat.

The next Sunday four of us, Winter, Beckman, "Snipes" and I, went down with Sharpe to fight the bantam. The "gu-gu's" who crowded around Sharpe had heard of the fighting runt but only seeing is believing with them. They wanted to be shown—and they wanted to bet money.

In the close circle was Tineo. Tineo was the prosperous owner of the pit where the

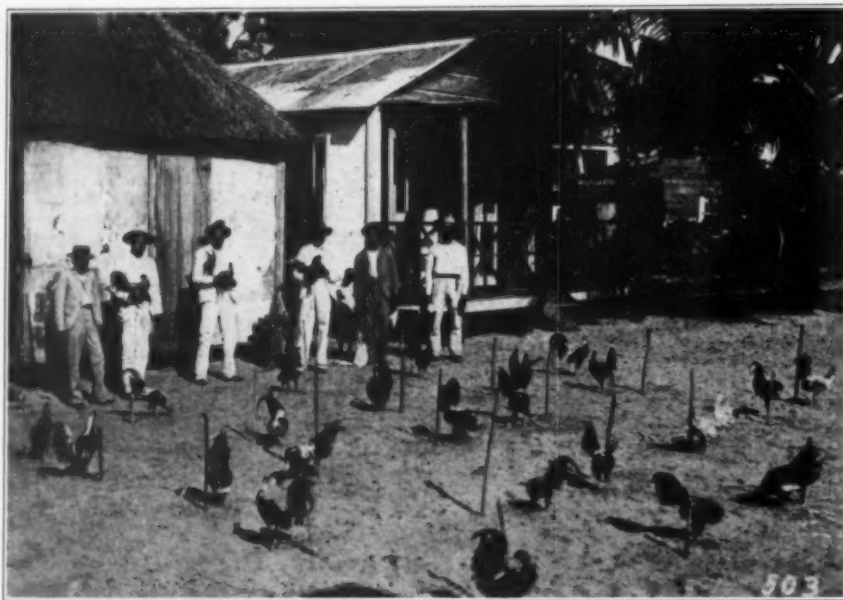
fight was held, and a couple of fair fighting cocks. He was also owner of a pig, a house, three small offsprings, and a fat wife who cooked his rice and fish for him, and sometimes, not often, washed his clothes.

Well, on this particular Sunday, bets were laid and money lost on the preliminaries, and Tineo was unlucky. His own chickens were falling down on him, and he did not seem to be able to pick a winner among the lesser lights; so when Sharpe showed the runt and offered to fight him against any cock in Olongapo, Tineo saw a chance to retrieve his lost fortune.

He brought out his treasure, a big white cock—perhaps twice as large as Buck—with one black wing; and as he stroked his white feathers, Tineo baited Sharpe.

"You surely do not mean, Senor, that you would fight your so little, little fellow against my splendid cock? Is your faith so great, then, that you would think to win?"

"Sure as you're a goo-goo," answered



Every Sunday afternoon the natives gather around and bet on their favorite chicken.

it so happened that Sharpe had money and Hennessy had none. The bar in the port was inviting, so Hennessy sold his pet, spent his money, and sailed away in the morning, leaving Sharpe still amazed with his luck.

Now, a cockfight is to the Philippines what a baseball game is to the States. Every Sunday afternoon the natives, and the white men who care for the sport, gather around the pit and bet on their favorite chicken.

Little it matters to a "gu-gu" if his chicken is a game. Any rooster will do, provided the scales on the inside of the left leg are shaped "right"! If the leg has that "special conformation," then the lucky rooster is staked out, petted, fed, and trained, as only a "gu-gu" knows how to train him, and then, the chicken may grow into a clumsy, overweight Plymouth or Manorca, Rhode Island Red, or a combination of them all, and it matters not a whit.

"The bigger they are, the better they fight," or "No matter what his color, if the inside of his leg is right" is what



Sharpe. "I'm putting Buck in against anything in feathers! Two to one, Old Timer, and fight 'em now!"

"It is well, Soldado!" and Tineo's voice trembled with excitement. I will take the bet. I will stake my money, my pigs, my house, my children, my wife, and my business against your hundred pesos! You are ready, Soldado?"

When the watchers realized that the runt was going in against Tineo's big favorite, pandemonium reigned. I saw an hombre, old and bent, and so ragged that it seemed his clothes must fall off him, reach down in a knee-deep pocket and bring forth a roll of pesos that would choke a horse! He must have been saving that money for years, for just such an occasion as this, and, game old sport that he was, he laid his all on the bright little runt of a rooster that Sharpe could hold in one hand. We were all excited. Everyone shouted his bets in high, shrill voices, and cheered for his favorite, and somehow, without quite knowing why, I felt a catch in my throat.

As a rule I did not bet on cock fights. I had a wife and a kid in the States who needed my monthly savings, and I had no pesos to waste on games of chance, but I had come to love the game little rooster who fought his battles so gallantly, crowing in the face of his fallen foes, and I dragged out fifteen dollars—all I had in the world—and called my bet to the house.

I watched them spur Tineo's cock, and saw Sharpe fasten the small silver spur on Buck's left leg, and darned if I didn't feel like I was watching a friend go into battle. There was almost a film in my eyes as I saw Tineo shove his White Hope over and rub the yellow bill against Buck's bright comb. It was an insult, a deadly insult, and Buck resented it as such. His gay little head shot out and he pecked "Silver" sharply on the side of his head. Both men dropped their hands and stepped back and the fight was on.

"Go to it, Buck, kill the silver!" the boys with me went wild.

"Oh, my love, my darling! Fight well for me, with bravery and with cunning for if you lose you take my home, my pig, my wife, my children, and we neither of us will eat!" Tineo pleaded with tears in his eyes as he watched the silver cock squat heavily and flap his one black wing.

"Ya, Buck! Show what a Leatherneck rooster can do! Take his hide, Buck!"

"Madre de Dios, mi vido! My love—my life! Do not desert me in my hour of need!" Tineo mingled his plea with his neighbors shrill cheers.

"Gosh!" and it was all the prayer I knew.

There was only a moment of suspense, only a moment of waiting, then a sharp flapping of wings, a red streak in the air, a tinge of blood on white feathers, and Tineo's big silver lay quivering in the ring; and Buck stepped back, staggering a little, his bright comb drooping, one wing trailing in the dust—a victorious, but battered rooster.

There was a noisy babble of voices, a confused shout or two, a gathering up of the twisted balls of pesos that came sailing through the air to the winners, and I stuffed my money in my shirt pocket, glad that I had not lost, and proud as punch of Buck.

I saw Tineo, a Tineo with puzzled eyes and wrinkled forehead, lean over and pick up a lifeless silver cock by one yellow leg. He shook his head sadly, wiped a shaking hand across his trembling lips, and then he turned his back



Sharpe won Tineo's money, pigs, house, children, wife and business.

on the crowd, threw back his shoulders and marched slowly down the road, a sadly grotesque old soldier, a dead rooster in one hand, and a battered straw hat in the other. I watched until he turned a corner and then I turned back, gave Buck a delighted pat, and told Sharpe I'd break his head if he ever let Buck fight again. Then I started home, still grinning to myself at the picture of Tineo marching down the dusty street, the lifeless bunch of feathers which had embodied his hopes, hanging heavily from his hand, bumping his ragged leg with each weary, heartbroken step. Tineo going home to make soup of his beloved and vanquished rooster.

I had forgotten the famous cockfight, had forgotten Tineo absolutely, when, about the middle of the week the Old Man called me in, and his face was red with wrath.

"Freeman, some fool music let in a black wench, and she's out there now gibbering away like mad. She's been trying to tell me something, but I can't understand their monkey talk. Call her in here and tell me what she wants."

"Yes, Sir!" My knees were trembling.

What the deuce had the Old Man called me for? There was Rhye and Dolan and Boyd, all in the same office, who could talk the lingo as well, or better than I! Why—

The woman waddled in, fat, old, ugly, with a child in her arms, another clinging to her skirts, and another, bare to the waist, sucking a dirty thumb, trailing along behind her.

I felt my heart leap. It wasn't Rosita, the dern little fool who had got me while I was soused, and thought I wouldn't be ashamed when I was sober!

"Que quiere?" I asked her, "what do you want?"

"Mi matrimonio mucho malo! No da me no comida! No da me no dinero! Me tiene mucho hambre!" Her voice was a strident whine and she beat her fat abdomen and her flat unbeautiful breast.

"She says," and I met the Colonel's eyes shiftily, "she says her husband is very bad. He gives her nothing to eat,

no money, nothing—and she is very hungry! Anything else, Sir?"

"Yes," he snapped, "ask her who the hell—I mean who the devil is her husband?"

"S o l d a d o Sharpe," she squealed, bursting into another tirade, and I almost fell over backwards. Sharpe had been in the Islands less than a year, and the kid she held in her arms wasn't exactly an infant.

"S o l d a d o Sharpe," she repeated, "he win me with the so little fighting cock—win my man's pit, his business, his money and his wife—these children and the pig, and then the solado, he no come home to me! I am his—he must feed me! He must feed his children and take care of his household."

After I had explained the thing to the Colonel, choking back the screams of laughter that rose in my throat, the Old Man told me to call Sharpe in and to keep my mouth shut.

"Sharpe!" The old voice barked at the unsuspecting boy. "Sharpe, this woman here says you are her husband, and you do not feed her! Has your love, then, lasted such a little while? What have you to say for yourself, Sharpe?"

"Colonel, and poor Sharpe went white around the gills, "it's a dern lie, beg pardon, Colonel, but she's a liar, Sir! I don't know that woman! I swear it! I never saw her before! Oh, good Lord, Colonel, look at her! You don't think I—I—aw, no, Sir! No, Sir!" and Sharpe wiped the moisture from his brow with a weak, unsteady hand.

"You mean to say, Sharpe, that you don't know who this woman is? You swear you've never seen her before?" The Old Man sucked in his cheeks and

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# "Doc" Clifford--Honorary Chaplain, U.S. M. C.

*"When you run up against men, they want a man's religion"*

So says our chaplain; and he has applied this rule in all his work. Every man in the Marine Corps knows, or has heard of "Doc" Clifford. His genial presence at any post of the Corps brings forth exclamations of "Hello, 'Doc,'" on all sides; and he comes right back with "Hello, boy." It doesn't matter whether the Marine is a private or a colonel, a Jew or a Gentile, he is just "Boy" to "Doc." And he has made a firm friend of everyone with whom he has come in contact.

Men often wonder at his ability in getting under the service man's skin to probe the sore spot, and doing this in a way that leaves no room for offense. "Doc" knows human nature about as well as anyone in the modern world. His life has been a work of self-sacrifice in the interests of his fellow men; and this work has brought him into constant association with every type of human being. It has taken him into every scene of human activity, even to the far corners of the earth.

Where and when "Doc" was born does not concern us at the present writing; for he belongs to the Marine Corps, and is still one of the boys.

For some time previous to the World War, "Doc" was pastor of a church in Tucson, Arizona. His attendance was small and most of the congregation was composed of women. Men would not come to church. Another minister would perhaps have preached to these women and let the men look after their own salvation. Not so with "Doc." For two or three weeks his pulpit was vacant; and while he was on a "vacation," he was a member of a gang of road-workers. A Fresno is anything but easy to operate, but "Doc" did it; and when he returned, his church was full of both men and women. News travels fast in the waste places, and when "Doc" came back to his church, every man in Tucson knew where he had been and what he had done. That had settled it. "Doc" could do a man's work and, therefore he was a man.

For three years "Doc" was in charge of the Bowery Y. M. C. A., New York. That's a job for nobody but a he-man, and a man in charge of that branch must know more than his prayers to be the success that "Doc" proved to be. One instance of his career at this place is worth relating: He started out from the Y. M. C. A. mission on a begging tour, donning old clothes and making himself very disreputable. He stopped everyone he met along the street and asked for the price of a cup of coffee. By the

time he had traversed something like nine or ten blocks, he had "bummed" enough money to buy a feed for about nine unfortunates at the mission. How many ministers of the present day would thus lower themselves in behalf of their less fortunate fellow men? "Doc" did it, and we like him for it.

Back in the hectic days of 1917, when Marines were making history on the fields of France, "Doc" went across the pond as a worker for the Y. M. C. A., and two days after arriving in Paris he

of the hardest-boiled old noncoms that ever stopped a bayonet.

In telling of his experiences with the Marines in their period of training in the Vosges Mountains, he once said:

"My starting point with the boys was made during a night hike. We had marched from eleven o'clock at night until the next morning with only ten minutes rest each hour. As we were on our way back I heard a young fellow back of me say: 'I wish that guy would fall out so that we could have a chance to rest.' Turning to him I asked if I should carry his rifle, to which he replied: 'Hell, no,' After that I was one of them.

"That same night, my coat and cap disappeared from my hut and when I found them the next morning they bore the buttons and insignia of the United States Marine Corps. When I attended inspection the next day and the buttons and cap device were noticed by Colonel Doyen, I explained to him how they came there. He said that if the boys put them there that I had a right to them."

He still wears these emblems, and his friendships with members of the Corps are made as quickly and as firmly as those, his first, on the battlefronts of France.

"Doc" went over the top many times, having been under fire at Colomby, Bourmont, Verdun, and Chateau-Thierry. At the last-named place he aided in the famous rescue of Colonel Catlin. As he was leaving a dressing station on the morning of June 8, word came that Colonel Catlin was lying seriously wounded in the front line trenches of Belleau Wood.

Calling to a corporal to aid him, "Doc" seized a stretcher and, dodging along a road swept by German machine gun fire, thence across a field mowed by bullets and continually rained upon by gas and shrapnel from Boche airplanes, the rescue party crept yard by yard until they finally reached the wounded man.

For over an hour they lay in the front line trenches, unable to make the return trip because of heavy shell fire. They finally decided, however, that a man's life hung in the balance, and made their perilous way

back to the dressing station.

Speaking of this particular instance, Colonel Harry Lay says:

"In the battle of Belleau Woods in June, 1917, I came across 'Doc' wandering around the front lines in a dazed and weakened condition. Upon closer examination, I found he had been hit by a shell fragment. I ordered him back. He protested as vigorously as his con-



REV. JOHN H. CLIFFORD

was assigned to the Fifth Regiment.

What happened there nearly everyone knows. Sky pilots and their ilk were not very popular with the Marines. Leathernecks didn't give a hang whether they ever saw a sky pilot or not, and "Doc" was anything but welcome. But he was of a unique quality and good Marine material; and it was not long before he had won the hearts of some

dition would permit, but went. I was informed later that had he stayed in the lines another hour, he would have bled to death. Further investigation proved that 'Doc' was one of the two men who rescued the wounded Colonel Catlin, Sixth Regiment, and carried him back to the dressing station. It was upon returning from this service that 'Doc' had been wounded.

"In the lines he was always plentifully supplied with smokes, which he distributed with a free hand, and no matter how hard the going was, 'Doc's' ever cheerful 'Hello, boy' and facetious smile brought a responsive grin, even a few minutes before the zero hour. I observed him in the battles of St. Mihiel, Mont Blanc, Soissons, and Meuse-Argonne, stopping here and there to cheer up a white-faced boy, or accepting a letter for future delivery from another. A splendid tribute to 'Doc' Clifford is the fact that he was twice cited for gallantry in action and decorated with the Croix de Guerre with Gold Star.

"'Doc' Clifford earned the undying gratitude of the Marines. He did all his work only in the front lines and many a boy 'went West' with his head in 'Doc' Clifford's lap and a prayer for him on the 'Doc's' lips."

He performed the rites of the boys' churches as he knew them. He still has the rosary that he carried in France together with his Catholic prayer book. But one thing is more beautiful. He carries the memory of those boys that died there—and those boys were glad "Doc" was with them when they died.

"Doc" does not preach to his congregations of Marines. (We doubt very much if he "preaches" to the multitudes of civilians which he addresses in various missions and churches throughout his trips about the country.) He talks; and his method of talking is understood by everyone in his audience.

We publish the following letter received by The Leatherneck for "Doc" Clifford. It is only one instance of the appreciation shown for the good work our Chaplain is doing among us.

304 Lexington Court,  
Carnegie, Pa.,  
April 14, 1926.

"Doc" Clifford,  
Washington, D. C.  
My dear Mr. Clifford:

Pardon me for addressing you as "Doc," but that is the only name by which I know you. I've never had the pleasure of meeting you personally, and that is the only name I have heard. My object in writing you is to say a few words of appreciation for your work among the boys of the U. S. Marines.

My son, Robert, who is stationed at Quantico, writes me that you are the most popular man in the Marine Corps. What impressed me most favorably was the fact that he enjoys your talks. It seems, from what he writes, that there are times when they all get together

and listen to an address delivered by you. He tells me that he would not miss one of your meetings for anything, and that his comrades all feel the same way.

When this boy of mine was at home, I couldn't get him interested in a lecture or address of any kind; so, when he wrote me that he gets a lot of good from your lectures, and that he likes to attend, I was most agreeably surprised. Now, it seems to me, that when a man can hold the attention of a bunch of young fellows like the Marines, and get his message across, and they still like him, he's a wonder.

It may seem strange that I should write you on this subject; but I believe that when we hear something good about a fellow, we should pass it on to him and let him know:

"If we think some praise is due him, Now's the time to slip it to him; For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead."

Sincerely yours,  
(s) LEONARD L. MUENZ.

"Doc" is officially a Y. M. C. A. Secretary and Honorary Chaplain of the U. S. Marines; and his boast is that he follows the Marines around the world. He visits every Marine Post at least once a year. He is a true man among true men; and he has proven conclusively that he will gladly share our lot. We know his self-sacrifice is proverbial. He is virtually the Marine Ambassador to the Almighty, and he shall live forever in the hearts of his buddies, the Marines.

What "Doc" thinks of the Marines is admirably expressed in the following article from him, which was recently published in the Marine Corps Gazette:

It was back in the days of 1917 to 1918 when I first made real acquaintance with these splendid soldiers of the sea. It was hardly a case of love at first sight, and I was considerably taken back by their attitude. They were then as they are today—particularly averse to what is known to many as uplift or welfare work or workers; and the thought of such a thing considerably ruffled their feelings. A marine does not wear his heart on his sleeve, although his feelings are somewhat near the surface, and if roused are instantly expressed in the plainest of terms. He nevertheless is passionately outspoken in his admiration of sincerity, and a square deal always appeals to his highest and best ideals, to which his response is of the warmest character.

As a Y. M. C. A. worker I was privileged in the Second Division to be one of a splendidly picked and equipped body of men and women who gave the men of that division their very best. The spirit they had also communicated itself to me and enabled me in a measure to make good in the method by which our greater Master and Leader taught the way when he uttered those words, "I am among you as he that serveth."

To me that is the finest and best type

of Christian service to be rendered. Never yet have I met a heart which did not respond to this practical preaching. Men everywhere are anxious to do the right thing, whatever we may think otherwise. Deep down in their hearts is the desire to make good at some time, and there exists a spark awaiting the call or waft of some live wind of hope and trust to kindle it into a mighty flame of righteousness and love.

My work has not been one of preaching as I used to understand it; in fact, I am not a preacher in the ordinary acceptance of the term. When I address the men, it is sometimes in the massed crowd of several thousand, but more often in the small groups. In the galley with half a dozen cooks and messmen; in the mess hall with a company grouped forchow; on the range with a score or so between firing; in the brig with the few who are in trouble; at the garage surrounded by motors and means of transit; in the hospital with the sick; and wherever these groups of men are found, a glad response is always accorded the simple, direct appeal for the service of God. Creeds, dogmas, churches, are always forgotten in the common cause. Right living; purity of life; clean thought and speech; sacredness of womanhood; and the obligations to God, our country, and our Flag always enter into the desires of every boy, and these I endeavor to call forth into active expression in their lives. I live with them and try to make actual contacts. My "Hello, boy," I am told, is known through the whole Corps and means a whole lot when a fellow is in trouble or difficulty.

I write to hundreds of men, responding to every letter I receive, and also communicate with numbers of the parents as their boys desire. I use every means possible to work and cooperate with the official Chaplains and am accorded a friendship and comradeship by them and the Marine Corps officers which is priceless in value.

I am sometimes asked about the life and morals of the men of the Marine Corps and I confess with pride the fact that, given the same number of men either from school, college, or business life, the Marines come out considerably ahead. I have yet to find a cleaner, more wholesome, and more dependable body of men than those known as Marines. Meet them abroad at any Port or Post; you know that if gentlemanly treatment can be had without snobbery and condescension, you will receive it from them. See them at home; they are again the men whom you can trust. Given a charge—they keep it; and order—it is without question obeyed, or a fight—they go through.

Their attitude towards religious things is well revealed in the following incident. A crowded auditorium—Marines and their friends—my mission to speak.

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# The Yarns of "Hell's Bells" O'Neil

"SO," says Hell's Bells, "just as if we didn't have enough trouble, they go and send us a blinking Adjutant! Nobody seemed to know what we did with our last one and nobody cared much about it. But bright and early one morning along comes the replacement in shiny boots and beautiful brass buttons and all sorts of signs on his collar and hat to the effect that he's a soldier in some man's army."

"I met him first. I'm in the Skipper's office, that's sort of a packing case tacked onto a hangar, and I'm sort of poking around looking for the snubbed butts we used to keep in a can on the window ledge. 'Look here, my man,' pipes this Adjutant bloke. 'Outside. This is for officers only. Knock if you wish to enter!'"

"Well, of course, on that morning I had to go and forget to bring my lorgnette. I sort of stared at him with the naked eye, 'What am I?' I asks sort of mildly like."

"Nothing that I've ever seen before," he says. 'Hop it now, my man, and spruce up a bit on dress or I shall be forced to tick you off to the Sergeant Major. Are those overalls that you are wearing or an issue blanket?'"

"I'll overall you, you haemoglobinized wart," I offer. 'These are my best britches and I'm skipper of B Flight.'

"Sorry," he says, not the least flustered. 'I'm Adjutant. Example to the men, you know. Things need sprucing up about here, you know. This is my office as it were. I'll thank you to knock and salute when entering and to pass the word along. Good morning.' And like a ninny I find myself outside with a bunch of words on their way but only a closed door to listen to 'em."

"About that time my litter of second lieutenants begin to howl around my ankles. They were a good bunch, those lads. Only way you could tell they were second lieutenants was because they were only about sixteen years old. They'd lost their Sam Brownes and white britches years before. 'Who is this Guy?' they yelp. 'Is this a war or a fancy dress ball? Are we paid to fly or are we in some army?' One of 'em had been ticked off for going around the hangars in the same pajamas and flying boots he'd done his daylight patrol in. Another one had caught it for wearing bedroom slippers in the mess. Another for having no seat to his pants."

"Well, I told 'em I'd see the Major, and I did. The Major is tight which is unusual, it not being ten a. m. yet. Still, I realized that the well-being of our happy home hung in the balance, and I decide to wake him, if possible without the help of a cannon."

## That Thing They Call An Adjutant

By James Warner Bellah

'Al,' I says, 'who's this accident in the brass buttons?'

"'Wha'st'you? If mazurcan't haven-adjutant wha'syoozbein' mazur? Besides can'tellwhena Joogadoor Brenralliable-showup. Gethellout lemme sleep.'

"Well to make a long story short, the Major sleeps for three days and then gets tight again and by that time my cubs start cleaning their gats. The Adjutant was making them shave and dress like they were the crew of the King's Yacht expecting a state visit from the Twelve Disciples. Also he was drilling the mechanics and telling the mess sergeant to serve plates from the left side. Also, nobody could fly in pajamas or sleep in underclothes and whatnot. Right away I see the squadron is on the rocks and I was just wondering where to lock this Adjutant up so we could do some flying, when I'm five minutes too late."

"My club pilots had talked it all over the day before and decided on murder. They talk the Adjutant out of his office, across the tarmac and down to one of

the buses. While I watch with my blind eye, they work him easily into the back seat and strap in his monocle. They shake hands with him, hand him his stick and gloves, blow him a kiss and 'Red' Moriarity takes-off with him. Then they sort of turn away and go back to get comfortable again."

"Off and on for three hours I see 'Red' flying around. I say flying—that's a little off. First he does fourteen loops and a round dozen Immelman's. Then he flies half way across the 'drome on his back. Then he goes in for fancy spinning and dives with his engine full on. Then he spends a half hour on stalls and slips. Next he roars across the 'drome making three bounce-landings and off again. They said afterwards that he looped inside of C Flight hangar and flew through the Sergeant's Mess but I think they're a bunch of liars. Anyway the last I see of him, he's doing a falling-leaf from six thousand down."

"About noon his gas gives out and the mourners begin to gather with broad grins. They've woke up the medico and got a stretcher ready and there they are, standing on the tarmac in pajamas and bathrobes. Some of them have on one boot and one slipper. Others are wearing stocking caps, and once more the place looks like a flying-man's hangout."

"Down comes 'Red' for a three-point landing, and in he taxies. The grins broaden. The bus stops. 'Red' hops out. Well you could of knocked me down with a feather. There sits the Adjutant smiling. 'What's the matter?' he yells. 'Let's have some more!'"

"Red" gasps. We all gasp.

"Come on!" yells the Adjutant. "More!"

"Not by me," says 'Red.' "I'm done for the day."

"Aw, come on," says the Adjutant, almost on the verge of tears. "Somebody take me up."

"To finish it," says Hell's Bells, "that bird soloed in four days and goes away to a training camp for his wings. A month later two guys drive up in a tender and stop at the mess. One of them is in nice shiny boots with brass buttons and a lot of signs on his cap and collar that say he's a soldier in some man's army. The other is dressed sort of comfortable and tramp-like. He has wings. He's our old Adjutant. I says to him, 'who's this guy with you?' He says to me, 'Some Adjutant bloke, you know. They sent him along with me, you know. Just throw him in the wastepaper basket. How's 'Red'?—Reprinted by permission of Aero Digest."



"They woke up the medico, and got a stretcher ready, and there they are, standing on the tarmac in pajamas and bathrobes. Some of them have on one boot and one slipper. Others are wearing stocking caps, and once more the place looks like a flying man's hangout."



# Highlights on Tropical Services—Panama

By Henry W. Weinhold

Waiting is one of the things that is listed under the heading of disagreeable occupations. Time gone and no advantage gained. Usually a person that has to wait gets into a disgruntled humor and only by extreme placation at the termination of the period of waiting is good humor restored. But there was one time when waiting was a pleasure, and the disgruntling process was begun by the arrival of the ship that ended the waiting.

That sounds sort of paradoxical; but, when it is discovered that the waiting was done in Panama—Ah! that puts a different face on the matter.

Thoughts of Panama bring a longing to our hearts and an itching to our feet that is at times intolerable. The pictures that rise on memories screen of that place are such that the longing to see them again cannot be sated other than by the actual sight of them.

We had left the city of Corinto, Nicaragua, on the Pacific Steamship Company's CITY OF PARA; and all had a feeling that it was good to be going back to the States, yet entertaining all the while a faint sentiment of regret at leaving Nicaragua where we had spent such a pleasant two years. Nobody realized that just a few days ahead of us lay a land in which we were to encounter an atmosphere of romance and achievement like unto none other in the world.

The day came when the islands lying off the western end of the Panama Canal rose into view, and we glided softly to our anchorage past radio masts, oil tanks, and modern buildings up to a wharf peopled by chattering, yelling American Negroes, whose accents fell mellowly on our ears accustomed as they were to the Spanish of Nicaragua. A few American lassies were there accompanied by Naval officers, Army officers, and civilian employees, relieving by their starched white clothes the galaxy of colors worn by the negroes. More automobiles than we had seen in two years wove their way in and out of the crowd to the shrieking of sirens and a medley of different toned horns. Life and laughter lay before our eyes, and we thirsted to join the gay throng at our feet.

Finally debarkation came, and we were met with the news that the transport upon which we were to complete our voyage to the States would not be in for about ten days. This was disheartening to us then; but, after being there a couple of days, we were sorry it was not to be for longer.

Under the protecting arm of a detail from Fort Grant we were ushered into the headquarters of that fort, where we were assigned to barracks and mess. Our stay in Panama had begun.

Guided by friendly soldiers, we were introduced to the fort and, as the shadows of evening fell, we took a bus and enjoyed the trip over Balboa heights and into the delights of Panama City.

Narrow streets running helter-skelter in an aimless fashion and, seemingly, all ending at the Plaza on which fronted the Cathedral. Ancient battered shacks juxtaposed to modern brick buildings; wrinkled brown hags seated next to smooth-cheeked, lissom, tan beauties; ragged barefoot mozos strolling down the streets accompanied by linen-clad, patent leather shod dandies; burros patiently plodding along; and automobiles impatiently sounding their horns as they sped madly by, sometimes in the street, and ever and anon with two wheels on the sidewalks when the streets were exceptionally narrow. A city of contrasts; but a city to gloat over.

Soft drinks, hard drinks, sweet drinks, bitter drinks. Innocuous drinks and drinks the smell of which caused a stagger. Panamanian rum that tasted like sweetened water and acted like chain lightning. Beer that tasted as beer should taste but had the action of bilge water. Did you come from Russia, then there was Vodka for your delectation. From Germany, there was German beer. From France, all you had to do was to ask for absinthe. No matter what country's national drink you desired, you had only to express your desires. And it was possible to see the people of each and every nationality on earth in the streets of Panama.

There was only one fly in the ointment of our content. Paucity of funds caused many a bitter sigh of regret as we strolled through the shopping district and saw the most varied assortment of desirable merchandise we had ever feasted our eyes upon. Silks from the Orient, pearls from the South Seas, carved ivory from the earth's ends. Everything needed for the adornment of the feminine form and the home. Teak, sandalwood, ironwood, and mahogany, plain and carved, made into idols, chairs, tables, temples, and what-not. Each and every thing exerting a drawing influence that would have put more plethoric purses than ours into the same attenuated condition that ours had already arrived at.

The canal itself, bearing on its bosom the ships of all nations, told a story of effort that dated back to the dreams of the first explorers that had crossed this wonder country, and finally placed our

own American engineers in a permanent niche in the Hall of Fame, adding new names to the roster of those of great achievements. The canal is the big thing to see; but underlying that is the sanitary, healthful condition that prevails, which, while not blatant in its demands on posterity, is the most wonderful of the accomplishments, when compared with the formidable condition encountered by the gold rushers who chose the Panama route to the gold fields of California in '49.

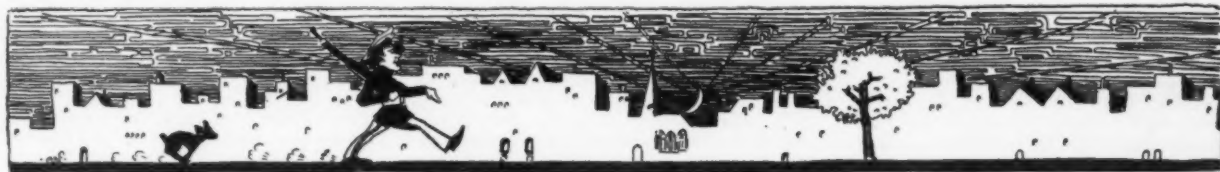
The fortified islands took our attention for the better part of a day. Application to the Adjutant secured us permission to visit the three Pacific islands that Uncle Sam has fortified, and a trip over the causeway built from the mainland to, and connecting, each of the three islands brought us to this wonderful exhibition of modern engineering feats. Each island was worthy of a day's exploration from its base, where the mortars were housed to their peaks, where the great disappearing guns hold sway.

Into the interior of the island we encountered cones where there were magazines, ammunition hoists, elevators, motors, and quarters. Concrete-lined and grass-covered are these cones, seemingly as peaceful as a house kitten, but really as bristling with warlike spirit as the saber-toothed tiger. Up and down, in and out, we wandered, seeing things we had never seen before. Watching a great twelve-inch gun receive its enormous charge, rise to a point where its wicked snout was over the parapet, and discharge its missiles with a roaring cough that could be heard and felt for miles; and then, its mission accomplished, slowly sink to its base to receive another charge. Mortars hurling their charge up, up, over the peak of the island to drop from the clear blue sky upon its unsuspecting quarry.

Ten days in which we explored the purlieus of Balboa and Panama from the night-living Cocoa Grove to the sacrosanct Y. M. C. A., from Fort Grant to moldering Old Panama. We took them all apart and put them back together to assure them a permanent place in our memories of Panama.

And then came the morning when we packed our old knapsack and took our pet fauna from Nicaragua under our arms and boarded the Army transport KILPATRICK—New York bound.

KILPATRICK was its name, but Callahan, one of us, said when he was seasick that it was misnamed—that it should be termed the KILL IRISH, because he was darned near dead then.





Dear Fellows: When one looks out upon the emaciated little creature, in her insufficient garb and her superabundance of calamine and coloring that go to make the modern woman, we are rather prone to blame the whole thing on the lack of restraint imposed upon the woman of today, and to exclaim that such was not the case in times when woman's place was in the home. But you, and we, are all wrong when we arrive at such a sage conclusion. Freedom hasn't a thing to do with it, otherwise the much boasted freedom of the male would have produced like eruptions (unless one wants to take into consideration bell bottoms and plus fours). There are no two kinds of freedom, either it is or it "ain't," and women and men have been free, and women and men have been slaves during the same periods of time and under the same governments and customs since the world began, and will be time without end. For freedom has to do with the spirit, and an iron corset, twenty yards of burlap (or its equal) and a wad of snaky hair don't mean fetters any more for a woman than silk hose, velvet knee breeches and white wigs spelled it for men. Freedom can't be smothered by reams of lace petticoats and a mincing walk any more than it can be proclaimed by a knee length skirt, an orange lip stick or a cigarette. Even back in 1486, when we like to believe the world was essentially a man's world and woman had no place in it except the home and no thoughts beyond her own fireside, there were women who, despite side saddles, tons of clothes and silly affectations, got just as much out of life and enjoyed just as much freedom as men did. As an example, the very first woman writer of which the English have a record, and whose first book made its appearance about the year just referred to, wrote on the subject of hunting. This book, which was written in rhyme gave accurate information as to the different kinds of game, how it should be approached, killed, and spitted. Her second book was "Angling," or fishing, as we would call it today. These books were followed by one on hawking, and another on the manufacture of armor plate and coats of armor; and all this in the time we imagined women sat and embroidered tapestries and looked out of castle windows for knights to come riding. Can you e-e-e-magine it? The lady in question was Juliana Berners, and she lived at Herfordshire, England.

The best "nigger" joke we have heard recently is one about the old negro preacher who was lecturing his flock one Sunday morning on the subject, "Thou shalt not steal." He said, "Ah

wants to wahn yoh, bruddern and sister'n, about de heinous crime ob stealin' watermelons." At this point one of the elders in the church jumped up, snapped his fingers and sat down rather embarrassedly.

"Whafo, brudder, does yoh rise up and snap yoh fingers when ah speaks ob watermelon stealin'?" asked the preacher.

"Yoh jes' done remind me," replied the elder, "whah I done left mah good jackknife at."

#### Fellows! Meet a Buddy

The other day it was our pleasure to meet an ex-Marine by the name of Pur-sick. We didn't get his initials, and we don't even know if his name is spelled properly, but he is agent for one of the largest insurance companies in the country, and outside of having half a foot shot off, and the best part of his left side, he came through Chateau Thierry pretty well. He was a little reluctant to talk about himself, much preferring the subject of a 3-year-old son, but we finally got some of his experiences, and when he finished, he remarked, "It was pretty much hell for everybody but if it was a question of a war I wouldn't hesitate to volunteer again, and I am teaching the same thing to the kid." And of such metal is our Marine Corps made.

#### Marine Corps Mother Goose

Rub-a-dub, Rub-a-dub, Rub-a-dub dub,  
Three Leathernecks bent above a wash-tub,

When a feller's pants are white  
It means laundrying day and night.  
Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub dub.

With our sketch book in hand we hied us this morning over to the river-front, which is generally a pretty busy place on Saturday morning. Just as we got comfortably ensconced, the Coast Guard cutter, the DAVEY, hove in sight around the bend in the muddy stream and we sat and enjoyed watching the white little boat sailing swiftly and gracefully toward us, as we sat near her berth. In a short time she was easing into it, a rope was thrown out, and missed, and one of the boys jumped for the wharf. He also missed and there was a splash of water, much running to that part of the wharf and looking over the edge but he soon was up, and dripping wet, over the side. The DAVEY'S cat, a fat, gray animal which had been sitting contentedly amongst some rope, on the deck, upon hearing the splash ran quickly over to the side of the boat, and inserting her head through the warping chock looked down along with the rest of us to see how the accident was going to terminate. After seeing the DAVEY safely tied up, we walked along the wharf to where the negro longshoremen were having their lunch. Many of them were munching half loaves of French bread, split lengthwise, and with a layer of cheese, or meat inside, which is what is generally described as a sandwich down here. Others had dined and were coiled up in the hot sun, sleeping. Still others were conversing with gayly dressed women who had brought

them warm lunches from home, and here and there a more energetic one was putting on an interpretation of the Charleston. One group especially interested us. A large, dark-skinned mama in a pink dress reclined upon a keg, which must have been much too small for comfort, as she weighed every bit of 300 pounds. In each hand she held an ice cream cone, and as she impartially bestowed her attention first to one and then to the other, she was humming "Tain't gonna rain no mo', no mo', taint goin' a rain no mo'," whilst a tall, dark skinned boy much too thin for his height was doing some of the liveliest Charlestoning we have ever seen done, and admonishing her, between breaths, to lay off his ice cream cone.

Some eccentricities of vanishing people in New Orleans may be learned from the following news item from a recent issue of the New Orleans States. "Louis Reimuth, 58, was the object of anxious search Wednesday morning by his friends after he had threatened to kill himself, and then disappeared. He weighs 160 pounds and wore a black alpine hat and a blue shirt. Mrs. Elsie Greathouse was also reported missing from home. She is 30 years old and looks 20."

#### Why?

Welfare Worker: "Ah, my poor man, what was your trouble?"

Prisoner: "I ran over a man and killed a man while driving my automobile."

Welfare Worker: "How unfortunate! But what are you in here for?"

Said a gossip old neighbor woman to the mother of a young doctor, who had just started the practice of medicine in the neighborhood: "I hear your son treated the groceryman for liver trouble and he died of heart trouble."

"Impossible," replied the irate mother, "when my son treats a person for liver trouble he dies from that. Understand."

Next to the Scotch, we believe there are few people closer on driving a bargain than the real old-time Louisiana Creole. For example, the other day we saw a letter from a distant relative of one of our neighbors, who lives in one of the parishes and has a small tract of swamp land he is anxious to sell. Being one of the old type of Creole he allowed his avarice and his lack of knowledge of the English language to trip him up, his letter reading in part as follows:

"I am able to offer you that land up Bayou Chico. You remember you look at him last summer. You can have him for five hundred dollar. If I no hear from you then I think you don't want him for five hundred dollar, and that you want to offer me three hundred dollar for him like you did last summer and so as not to lose time then, me, I take the three hundred dollar price."

The father of a young hopeful in a New Orleans preparatory school came home the other evening to find said young hopeful clawing through a collec-

tion of all the historical works he could cart down from the library shelves.

"What are you doing at that book-case, John?" asked father, severely.

"Trying to find the history of the United States, Dad."

"What for?"

"Why, Ted Jones said Christy Mathewson pitched for Boston in 1918 and I don't believe it, and I wanna find out."

\* \* \*

Envious Divorcee: "And how did you meet your third husband, Dear?"

Mrs. Newlywed: "Oh, it was romantic! You see, I was out walking with my second husband when my third came around the corner in his racer and knocked him down. That was the beginning of our friendship."

\* \* \*

A certain rather gruff Colonel whom we heard of, but never met, has the reputation of never giving a direct answer to any question asked him by anyone. Two ladies of his acquaintance were discussing this peculiarity when one of them said that she bet she could ask him one question he would have to answer "yes" or "no." Shortly after, the Colonel came into the room, and the lady asked sweetly, "Let me see, Colonel, you are a widower, aren't you?" "As much a widower, Madam," he answered with a polite bow, "as it is possible for a man to be that has never married."

\* \* \*

The Blonde Stenog says she is off her Sweetie for life. He told her the other night they were going to have to cut out going to the show so often and think some about his bills. "As if," she confided to us with a sniff, "he couldn't think as much about his old bills at the show as anywhere else."

\* \* \*

"I never knew," said a New Orleans parson, "that profanity was so prevalent until I got my car."

"Why," asked a friend, "do you hear much of it on the road?"

"Oh, I should say so," replied the shocked old gentleman, "every one I bump into swears dreadfully."

\* \* \*

Having been employed in the arduous work of housecleaning, the chauffeur of the Brig has had little chance to coral inspiration, but if we get by with the above we certainly will aim for something better next issue. Meanwhile, adios for the time being.

"What is the secret of success?"

"Push," said the button.

"Never be led," said the Pencil.

"Always keep cool," said the Ice.

"Be up to date," said the Calendar.

"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.

"Make light of everything," said the Fire.

"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.

"Aspire to greater things," said the Nutmeg.

"Be sharp in all your dealings," said the Knife.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.

"Do the work you are suited for," said the Chimney.

## GWENDOLYN

By Ray J. Nolan

She was pretty. But that was all. She could always be expected to say, "A chicken salad, please!" and she was always what was wrong with the picture.

Given a chance with a finishing school education and a slew of fine clothes she would have been radiantly beautiful, but at the present in a pale green hand-me-down frock she was like a playful grasshopper. Even at that she was a charming partner to have at a night club or at some other place where she would not be expected to say anything and in the event that she did say something, the din of the surroundings would make her remarks inaudible.

In her childish way she was bright and yearned for pretty things and wanted to cultivate a *savoir faire* which would enable her to hold the attention of men and render females spellbound.

In the course of her adventures she met Julio, the great, the good, the clever. He was a designer and in addition he was a charming personality over whom women fauned without reserve. Julio gave Gwendolyn a start in life by engaging her as a mannequin in his Fifth Avenue salon.

Weeks became months and I saw very little of Gwendolyn. In point of fact I saw her not at all. When I did again see her, I was surprised. No, I was not surprised, for that was putting it too mildly, to say the least. It was plain to the most delightfully dumb person in the world that a change had been wrought in Gwendolyn.

She stood before me in all the beauty of the mythological Venus, but clothed in a manner that would make Hollywood assume the aspect of a tacky party. Her frock was a light green, which somehow did not remind me of a grasshopper this time. The bodice was tight and the skirt seemed to sparkle in its bouffant buoyancy. I was pleased immensely.

A dinner date was in order and I advanced the idea. She accepted with alacrity. Surely she had changed a lot. Knowing that a thing of beauty is a joy forever and wishing to share my joy, I also invited a very high hat couple to join with us on this dinner date.

At last I congratulated myself that I had not thrown Gwendolyn to the four winds as being impossible, for surely she was now anything but impossible. Her perfume was French and subtle. Her hat was one of those exclusive models which are made with loving care by the milliners and then the pattern is destroyed so that it may not be copied.

The party became gay and the four of us were dishing about various things from Aztec pottery to Hittite literature. At least, three of us discussed these things. Gwendolyn merely listened.

Then she burst forth with, "Oh, I met the cutest man the other day, and he took me riding in his car. He's a taxi-driver, you know—"

At this juncture I was between hysteria and epilepsy and then it was brought suddenly home to me that Gwendolyn had learned to dress well and had cultivated and developed female charm to the ultimate, but alas, she had neglected to attend a finishing school.

## DRESS CAP



The Marine Band donned the Dress Cap and opened the Sesquicentennial International Exposition at Philadelphia on June 14th and 15th and carried away the honors at the head of the Parade. In addition to this duty, Marines will guard the Liberty Bell at the same exposition.



Then, too, there will be a large Marine Corps exhibit where all the Marine Corps trophies and the Fifth and Sixth Regiment colors will be on view, together with a replica of Tun Tavern, the early recruiting rendezvous of the Continental Marines.



Dress Cap Marines will also bear in mind the fact that the month just passed is the red letter month of the Marine Corps. Most of the brilliant battles and engagements in which the Leathernecks have taken part in the history of this country have taken place in the month of June.



Lon Chaney will don the Dress Cap and play the part of a Top Soldier in the new M-G-M production, "Tell It to the Marines," which will be on the silver sheet in a short time. William Haines, who played the leading role in "Brown of Harvard" will be the Raw Boot.



Among the latest accomplishments of Dress Cap Marines is a "studied air of nonchalance" which may or may not be derived from Yale students. At any rate, we got it from a Press Agent and Press Agents sometimes know what they are talking about.



If you haven't read "Fix Bayonets" yet, you have missed a whole lot of dope about the Leathernecks. Read it as quickly as you can get a copy.

—Leatherneck, Jr.





# TEN YEARS AGO

By Sergeant  
Major Clarence B. Proctor



LAST MONTH we "sighted in" on some snapshots of the news of the Marine Corps in June, 1916. In this issue let us review the highlights in the happenings in our Corps during July, ten years ago.

A summary of Marine Corps activities just before the war certainly uncovers many interesting items. It brings out names of many who have grown gray in the service. It brings to light the things which were talked about in the days before the Corps had the rank of private, first class, and before Marines were stationed at Quantico. These reminiscences are intended to bring recollections, pleasant or otherwise, to the minds of those who served in the Corps ten years ago, as well as to interest those who have joined our ranks since that time.

There was a great deal of talk in Congressional and official circles in Washington, and throughout the entire Marine Corps, in the early summer of 1916, regarding a prospective material increase in the commissioned and enlisted personnel of the Corps. The establishment of the warrant grades of marine gunner and quartermaster clerk was also being seriously considered. In July, 1916, it seemed likely that our strength would soon jump from ten to fifteen thousand enlisted men.

SHIPWRECKED within a week after graduating from the Recruit Depot was the unusual and extremely unpleasant experience of fifty men who left Port

## Wreck of The Hector

Royal (now Parris Island) the first week in July, 1916. The Henderson was not in commission at this time, and the Hector was sometimes used to transport troops. She was not fitted as a transport, and when used as such the accommodations were makeshift, and temporary.

First Lieutenant Robert E. Adams, Sergeant John Allen, and Corporal William Kennedy had boarded the Hector at Norfolk, and on Wednesday, July 12, she picked up fifty recruits off the Charleston, S. C. lightship, fully armed and equipped for service in the tropics. The Hector weighed anchor for Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, at four o'clock in the afternoon. At ten that evening the ship ran into a terrific hurricane.

On Thursday the vessel became crippled from her fight against the storm, lost steerage way, sprung several leaks, and began to take water through the hatches. The wind velocity at this time was over a hundred and twenty-five miles an hour.

That afternoon Marines went to work

in the fireroom and by their efforts the ship was kept afloat, steam being kept up so that the engines and the pumps could be worked at the same time. Efforts were unavailing, however, and the Hector went aground about seven and a half miles south of the Charleston lightship on Thursday night. When she struck, all the Marines, except five who were forward assisting with the wireless,



TEN YEARS AGO.

Sergt. J. H. Nichols and Cpl. C. B. Proctor

were in the fireroom. On Friday the vessel began to break up.

The civilian tug Wellington, of Philadelphia, sighted the Hector, and by an excellent exhibition of seamanship rescued all hands in the after part of the ship. The men who were at work forward were taken off by the Lighthouse Tender Cypress. Fortunately there was no loss of life.

In making his report, Captain Newell, of the Hector said, "Great credit is due to the Marines under the leadership of Lieutenant Adams, for their work in the fireroom and on deck, and their willingness and obedience under such trying circumstances."

IT WAS during the month of July, 1916, that the beaches along the Jersey coast were infested with sharks to such an extent that people were afraid to patronize these summer resorts, until finally a

## Marine Shark Hunters Fail

skilled Marine crew of shark-hunters, who had slain these man-eaters from Subig Bay to San Pedro de Macoris, proved that these terrifying sea tigers would not harm bathers in these waters.

Although moving picture cameras clicked and still photographers "shot," this Marine crew failed to scare up a single shark, despite the fact that members of the party jumped overboard and offered themselves as live bait.

Sergeant William Dubey, U. S. M. C., Retired, led the shark hunting party. Others were First Sergeant Thomas H. Eagan, Gunnery Sergeant Frederick Wahlstrom, Corporals John Frost and Ralph H. Woods, Privates Leslie R. Bennett, William J. Connors, Harry Morgan, John Mayer, and the writer. An International News reporter, and a Hearst-Vitagraph movie operator, accompanied the party.

After fishing around all day on July 22, 1916, without getting close enough to a shark to get acquainted, one of the party suggested that they all jump overboard and swim around the shark hooks. This was done successfully, and was intended to prove to the world that there were none of these leviathans of the deep along the Jersey coast.

A MILITARY-NAVAL camp for the training of citizen volunteers in the manifold duties of the U. S. Marine was established by the

## Marines Conduct Marine Corps at Civilian Camp

Lansdowne, Pa., a suburb of Philadelphia, on July 21, 1916, and continued for six weeks. The course of training extended over a period of three weeks. This course could be taken continuously for the whole period, or men could come to the camp for two weeks of continuous training with the privilege of taking the remaining seven days on succeeding week ends.

Captain Logan Feland commanded the camp, Captain Frank Halford was the Camp Quartermaster, and Captain A. J. Drexel Biddle acted as the camp adjutant. Other Marine officers permanently on duty at the camp were Captain Andrew B. Drum and First Lieutenant Ralph S. Keyser.

The administration, maintenance and upkeep of this camp was handled entirely by Marines. A band composed of

Marines was on duty at the camp, with "Pete" Wikander as bandmaster, E. Arnold as leader, and Don Amilio De-Wischnack as drum major. "Tom" West, assisted by J. F. McDonough and D. M. Gardner, operated the mess. Quartermaster Sergeants William J. Gray and Otto Salzman were on duty at the camp.

Several of the most expert drill masters in the Corps at that time handled the course of instruction at the camp. They were: Gunnery Sergeants T. J. Curtis, J. Diskin, J. Maguire, and A. J. Trask; Sergeants W. A. Hoskinson, J. H. McGan, and A. J. O'Brien; Corporals W. S. Cranmer, P. F. Killelea, H. Johnson and H. Schmitz; and Private W. H. West.

About five hundred civilian "boots" attended and were housed in regular Marine Corps wall tents, three men to a tent.

### Hot Times In Haiti

THE sensational jail delivery and escape of Caco chiefs in the hills of Haiti, accompanied by attacks on outlying stations of the Gendarmerie, indicated that affairs in Haiti were rather uncertain ten years ago this month. The desertion in a body of a Haitian officer and fifteen of his men, as well as the courageous action of the Gendarmes at stations which were commanded by Marines, showed the need for retention of the Leathernecks in that country.

Despite the fact that all available Marines were garrisoning Santo Domingo in July, 1916, there were ten organized companies scattered throughout Haiti. The Third, Fifteenth, and Twenty-second Companies were at Port-au-Prince; the Seventh Company was at Gonaives and St. Marc; the Eleventh Company at Ouanaminthe; the Sixteenth Company at Le Trou and Cape Haitien; the Seventeenth Company was divided between Jacmel, Aquin, and Aux Cayes; the Nineteenth Company garrisoned Fort Liberte, the Twentieth Company, Jeremie, Miragoane and Petit Goaves, and the Twenty-third Company was at Port de Paix.

That the unsettled feeling at this time was confined to a small fraction of the population of Haiti was shown by the fact that in hunts for escaped prisoners, Marines were aided and guided by the inhabitants throughout the interior. Most of the population gave freely of their labor in establishing improvements which were being made under the direction of the Marines.

The Marines appeared to have the confidence of the man in the street, the only disturbing elements were the Cacos and a certain intangible, meddlesome, European influence.

THREE experimental recruiting stations on wheels were put in operation by the Marine Corps ten years ago this month. They operated out of Atlanta, Ga., Boston, Mass., and San Francisco, Calif.

### Automobile Recruiting

The main object of these rolling recruiting stations was to reach the inhabitants of suburban towns and villages not on railroad lines. The arrival of these cars in a village or town was announced in advance, posters and hangars were put up en route, and literature was distributed. Applicants were picked up and taken to a headquarters recruiting station, after a preliminary examination by the non-commissioned officer in charge of the travelling party.



FORT SAN LUIS, SANTIAGO, SANTO DOMINGO. July, 1916.

ALTHOUGH the military situation in Santo Domingo was still rather precarious during July, 1916, there was little active operation in that country during the month. The Marine Detachments

from four ships and seventeen organized companies of Marines seemed to have the situation fairly well in hand.

The main force in the northern portion of the island entered Santiago early in the month, and that city was occupied during July by the Eighth, Thirtieth, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth, Twenty-seventh, Twenty-eighth, Twenty-ninth, Thirty-first, Thirty-second, and Thirty-fourth Companies. Santo Domingo City was garrisoned during the month by the First, Fifth, Fourteenth and Twenty-fourth Companies; the Fourth and Ninth Companies and the Marine Detachments from the U. S. S. Rhode Island and U. S. S. New Jersey were stationed at Puerto Plata; and the Sixth Company and Marine Detachments from the U. S. S. Louisiana and U. S. S. Memphis were ashore at Monte Cristi.

THEY tell me that some people got a "kick" out of a story entitled "A Deep Sea Yarn," which was published 10 years ago in the Recruiters' Bulletin.

This story certainly shows that Jarines sometimes had to get their liquor under cover, even in 1916, B. P. (Before Prohibition), and that their difficulties, activities and lingo along these lines, then as now, are occasionally misunderstood. Here's the yarn:

### "Catchee More Dog?"

"A reenlisted Marine boarded a west-bound train at Chicago. In the same coach was a Chinese wardroom steward. When the Marine was seated the steward came up to him, and, familiarly patting him on the shoulder, said: 'Hello, ole man, where you go?'"

"I'm going to Frisco," said the amphibious warrior.

"I go to Frisco, too," said the Chink. After both had compared notes and related some of their vicissitudes, much to the curiosity of the lady and gentleman opposite, the steward suddenly said:

"Me got dog, can do?"

"Sure," said the Marine, smilingly.

"A bundle was produced from beneath the seat and the two men went in the direction of the ice-cooler. The lady opposite, who was engrossed with the whole scene, said to her husband: 'Well, I have heard of Chinese eating dogs, but the idea of an American doing such a thing takes my breath away, it's

shockingly horrible.

"The husband, though his eyes and ears testified to the contrary, told her that they were merely having some kind of a joke. The lady was unconvinced, however, and even went so far as to say she had seen the outlines of a plump little pug.

"After a while the seafaring men came back, smacking their lips, and settled down again. The lady and gentleman still chatted in half whispers, the lady nodding her head knowingly.

"Some time elapsed, when the steward again broke out: 'Catchee More Dog?' They both got up and duplicated the first move. The lady was now thoroughly convinced that the 'soldier,' as she termed him, was eating dog's flesh. The gentleman was getting dubious himself, and to make sure he went out after them. He was introduced to the 'hair of the dog' and went back to his better half, splitting his sides laughing. After he told her, she began to laugh too, and neither stopped until tears were rolling down their cheeks.

"After this, they all four became the best of friends. On parting, the card of a wealthy rancher was slipped into the Marine's hand, and the lady smilingly said: 'If you ever come 'round our way, we have, I think, some fine 'dog' in the cellar.'"



### Don't Read This

I s'pose some nosey, meddling,  
Unbelieving bloke  
Will read this little stanza,  
Looking for a joke;  
Well, now, inquisitiveness  
Made you read it through—  
You wouldn't heed a warning,  
So the joke's on you.

Manager: How did you get in this theater?

Marine: On my friend's ticket.

Manager: Where's your friend?

Marine: He's up at the barracks looking for his ticket.

"Repeat the words the defendant used," said counsel for the plaintiff in a case of slander.

"I'd rather not," said the witness timidly; "they were hardly words to tell to a gentleman."

"I see," said counsel; "then whisper them to the judge."—Tit-Bits.

Somebody was trying to train a yeoman:

"Why aren't you more accurate?" he said, "instead of addressing this letter to the 'intelligence officer' you have addressed it to the 'intelligent officer.' You should know there is no such officer in the Navy."—W. R.

Fond Mother (to gentleman who has slipped on pavement): You brute! Look what you've done to my child's banana.  
—Gaiety (London).

First Marine: Do you still visit that little blonde you went with last year?  
Second Ditto: She's married now.  
F. M.: Answer my question.

Talkative Barber—They say there's someone on Mars still trying to get into conversation with us.

Customer—Um. Another barber, I suppose.—Passing Show.

Voice from above: Drop that anchor!  
Boot aboard ship: Say, no one's touching the darn old anchor.

### Big Game

The Preacher—I had a very enjoyable trip to the Adirondacks. The first day I shot two bucks.

Mr. Sport (absently)—Win anything, parson?—Judge.

A young lawyer, pleading his first case, had been retained by a farmer to prosecute a railway company for killing twenty-four hogs. He wanted to impress the jury with the magnitude of the injury.

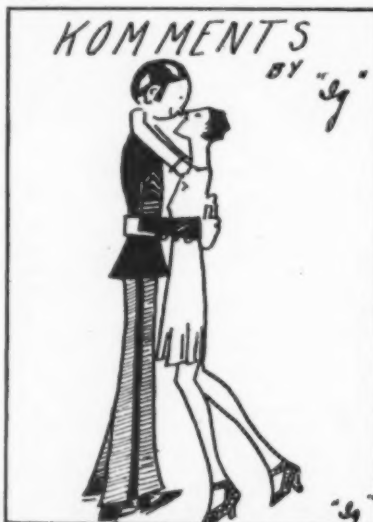
"Twenty-four hogs, gentlemen. Twenty-four; twice the number there are in the jury box."—The Furrow.

The train was passing through Wisconsin. About three A. M. the porter came into the Pullman, calling out the next station, which was Iona Lake. This is the way the porter put it over:

"IONA LAKE, I-O-N-A L-A-K-E."

Just then an old farmer from Kansas hit the deck and cried out:

"You poor fish, I own a big farm in Kansas, but I ain't tellin' everybody about it."



WITH THE USUAL TO J. HELD JR.

Just because a guy has stripes don't mean he's a prisoner—he may be a QM Sergeant.

### Short and Sweet

Toastmaster (after calling on several long-winded speakers not on the program): "Mr. Spriggs will now give us his address."

Speaker of the Evening (wearily): "My address is 220 West Main St. Good night."—Hurty-Peck.

Captain (at inspection): Where's the balance of your rifle?

Recruit: That's all they gave me, sir.

Sergeant: Got that floor scrubbed yet?

Recruit: No.

Sergeant: No what?

Recruit: No soap.

Languid Youth—You have in the window a greenish-blue sort of jacket affair, with a kind of red check all over it. Outfitter (obligingly)—I know that one, sir. Shall I take it out for you?

Languid Youth—That's awfully good of you—thanks. Do you know, the thing gives me a headache every time I come past here.—Passing Show.

A man walked into a hotel and placed his umbrella in the rack with this sign on it, "This umbrella belongs to the champion prizefighter of the world; I will be back."

An hour later he returned, the umbrella was gone, and this sign hung in its place, "The umbrella was taken by the champion runner of the world; I won't be back."

Postal Clerk: There's an excess of two cents in stamps on this letter.

Old Woman: My land! I only hope it won't go too far.—Kasper (Stockholm).

School Officer: I am going to give a talk on liars. How many of you have read my book on "Honesty?"

All of the ambitious ones in the audience raised their hands.

School Officer: Fine. You are just the men I want to address. The book hasn't been written yet.

This garters-around-the-neck hint in the ads. is intended for men, but it seems to have given the girls and idea.—Live.



## Bunkered!

Said a medical man: "I was house surgeon to a well-known asylum, and one day had some difficulty in getting a telephone number. The operator said something which I did not quite like. I asked, 'Do you know to whom you are talking?' 'No,' came the voice over the wire—'BUT I KNOW WHERE YOU ARE!'"—*London Evening News.*

"Hello Pat! How are you getting on as salesman?"

"Fine! I got two orders in the very first office I went into!"

"Is that so?"

"Yes. One was 'get out' and the other was 'stay out!'"—*Pearl Harbor Weekly.*

*When the Commanding Officer says, "Five Days Bread and Water," be nonchalant, and light a cigarette.*

**Leatherneck: What is an optimist?**

**Editor: The reader who expects to find any laughs on these pages.**



"I hear 'Mac' tried to cheat the undertaker."

"How come?"

"Buried his face in his hands."

"Can I see the Secretary of Agriculture?"

"Well, he is very busy, madam. What was it you wanted to see him about?"

"About a geranium of mine that isn't doing very well."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A commercial traveller had obtained a large order from a firm of wholesale importers in Aberdeen and, as a token of his pleasure, endeavored to press upon the manager a choice box of Havana cigars.

Unfortunately, the manager didn't realize the spirit in which they were offered.

"Na," he replied; "dinna try to bribe a man. I couldn't tak' them ava—I'm a member o' the kirk."

"But," answered the traveller "won't you accept them as a present?"

"I couldna," retorted the Scot.

"Suppose I sell you the cigars for merely a nominal sum, then—say sixpence."

"Weel, in that case," answered the manager, "since ye press me, and no' liking tae refuse an offer well meant, I'll tak' two boxes."

—*New Zealand Weekly News.*



"Come, speak up; how do you want your pair of shoes, too big or too small."

It was the second day the shipwrecked crew had been adrift in the open boat, and the hearts of some of the men were beginning to sink. There was one, however, who was full of hope.

"What's that?" he cried excitedly, pointing into the distance. "Isn't that land over there?"

The second mate's gaze followed the pointed finger. "No," he said, "That's not land. It's only the horizon."

"Well damn it," said the optimist, bending to his oar, "that's better than nothing. Let's pull."—*Colorado Lookout.*

"How do you like that new mare of yours?"

"Oh, fairly well. But I wish I had bought a horse. She's always stopping to look at herself in the water puddles."

—*Hurty-Peck.*



"Can I catch the five o'clock train to Quantico?"

"That depends upon how fast you can run. It left three minutes ago."

Lieutenant: Who in hell put those flowers on this desk?

Orderly: The Captain, sir.

Lieutenant: And they're very pretty, too, aren't they?

## Telling Him Off

In the kindness of his heart Mr. McGregor Smith opened an account for his wife at the local bank. A few months later the manager, Mr. Jones, meeting

him, remarked, "Would you kindly tell your wife that her account is overdrawn?" The news was duly passed to Mrs. Smith, and next morning she handed her husband a sealed envelope addressed to Mr. Jones, requesting him to deliver it. The manager having opened the letter, remarked, "Perhaps you would like to see what your wife says," and handed the contents of the envelope to Mr. Smith. It was a half-sheet of newspaper, on which was written in large letters, "SNEAK."

—*London Daily Chronicle.*

Nerve Specialist—You must give up your cocktails and night-clubs, and you must stop smoking.

Lady—But I don't do any of those things.

"And I will give you a letter to my friend, Sir Julius Bronson. He will prescribe for your loss of memory."

—*Punch.*



Recruiting Officer: What is your name?

Applicant: Wood.

Recruiting Officer: What is your wife's name?

Applicant: Why Wood, of course.

Recruiting Officer: H'm, both Wood, —er-r-r, any Kindling?

Judge: Married?

Accused Female: Twice, your honor.

Judge: Age?

Accused F.: Twenty-five.

Judge: Twice, also?

—*Petit Bleu.*

An elderly gentleman of bookish learning was haled into court charged with drunkenness.

"What have you to say for yourself?" said the judge.

"Oh, man's inhumanity to man countless thousands mourn," replied the man. "I am not so debased as Poe, so profligate as Byron, so ungrateful as Keats, so vulgar as Shakespeare, so timid as Tennyson, so intemperate as Burns—"

"That will do," said the judge, "ninety days."

Turning to the officer, the judge said: "Better take down the names of the people he named and round 'em up. I think they're a bad lot."

Lady: "But don't you find that riding in a Ford gives you a headache?"

Salesman: "Absolutely, no, madam. Just the reverse."

## SHORT STORIES BY EDWIN NORTH McCLELLAN



## THAT VISIT TO PEARL HARBOR IN 1908

"Gentlemen, beneath this boat there are twenty fathoms of —!" Then, a rude interruption in terms of material contradiction. Crash! Scrape! Rip! Tear! And several of those redoubtable twenty fathoms of Pearl Harbor's beautifully blue—and wet—water unceremoniously rushed through a gash in the bottom of the boat. Yes! A miracle had been performed. In twenty fathoms, the boat had collided with a Coral Sentry—in twenty fathoms, mind you! "How do you like our harbor?" challenged that pinnacle of coral.

It was July 20, 1908. Under the auspices of the Pearl Harbor Sub-Committee of the Atlantic Fleet Entertainment Committee the Naval and Marine Officers were having a look at the best harbor east of Suez. All roads, railroads, auto roads, and water lanes led to the home of the Pearl Clam and Oyster, that day. The above-mentioned incident occurred to one of the battleship launches. It was really too funny for words.

Then ashore at the Peninsula. A fine recreation hall, resplendent with Hawaiian decorations and bunting. Chowder! Long tables tastefully arranged a la luau! Many beautiful ladies! Hawaiian hospitality. It was a day never to be forgotten by those lucky enough to be at Pearl Harbor.

Those twenty fathoms are still there, but the vigilant Coral Sentinel has long since gone to Coral Heaven.

## PRETENSE

Mother was "Making Beds." Usually that routine duty aroused no comment. This day, however, the "pretty things" were taken from the closet to dress the beds. There was a luncheon party of ladies on the social program and the every-day garb of the rooms would not honor the gala occasion.

Five-year-old Sonnie was assisting Mother to dress-up Sister's bed with one of Mother's most beautiful counterpanes or "spreads." Sister's room had been selected as the rendezvous in which the lady guests would remove their wraps prior to lunching downstairs. Sonnie worked indefatigably. He seemed utterly convinced that the beds could not be "made" without his great help. Pride and importance in the task showed in his every word and move. But there was a puzzled shadow on his youthful countenance. Subconsciously he was solving a problem. His powers of comprehension were active. Suddenly the light of solution must have dispelled the fog surrounding his intellect, for he sagely remarked:

"Yes, make 'em think we sleep in the bed like dat!"

There he had the secret of it all. The charming visitors must be convinced that sister and all the rest of the family slept in beds every night that had been thus beautified.

Mother's very lucid explanation, that the pretty coverlets would be used every day if children would keep their shoes off them, seemed unconvincing. Silent and industrious, Sonnie did not appear agreed to that view of the situation. The chances are that his juvenile ego assured him that he was right after all.

Which reminds us of that other one in which, when the little girl was asked by her teacher, "Why must we always keep our homes clean?" replied, "Because company may walk in."

## THE "YANKEE TRICK" OF KAMEHAMEHA THE GREAT

The best of historians have their little jokes. They feel that a little foam must crest the deep waters; that dashes of color must happen here and there to make their heavy stuff light and readable. Well, here is a bit of "local color" from one of my favorite books written by one I admire. It's darn good reading, but less good history—I fear.

"At Honolulu, early in 1812, the Winships of Boston had obtained a sandalwood monopoly from King Kamehameha I in return for a percentage of the profits. Arrival of the first fragrant cargo at Canton was closely followed by news of the war, so that the Winship's agents, for fear of capture by English cruisers, had to ship the King's share of the specie in a slow Portuguese vessel.

"By the time she arrived at Honolulu, some British residents had so prejudiced Hawaiian Royalty against Americans that the King showed signs of breaking the contract. To prevent this, Jonathan Winship, Jr., instructed the Portuguese captain to hold the specie until a new lot of sandalwood forthcame; unless, indeed, a British cruiser approached. In that event, the silver should be landed on the Royal wharf, to avoid the possibility of seizure.

"A Hawaiian Princess, overhearing the conversation, played a neat Yankee trick on the Yankee traders. At the lookout on Diamond Head, where the government maintained a signal station, Her Royal Highness corrupted the human semaphore, who signaled to the inner harbor, 'Big British warship coming.' The Portuguese captain hurriedly landed the cargo; and before the shipping intelligence proved false, Kamehameha had the specie, and snapped his fat fingers at Messrs. Winship, Winship & Davis.

"Not until another reign did Americans recover their influence at the Islands."

## MARINES WERE WITH BIDDLE IN JAPAN IN 1849

Seven native Hawaiians in a Japanese prison at Nagasaki! About an equal number of Americans kept them company. That had been their unfortunate status for about seven months. A contemporaneous account stated that "five of them were Americans, seven Hawaiians; one was from Aahu and one from

Astoria." They were of the crew of the shipwrecked whaler LAGODA. The year was 1849.

Three years before, Japan had warned out of its waters the two American warships of Biddle. Four years were yet to pass before Perry's negotiations opened Japan to American influence. Japan was "exclusive and isolated."

The United States ship PREBLE, commanded by James Glynn, was ordered to the relief of these incarcerated men. When she anchored at Nagasaki in the spring of 1849 the PREBLE was confronted with an imposing naval and military display. Captain Glynn's firm demand that the prisoners be placed on board the PREBLE was courteously acceded to by the Japanese authorities.

Sailing from China in June the PREBLE arrived at Honolulu in August, 1849. Twenty-one of her crew had died from disease. Forty-one more were transferred ashore to the "American hospital."

The presence of the PREBLE at Honolulu made more emphatic the protest of the Hawaiian Government and the American Consul against the interference of the French with the local government.

Leaving behind her concrete evidence of the friendship of America for Hawaii, the PREBLE sailed in December for the California coast.

## LOBSTERING IN HAWAII

Have you ever gone "alobstering" on the windward side of Oahu? If not you have missed a whole lot of fun and thrills that are yours for the taking. It is exhilarating sport. The romance of lobstering is as fascinatingly real as the lobster itself.

Coral bottom with crevices, pukas, and all of nature's furnishings. Glass bottom water-box, which you firmly hold in your mouth and which assists you to float in the water. Yes; over your head. Then again, you might prefer the watertight goggles, in lieu of the water-box. Your weapons are the four-foot spear, fired in bow and arrow or slingshot style, or the long eighteen-foot spear. Maybe you will use an inner tube to further buoy you up. If so, be careful when loaded to the gunwales that you do not sink the ship by inadvertently perforating the tube with your spear.

With long spear in your right hand, you gaze through the glass bottom of the water-box into the depths. Amazing spreads over your face as you "see things you never saw in an Aquarium. Nature's ways are always the best ways. They are uniquely interesting because they are natural—Nature at home.

All is quiet and calm on the coral bottom. The fishes and other marine animals are pursuing their customary domestic habits. Then a breeze ruffles the water's surface. Its force is transmitted to the ocean's floor. All the swimmers and crawlers and slingers

scurry for cover—just like humans on the streets when a shower splashes down from the sky.

Big fishes glide around you like the Apaches of the Plains in the olden days swirled round a doomed columned fleet of prairie schooners. But you are not doomed. You only wonder and are thrilled. Swimming animal life is all around you fairly raging in riots of color and shapes. Vegetable life there is, too.

A foolish fear creeps into your mind as you notice a grayfish mass with long slimy tentacles gathered tightly around its jelly-like body. You amateurishly attempt to spear it. The spear sinks into the quivering jelly and up its length climb the clingish, webby fingers toward you. In frantic fright you basely desert your spear. Never fear, it is only an octopus or squid that has unnerved you. They form a choice tidbit for those who live in the Islands. You could earn a little money if you only knew how to disengage the squid from the rock, gather its tentacles and bite out its eye so close to the brain. You started it anyway, so do not blame the squid. He was comfortably reposing at home when you meanly stabbed him with your spear.

You see a pair of horny feelers sticking up from beneath a tableland of coral poised on a stem—like a big coral mushroom. There lurks your game. These feelers compose the outpost guard of the lobster's defensive. They can almost see. They are sensitive to your presence. Out in the open you must lure or force your prey. You dangle a *manini* to make his "mouth water." Possibly you may cut up the little fish to make it a more attractive bait. If so, your game may produce more thrills than you expect with the arrival of eels, sharks, and other denizens of the deep attracted by the sanguinary *manini*. Well, when it is all said and done, the lobster either comes out or he does not come out. If he comes out, he is yours if you are an expert spearist. If he coyly continues in retirement, you're out of luck.

#### MISTRESS "OLD PITHY"

Where will this Feminine Movement end? Now they tell us that "Old Pithy" is not a "he" but a "she." "Old Pithy" is my affectionate sobriquet for *Pithecanthropus Erectus*, our most revered ancestor who roamed the Virgin jungles of Java half a million years ago.

By the beard of Tarzan what will they tell us next? There can be no end to this horrible row between the Fundamentalists and Evolutionists now, for "She" will have the last word as she had the first. That's either moronic or bromidic; take it or leave it. Frivolous words about ladies, especially old ones, are never indulged in by me, so take most seriously, if you take it at all, what I have just written. The next flash from the researchers will be a hideous suggestion that "She" wore a "bob" and that she "rolled 'em." Next they will inform us that we cannot yield to the silly temptation to call her "Anti-Ape" for that would be a contradiction in terms of sex. Somewhat garbled that! Talk about "Fathers of our Country;" what can we do with "Two Mothers of the Human Race!" For now we must reckon with Eve as well as Adam.

All this carries the Feminine Movement back to half a million years before our American ladies got the vote.

Now, there is a startling statement. The genuine cause of bitterness between the Fundamentalists and Evolutionists is Pride in Family Tree. The Goggly Green Eyes of Jealousy has his—or her—hand in it. The Fundamentalists can trace their family tree back only six thousand years or so, while the Evolutionists look back over a space of some five hundred thousand years with a possibility of eventually straining their eyes for a view of infinity. There, the secret is yours!

Apropos to all this, here is a rhyme I cribbed from a newspaper published in 1872:

"There was an ape in the days that were earlier:

Centuries passed and his hair became curlier;

Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist—

Then he was a Man and a Positivist."

What I want to know is this. Is not the recent resolution of the National Education Association tautological? That resolution holds that legislation cannot alter, modify, or set aside any immutable law of Nature, or Science, or of God. Now, is there any difference or distinction between Nature, Science, and God?

#### WAR BY STEAM

Is there any analogy between air and steam as far as their initial recognition is concerned? In its pioneer days, steam met with the same scoffing rebuffs as air is receiving today. The future holds the great answer.

Steam was first used to propel water-surface craft at a very early date. Centuries passed before Mars, the God of War, had sufficient faith in steam to take it to his bosom. But he eventually did.

To whom really belongs the honor of applying steam as motor for ships is a disputed point. However, it is pretty well settled that Robert Fulton was the first builder of a steamboat intended for traffic. It is said that "the first steamboat was built by Denis Papin, who navigated it safely down the Fulda as long ago as 1707. Unfortunately this pioneer craft was destroyed by jealous sailors, and even the memory of it was lost for three-quarters of a century." This was an even century before Fulton's CLERMONT (steam and sails) paddled the waters of the Hudson. But Papin was not the first. Even the dictionary refers to a Spanish steamboat of 1543. There were also Perrier, Jouffroy, Fitch, Livingston, Symington, Bell, and many others.

The United States took the lead in applying steam to commercial surface-vessels, but lagged outrageously in utilizing it for war purposes. The first steamship that sailed the ocean was the American paddle-ship PHOENIX. The first ship using steam (and sails) to cross the Atlantic was the American ship SAVANNAH in 1819. "The idea of crossing the Atlantic by means of steamers was scouted by the scientific men of the day, and elaborate articles were written proving conclusively that the thing was an impossibility;" but—Next came the British steamship GREAT WESTERN, completed in 1839, that established the

record of fifteen days from England to New York. However, it took a long time for steam to gain converts among those who held the political reins over our naval affairs.

Our first and second wars with Great Britain were won with sails as far as the American Navy was concerned in those wars. Experimenting in America with steam—naval matters started in 1815. In that year the FULTON THE FIRST went into commission. This formidable craft was named by her projector the DEMOLOGOS, but after his death, she was renamed the FULTON. She was used as a receiving ship at the New York Navy Yard after her completion until 1829, when she blew up. This was the first venture of our government toward war steamers.

The steam galliot SEA GULL was acquired about 1822. The FULTON THE SECOND came along about 1836. These war steam-vessels came only after much discussion. As early as 1826 Secretary of the Navy Samuel L. Southard advocated the use of steamships in defending our costs and harbors. Secretary Mahlon Dickerson, in 1834, in considering the possibility of steam becoming "part of the system of maritime war" was convinced that steam war-vessels could not be transported over distant seas and oceans for the purposes of attacking its enemies. Secretary Dickerson, however, sent Commodore Perry abroad to collect steam information. Secretary of the Navy James K. Paulding referred to the movement to acquire steam naval vessels as the "Steam Fever."

In the year 1840 American newspapers complained bitterly of our backwardness in naval steam matters. "While America is yet sleeping, France, as well as England, has awakened to the necessity of organizing a steam navy," wrote a New Yorker in that year. "Louis Philippe has sanctioned an ordinance appropriating nearly six millions of dollars for steam packets," and "all these steamships are to be men-of-war," though operated as merchantmen in times of peace. "England, too, assigns her naval officers to the command of her mercantile steamers. Alexander of Russia is also aroused to the importance of this subject. All the great European powers are aware that when the next great war takes place, that nation which can bring into action the most powerful steamships will be mistress of the seas." The "Steam Frigate" can "annihilate a fleet of vessels which depends on the caprices of the elements." Naval competition, under these conditions, may mean that "the nations of the world, conscious that a single defeat would be utter ruin, will refrain from playing so hazardous a game; and thus, paradoxical as it may seem, the increase of the destructive powers of war may preserve universal peace." All that was written in the year 1840, thirty-three years after the CLERMONT had proved the case for steam.

Thus was the struggle of those Americans with vision carried on to victory and the United States Navy given a steam Navy. How many Americans today would vote to replace steam with sails. How many Americans today will vote to give Air its real chance now and not fifty years from now?



# The BROADCAST

Wherein The Leatherneck Publishes News From All Posts

## BARKS FROM BROOKLYN

Howdy, folks! Want to hear something about the New Yawk Gyrenes? Of course; we have the best post in the Corps, and that's saying a mouthful. What, you don't believe me? Awright, then listen.

We have a large and well-conducted Post Exchange with pool tables, bowling alley, barber shop, tailor shop, carrying a full line of everything.

A mess hall putting out chow that would make the Ritz look like one of Max's Busy Bee emporiums if it wasn't for that powerful long boarding house reach a few of the boys have—but you can't blame them. There's a reason for every reach, anyway. Of what avail is your plate of soup unless your bunkie dips his sleeve in it while trying to stab that larger piece of strawberry shortcake?

Then we have the Navy Yard fire department with Major H. C. Judson as its pilot, and Corporal I. H. Griffen as his assistant. Now, whenever you hear about this fire department just picture a fast and furious fire fighting bunch that stops at nothing. I said fast, didn't I? And fast they are, from the pilot down. It's a shame that Barney Oldfield, Tommy Milton, Ralph DePalma, and a few others can't be here to get a few tips on quick get-aways. It's a thrill that comes only once in a lifetime to see Major Judson slide his 250 pounds avoirdupois into his Marmon racer and lead his men on to the scene of action. You know how the old saying goes: "When in Rome, do as the Pollacks do," and in trying to keep up with Major Judson's furious pace is a case where only the fit will survive. Just recently they were issued real honest-to-goodness firemen's hats, and our smoke-eaters are just itching to get into real action so as to see how well they can work with them on, or is it be SEEN with them on. How about it, Griffen?

The destinies of the CO's office lay in the hands of Sergeant Major J. W. Thorp; yes, maam, Live Wire Thorp. Nuff said? O. K.

Due to the accidental wounding of a civilian, our Rifle Range Detachment at Fort Hancock, N. J., was disbanded and ordered back to the barracks, much to the regret of Lieut. Whitman who was in charge. That popular melody, "Oh, How I Miss You," is said to have been the boys' most favorite song on the 600 yards line while a fish-tailer was doing his stuff.

Private J. A. Inferrera, our local cue wizard, easily won the annual pool tournament held by the National Navy Club from a field of eighteen sailors. Inferrera was the only Leatherneck entry. This is the second time the Marines have won the tournament and we expect to win the next three in order to capture that large silver cup. A silver loving cup was presented to Inferrera for his victory.

Our baseball team was strengthened with the joining of Parker and Vitek from Quantico, and better results are expected in the future.

The Marine Band spent the week end with us while playing at the New Madison Square Garden for the "Old Ironsides Rally," and as usual made a fine showing. The Army and Navy Bands were combined with them.

Things yet to be seen:

Sergeant Major Thorp without his cup of coffee.

First Sergeant Franklin without his "specks" and the Sergeant Major's favorite pencil.

Sergeant Ferguson without his "stogey."

Corporal Taylor without a plate of Miss Alice's clam chowder stuck under his nose.

I could say a whole lot more, folks, but why tell everything all at once? Wait till next month.

J. A. R.

## "OLDEST MARINE" VISITS M. B., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Henry B. Hallowell, the "oldest living Marine," recently made a visit to the Marine Barracks here. Despite his 86 years, he still carries himself like a true Marine, and is highly interested, and participates in all activities similar to those in which Marines of the present day are engaged. He can handle a rifle or ride a horse in a manner that would put to shame many young men of twenty-five. His latest "stunts" have been trips in aeroplanes and submarines at every opportunity.

He was born in Philadelphia, January 17, 1840, and when twenty years of age, he enlisted in the U. S. Marine Corps. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was serving in the Mediterranean aboard the U. S. S. RICHMOND. He says that in those days a Marine Detachment aboard ship consisted of a corporal and six privates; some ships had one sergeant, two corporals, and twelve privates. He says further that the entire Marine Corps consisted of 1,700 men, and that a colonel was the highest ranking officer in it.

He now travels about the country, stopping for a visit at each Marine post en route. He left the West Coast for the East on April 20. When asked if he always traveled alone, he replied, "No, I always take my little girl friend with me." Then he opened his traveling bag and produced a photo of a certain woman of some five hundred pounds avoirdupois. Some girl friend!

Thus far he has traveled 50,000 miles. He expects to "carry on" in this manner until he lives to be a hundred. Whenever he arrives at a Marine Corps post or recruiting station, he breaks out his old uniform and becomes one of the boys. He gets a big "kick" out of "cheering them up" with his yarns and anecdotes of the old days.

He was at the centennial exposition at Philadelphia fifty years ago, and is now en route for the same place. He says "I shall be at the same old turnstile where I stood fifty years ago unless the train runs off the track or I break my neck in one of these flying stunts."

## U. S. M. C. RESERVE TRAINING

The United States Marine Corps Reserve Officers' Training Camp opened on June 14 at Quantico, Va., and will continue until June 29. The Marine Barracks at Quantico, Va., are in command of Maj. Gen. Eli K. Cole, U. S. M. C. The officers of the United States Marine Corps who will supervise the instruction are Capt. Victor F. Bleasdale, Samuel C. Cummings, Prentice S. Geer, and William A. Worton.

The Garrison troops comprise the 1st Regiment, the Expeditionary Troops, consisting of the Fifth Regiment, Marine Infantry, Tenth Regiment, Marine Artillery, Anti-aircraft Company, Light tank platoon, Gas Company, Signal Battalion, Engineer Battalion, Service Company, Medical Battalion, and Aviation Group.

Comdr. E. B. Niver, Chaplain, U. S. A., who is a Protestant, will hold services for officers and men of that denomination, while Lt. George G. Murdock, U. S. N., a Catholic Chaplain, will hold services for persons of his faith.

The following is the schedule of training:

June 15: Infantry drill, squad, section, platoon. Sword drill. Assign reserve officers to regular units performing weekly drills; guard mounting, parades, reviews and inspection.

June 16: Rifle, nomenclature, sighting and aiming, positions, adjustment of sights, scorebook, etc. Rifle practice, preliminary.

June 17: Pistol, nomenclature, dismantling, etc., fire preliminary. Bayonet work.

June 18: Rifle practice, preliminary. Infantry Weapon's School, Hand grenades, dummy and live.

June 19: Pistol practice, preliminary. Lectures on first aid, camp sanitation, personal hygiene.

June 20: Sunday routine.

June 21: Infantry Weapon's School, 3. Trench Mortar and 37 mm. gun, theoretical and practical map reading, scouting and patrolling.

June 22: Rifle practice, preliminary. Assign reserve officer to regular units performing weekly drills, for extended order, squad, section, platoon and company.

June 23: Bayonet work, preliminary. 1000' range, machine guns.

June 24: Pistol, preliminary and record. Bayonet work, record.

June 25: Rifle, fire record. Combat principles.

June 26: Visit to Brown Field (Aviation).

## MISINFORMATION FROM THE U. S. S. CLEVELAND

On April twenty-first the U. S. S. CLEVELAND was relieved from duty with the Tacna-Arica Plebiscite Commission at Arica, Chile, and proceeded to Balboa, Canal Zone. Upon the arrival of the U. S. S. DENVER, First Lieut. Charles S. Finch, U. S. M. C., joined the Marine detachment as relief for First Lieut. John A. Bemis, U. S. M. C., who was detached to Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., after having served aboard the U. S. S. CLEVELAND for over two years. Prior to leaving Arica, Pvt. 1st Class Roland F. McNew was transferred to the DENVER detachment for duty as typewriter repair expert for the Plebiscite Commission, and Pvt. William G. Freeman of the DENVER detachment was transferred to the CLEVELAND for further transfer to the Ancon Hospital for treatment. After a very uneventful voyage, the CLEVELAND arrived in Balboa on April 30, where Mr. Bemis was detached and all hands were granted liberty. The crew were soon taking advantage of their opportunity to renew old acquaintances formed in Panama City on former visits, and to partake of the amber colored fluid invented by a Heidelberg scientist and named in honor of the discoverer of the Pacific Ocean.

Our stay in Balboa was brief, however, for on May 3 orders were received to proceed to Cristobal for coal and supplies, and thence to Bluefields, Nicaragua, where a semi-annual election of state officials was taking place. The customary objections to the various candidates were being registered by the voters of various factions who resort to all manner of weapons, modern and ancient, to voice their sentiments regarding the particular fitness of their candidate. It seems the candidate with the most men and guns gains a temporary advantage and is duly elected and serves until some other candidate gathers an army and decides to call an election.

Prior to leaving Cristobal, Trumpeter Clark, Private First Class King, and Private Freeman were transferred to the Marine Barracks, U. S. Naval Submarine Base, Coco Solo, C. Z. Clark and King for further transfer to the United States for discharge; and Freeman by staff returns, he being sick in the Ancon Hospital. The entire detachment hope for a speedy recovery in the case of Freeman, and wish Clark and King every success in civilian life.

At about 1 a. m. on the morning of May 5, the CLEVELAND sailed from Cristobal, Canal Zone, for Bluefields, Nicaragua, where she arrived at about 7:15 a. m. of the morning of the sixth, and anchored about two miles off "The Bluff," a promontory east of the city of Bluefields. A short time after coming to anchor, the Commanding Officer, Captain John D. Wainwright, U. S. N., accompanied by First Lieut. C. S. Finch, U. S. M. C., went ashore to consult with the American Consul and to make necessary arrangement for the landing of the Marines and sailors composing the CLEVELAND's landing force.

The landing force of the U. S. S. CLEVELAND is composed of the Marine detachment of fifty men under the command of First Lieut. C. S. Finch, and

approximately 175 seamen—all under the command of Lieutenant Commander Spencer S. Lewis, U. S. N., with Lieutenant James E. Nolan, U. S. N., as adjutant. The force was landed in the city of Bluefields at about 8:50 a. m. on the morning of May 7 without incident, and took quarters in the Moravian Sunday school building, which served the purpose of quarters for a landing force in 1910.

Bluefields is a city of about 5,000 population, located near the mouth of the Rio Escondido, on the Laguna de Bluefields, in southeastern Nicaragua, and hidden from view from the sea by Deer Island, an island in the Laguna due east of the city, and by the promontory called "The Bluff," where the custom house is located and where all the shipping and port business is conducted as the water in the lagoon is so shallow that ships of more than two or three feet draught cannot come up to the city of Bluefields.

Upon landing, the U. S. Naval forces took over the city of Bluefields, declar-



Camp at Bluefields

ing the city a neutral zone, and banishing the rebel forces from the barracks and the Palace. The rebel forces are at present in camp at the "Bluff," a part of which is also a neutral zone, and a detachment of seamen under command of Lieutenant McCrary, U. S. N., are in camp at that point to maintain order.

The Naval forces are patrolling the city and have taken over the various duties of the city officials, such as police and public safety. All the citizens of the town are disarmed, and all guns, ammunition, machetes, and knives are confiscated and turned in to Force Headquarters. Occasionally a man is found carrying a gun or machete, and is promptly arrested and relieved of his arms. Recently a general's two pistols were confiscated, his rank being determined by the fact that he wore shoes, carried a tooth brush, and wore two guns. As no man below the rank of a general is so arrayed, it is safe to state his rank as that of at least a brigadier.

One morning a young man armed with an ancient Remington Rifle and two rounds of ammunition went gunning for his father, fell into the hands of the patrol, and was promptly arrested. He was in durance vile for a short time and his arms confiscated; then he was banished from the city. In disarming the citizens, a method has been adopted of confiscating their arms, taking them out to the outposts, and sending them forth from the city. This system has a tendency to curb any thoughts of lawlessness on the part of other individuals who may think the Americans are fooling.

Lieutenant Finch, of Quantico Tank Platoon fame, has branched out as a full-fledged small arms expert. A number of small arms having been confiscated by the patrols, it is the self-imposed task of the Lieutenant to clean and classify the various makes of firearms and machetes falling into the hands of the landing force.

The Marine Detachment has the task of protecting the Radio Station, a plant belonging to the Tropical Radio Telegraph Company, and of guarding the western portion of the city, where they have established outposts at the main roads from the country and at the hospital. The entire detachment is kept very busy and have little or no time to indulge in adly mischief, not that they are any more prone to create illicit diversion than any other class of young red blooded Americans, but the situation here is tense and calls for a man's being on the job at all times. Each and every man fully understands the importance of his position and to date all members of the detachment have demonstrated their fitness of the trust and confidence imposed upon them by their superiors. This is typical of the Marines, and they have so far upheld the traditions of the Corps and have gained the confidence of all the inhabitants with whom they have come in contact. Some of the members have been making themselves at home in their new surroundings and have participated in some of the local events. Private 1st Class Huff went so far as to attend a burial in the local cemetery here one afternoon this week.

A little excitement out of the ordinary was created in the movie theater one evening this week when the drive belt of the machine broke and struck the floor with a sound not unlike a small cannon, thus creating a small riot for a few moments. The accident occurred during one of the dense scenes of Griffith's "One Exciting Night," and was an appropriate play for creating excitement at this time. Some of the gallant members of the male sex evidently thought that the Federal Army was attacking the town, and in their attempts to make their escape from the theater displayed none of the chivalrous spirit toward the gentler sex that is said to have been displayed by the Spanish Grandees in the early history of Nicaragua. In making their escape from the building, some of the intrepid males trampled underfoot women and children, with the result that some painful, but not fatal, injuries were sustained by the women and children. Some of the escorts of the young ladies of the town are undoubtedly having a difficult time in explaining this hurried exit to their indignant lady friends.

Sergeant McCray made an extensive scouting trip outside the town limits recently in search of mahogany with which he wishes to make a cane and a set of candlesticks. He returned unsuccessful in his quest, and it is not thought he penetrated the dense jungles adjacent to the city at a sufficient depth to discover any mahogany; although it may be that the mahogany that really attracted "Mac's" attention is doing duty at the Cheno's.

Corporal Palatine and Private 1st Class Toole, finding the camp routine

*Continued on page forty-five*



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### Independence Day

JULY THE FOURTH is often referred to as the national holiday of the United States. Of course, everybody knows that is the anniversary of the adoption by the Continental Congress of the Declaration of Independence, but we think it a good idea to refreshen our minds a bit on the historical circumstances of its adoption.

Independence Hall is an unpretentious building on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. This building is now used as a museum of Revolutionary and historical relics. It was here that the Continental Congress met, the Declaration of Independence was adopted, and Washington was made commander-in-chief of the armed forces of the United States.

Because of the difficulties between the colonies and Great Britain, several delegates to the Continental Congress had been instructed early in the year by their constituents to vote for independence. During this time, also, Congress had passed resolutions recommending to the colonies the formation of independent governments.

Finally, on June 7, a motion was made by Richard Henry Lee and seconded by John Adams to sever relations with the mother country. This motion was favorably received by the delegates, but action was deferred to July 1.

On June 10, however, a committee was appointed to prepare the declaration. On June 28, this committee reported, and on July 4 the resolution was passed. It was immediately ordered to be engrossed on parchment; and, on August 2, was signed by the fifty-three members present. Three other delegates signed later. This declaration was drafted by Thomas Jefferson and was very slightly changed by other members of the committee.

Upon the organization of the National Government, the Declaration of Independence was given for safe keeping to the Department of State. In 1894, because of the rapid fading and deterioration of the parchment, it was withdrawn from exhibition and put away safe from the destructive influences of light and air.

In 1823, Secretary of State John Quincy Adams ordered copper plate reproductions to be made from the original document. These reproductions are the ones we now see in various sections of the country.

### New Courses In Marine Corps Institute

THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE wishes to announce the addition of the following new courses to its curriculum: Commercial Art.

Concrete Construction.  
Gas Fitter.  
Automobile Salesmanship.  
Diesel Engines.  
Stationary Internal Combustion Engines.  
Marine Internal Combustion Engines.  
General Business Management.

These courses have just been added and comprise all the latest information obtainable.

### Commander Byrd Praises Marines

THE FOLLOWING telegram was received by the Major General Commandant from the North Pole:

8Pt Jr 120 RADIO

SS CHANTIER via 2WH Easthampton N Y via Pt

New York May 24

General Lejeune

Major General Commandant USMC Washington D C

Through error splendid work Lt. Parker not published in news despatches sent by me to States Parker indefatigable able courageous and credit to Marine Corps took every flight but one to pole greatly regretted could not take him on that flight on account too much weight for skis though Parker more experienced flier land plane than Bennet or myself his spirit has been most commendable Keasler Mackay and all ex Marines including Greenlie and James Short wave radio experts and Samondietri have done great work and contributed much to success expedition I am proud of them all Cordial regards and appreciation again for letting me have these splendid men.

10:55 AM

BYRD

We are sure the men concerned are very grateful for having been given the opportunity to accompany Commander Byrd on this expedition.

### Modern Education

HAVE YOU EVER noticed that some people abhor work more and more as they advance in theoretical education?

It was not so long ago that it was considered disgraceful for an educated man to perform menial tasks. The world has made much progress during the last three-quarters of a century, however, and an educated person is no longer regarded as a human encyclopedia of Latin, Greek, and English Literature.

Modern education does not lay so much stress upon the things that were studied by our forbears, but deals more with searching for knowledge of the things that in the old days were unknowns and therefore disregarded. In this search for knowledge, the proper uniform may be dungarees, and the tools may be an electrician's outfit. Today, whatever a man learns that is new to him is a part of his individual education. Work and education go hand in hand.

Machines are performing miracles for men. They provide wings for him; freeze ice or furnish heat for him; entertain him with music from another hemisphere; provide myriads of books, newspapers, and magazines for his entertainment. It is surprising that man is not even lazier than he is because machines do so much of his work.

Work is not obsolete, nor is it unnecessary. Every man realizes this at some period in his life. Even though civilization provides every need, he goes on searching and working. There is always something new to be discovered. Some task undone. One can spend an entire life studying military science, for instance, and die an ignorant man. No lifetime of study and hard work can encompass all there is to know in any particular field; that is true of all professions.

Some Marines are self-satisfied and do not care to take advantage of the courses offered free to them through the Marine Corps Institute. These men may not be physically lazy, but who can say they are not mentally lazy? At some period in their lives they will regret that they did not study while they had the opportunity. As they grow older they will face problems they are unable to solve because of lack of education. Their failures will be their own. Everybody regrets their mistakes—but the world continues to spin its course through the heavens, and man continues to probe into the unknowns for information and education.



## AROUND GALLY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford  
Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.

Ten years in the Sixth Regiment makes Drum Major Frank J. Loudiana of the Quantico Post Band feel kind of lonely now that the Sixth has been absorbed by other Regiments. It can scarcely be sent to its final resting place, and one of these days we hope to find that its dismembered remains have been brought together, brought to new life, and with the Fifth, shine forth in the annals of the Corps as a living memory of those gallant men who in 1917, 1918 and 1919 served with and brought such honors to the Flags of the two Regiments.

First Sergeant William H. Armstrong, who has twelve years of happy memories in the Corps, proclaims himself a Rebel from Virginia and that he received his training in Norfolk. Training in those days was not without "spice in life," although he declares the spice was not in the chow, but in the discipline which made good Marines.

Two corporals are to be found in the Quantico plumbing shop who are known throughout the command as the Kentucky Twins. Their work is always of the best and therefore they are much in demand; of course, far more often in the winter than in the summer season.

"Little Johnnie" is known around the Quantico Gym for his ever ready smile and perfect willingness to give a helping hand wherever necessary. Born in Poland, Johnnie's father brought him to the United States at the early age of three. Later, his father was taken by death and things were pretty tough for the boy until one day a Recruiting Officer secured him for the Marine Corps and John S. Kowalski has proved himself of the best material. I think he told me on one occasion that he has something over twenty-eight years to complete his thirty years of service. Go ahead, Johnnie boy; the Corps is worth your best service whether four or thirty.

Spragg, the efficient but rather temperamental moving picture operator, has now completed six years of service and says he is trying the "outside." W. G. is a good worker and whether inside or outside a Marine can always secure what he goes for. Let's hope he gets the best.

For values of an all around successful character, there are none better than Corporal George H. Whisenhunt, better known to Quantico Marines as "Red of the Gym." A first class movie operator; right on the job in repairing a bicycle; equally active in inducing a refractory auto to move as it should; a photographer of merit; and, in fact, Red is never at a loss whenever a job has to be done. He has the grit, perseverance, and gumption; and he'll do it.

During August, the Tenth Regiment will be on special duty at Camp Meade. They leave Quantico about the fifteenth

and return on or about September 15. Last year the various Batteries did good work with their big guns, but this year it is predicted the records of the past will be eclipsed in every respect.

The Eleventh Battery has a "show-man" for First Sergeant, and Charles S. needs all his ability at the game when you consider that the "Morningstar" is the Gunnery Sergeant, and that he has a Corporal named Frank Dereszynski. The three men have forty-three years of service to their credit.

In the Thirteenth, Blay Ruben is First Sergeant with nineteen years; Gy. Sergeants Roy O. Savage with thirteen, Adalbert Wilk with sixteen, and Sergeant Edward P. ("Paddy") Walsh with ten years. Not a bad quartette anyway. There are, of course, other non-coms, some of whom it is quite easy to remember by their names and others only by their appearance on the payroll. They include Sergeant Eugene G. Reid, Corporals George L. Bluemke, Lloyd A. Bogart, Kenneth T. Riegler, Herbert A. Shade, Bernard L. Thompson and Harry S. Wysocki. Then they have two cooks, John Marlatt and Joseph Pulaski.

Sergeant Major Emmett J. McCormick, looking his very best even though twenty excellent years are attached to his service record. He, of course, is with the Headquarters Battery whose roll of Sergeants and Gunnery Sergeants is quite extensive. First Sergeant Geo. A. Beck heads the list, followed by Gunnery Sergeants Walter M. Cooke, Frank J. Smith, Brice Tenney, and Harry E. Raley. Then comes Sergeants Edward M. Austin, Jesse E. Campbell, John G. Dahlgren, and Arthur L. Tatom. One hundred and thirty-five years of service for the above group of this Battery is excellent showing.

### Torn from My Scrapbook



#### THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

"A song for our banner," the watchword recall,

Which gave the Republic her station;  
"United we stand, divided we fall!"

It made and preserves us a nation!  
What God in His wisdom and mercy designed,

And armed with His weapons of thunder,  
Not all the earth's despots and factions combined,

Have the power to conquer or sunder!  
The union of lakes, the union of lands—

The union of states none can sever;  
The union of hearts, the union of hands—  
And the flag of our Union forever.

(G. P. Morris, in Naval Songs, Luce.)

The world is always looking for men to do things that have not been done.

"Opportunity is all about us. There are twenty chances to make money

now, to one when I was young," said John D. Rockefeller.

"The stranded crew of a freight steamer along the coast signalled for water. The reply comes by signal, 'Cast down your buckets where you are!' A ghastly joke, this, thinks the captain, and frantically signals again, 'For God's sake, send us water or we perish!' Again comes the answer, 'Cast down your buckets where you are.' In desperation, a sailor does it. The water proves to be fresh, clear and sweet. The vessel had drifted by a changing tide to the very mouth of a great river!"

"This old story has a lesson for you and me to learn again every day. Opportunity is all about us."

Whatever job I had was to me always the best job in the world and I tried to fill it. I made no elaborate plans for the future. If I had any system in my labor it was first to do my own work; second, to teach the fellow below me how to take my place; third, to learn how to fill the position ahead of me.—Henry Pomeroy Davison.

#### What Is Wrong Here?

"I won't take but a few minutes of your time."

"They haven't but two windows in the room."

"They couldn't scarcely understand a word he said."

"I can't pay but half my subscription arrears."

There's a pat rule that covers such cases. Only, but, scarcely and hardly are often negative in their meaning. When they are so used avoid an additional negative.

Correct:

"I will take but a few minutes of your time."

"They have but two windows in the room."

"They could scarcely understand a word he said."

"I can pay but half my subscription arrears."

#### Her Forte

She's let her figure run amuck—

Has cast her shape adrift.

In fighting fat she's had no luck;

She'd be a pill to lift.

Her school-girl color is no more;

She puts no make-up on.

She's bought no tresses from the store,

Though most of hers are gone.

The hats she wears are perfect frights;

Her shoes low-heeled and wide.

Were one to see that dame in tights,

One should be horrified.

Her chins are numerous and large;

Her ankles out of plumb.

If street cars made pro rata charge,

I guess she couldn't come.

She plays not auction nor mah jongg—

"Five hundred" is her speed.

She does not dance or lilt a song—

These tricks she does not need.

Nay, though in heft she is immense,

A total loss in looks,

Men speak her name in reverence,

For, Lordy, how she cooks!

—John H. Clifford.

# With The Marine Corps Schools

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY delivered an address and presented the diplomas to the graduates of the Marine Corps Schools in the Post Gymnasium at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., on May 28, 1926. The graduating exercises included an invocation by the Post Chaplain, Commander Edwin B. Niver, U. S. Navy; introductory remarks by Colonel Robert H. Dunlap, the commanding officer of the schools; a talk by Major General Eli K. Cole, the commanding general at Quantico; an address by the Major General Commandant, and benediction by Chaplain George G. Murdock, U. S. Navy. The Post Orchestra furnished music for the occasion.

Colonel Dunlap thanked the classes at the schools for entering so wholeheartedly into the work during the school term. He told in a few well chosen words the purposes of the Marine Corps Schools and expressed his appreciation of the loyal and efficient cooperation of the schools staff. He especially commended those who had been sick part of the time, but who had come back and made up the required work. Colonel Dunlap concluded by saying that all officers should prepare themselves for the work incident to the expansion of the Corps in case of emergency.

In speaking to the graduates, General Cole expressed his regret at having so many of them leave the post, and enjoined them to continue to cultivate the habits of study formed in the schools. He stated that wisdom was not merely knowledge, but applied knowledge.

General Lejeune spoke of the general educational system in the Marine Corps. He impressed on the graduates the fact that the main purpose of military education is to so train the minds of officers as to enable them to determine "almost automatically on the proper decision in any emergency." The Commandant elaborated on the advantages of the schools in giving all officers a common language in the military profession and urged the graduates to apply the knowledge they had gained.

The Major General Commandant was followed by the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Wilbur, who was a classmate of both General Lejeune and General Cole at the Naval Academy. The Secretary delivered a very striking and impressive address. He compared the Navy and Marine Corps of a decade ago with the mighty organizations of today and dwelt upon the enormous responsibility that the people of our country have placed on the shoulders of our officers, both in peace and war—more especially in time of war. In comparing the profession of law with the profession of arms he

brought out the fact that the military took up and settled the points of law and international relations in which the lawyers had previously failed. The Secretary remarked that the graduates before him were very fortunate in having been given the opportunity to attend a professional school, and brought out the fact that men of other professions very seldom have the time to spare or similar opportunities presented.

A high compliment was paid to the Marine Corps by the Secretary, who stated that from his various contacts with men in all walks of life, both civil and military, he had gathered the impression that there was no public service any more highly regarded than the Marine Corps.

At the conclusion of his address, the Secretary of the Navy delivered the diplomas to the graduates.

The exercises were attended by a large number of officers and ladies from the Quantico Barracks.

The class rosters of the 1925-1926 session of the Marine Corps Schools follow:

## Field Officers' Course

Col. H. C. Reisinger, Lieut. Col. T. E. Backstrom, Lieut. Col. R. B. Creecy, Lieut. Col. P. M. Rixey, Jr., Lieut. Col. C. R. Sanderson, Major R. Coyle, Major A. B. Drum, Major P. C. Marmion, Major A. B. Miller, Major J. Potts, Major A. E. Randall, Major A. A. Vandegrift, Major C. B. Vogel, Major W. C. Wise, Jr., Captain A. DeCarre, Captain L. E. Fagan, Jr., Captain S. L. Howard, Captain A. Kingston, Captain E. T. Lloyd, Captain A. H. Turnage.

## Company Officers' Course

Captain B. A. Bone, Captain K. I. Buse, Captain B. M. Coffenberg, Captain F. C. Cushing, Captain G. D. Hatfield, Captain F. J. Kelly, Jr., Captain D. J. Kendall, Captain C. F. Kienast, Captain A. T. Lewis, Captain C. H. Martin, Captain E. P. McCauley, Captain R. M. Montague, Captain A. H. Page, Jr., Captain R. W. Peard, Captain H. Pefley, Captain A. G. Rome, Captain H. Rose, Captain C. D. Sniffin, Captain F. T. Steele, Captain F. D. Strong, Captain W. Sweet, Captain J. T. Walker, Captain W. W. Walker, Captain R. W. Winter, Captain L. W. Wright, 1st Lieut. R. C. Alburger, 1st Lieut. W. L. Bales, 1st Lieut. F. X. Bleicher, 1st Lieut. A. C. Cottrell, 1st Lieut. J. W. Cunningham, 1st Lieut. J. F. Driscoll, 1st Lieut. H. M. H. Fleming, 1st Lieut. M. J. Gould, 1st Lieut. E. G. Hagen, 1st Lieut. K. A. Inman, 1st Lieut. B. F. Johnson, 1st Lieut. T. J. Kilcourse, 1st Lieut. R. Livingson, 1st Lieut. L. R. Pugh, 1st Lieut.

M. A. Richal, 1st Lieut. S. E. Ridderhof, 1st Lieut. R. H. Schubert, 1st Lieut. J. A. Tebbs, 1st Lieut. J. D. Waller, 1st Lieut. M. Watchman, Jr., 1st Lieut. H. W. Whitney, 1st Lieut. M. V. Yandle.

## Faculty and Staff Personnel

Lieut. Col. W. P. Upshur is the director of the Company Officers' Course at the Marine Corps Schools, and Major W. W. Buckley directs the Field Officers' Course. Captain A. H. Noble serves as Adjutant-Secretary, Captain C. O. Henry is in charge of the department of reproduction, and 1st Lieut. G. A. Plambeck is the Schools Quartermaster. Other officers who have been attached to the faculty and staff during the past school year are:

Lieut. Comdr. W. Vogelsang, (M.C.) U. S. N.

Major D. L. S. Brewster, Major R. L. Denig, Major W. G. Emory, Major O. Floyd, Major H. L. Larsen, Major H. L. Parsons, Major H. Schmidt, Major H. H. Utley, Captain J. M. Arthur, Captain C. S. Baker, Captain L. H. Brown, Captain A. E. Creecy, Captain R. E. Knapp, Captain F. G. Patchen, 1st Lieut. M. J. Batchelder, 1st Lieut. J. H. Fellows, QM Clerk W. J. Cahill, Mar. Gun. J. J. Mahoney.

Their tour of duty at the schools having expired, the following named officers will be detached before the next school year: Major H. L. Parsons, Major H. Schmidt, Captains C. S. Baker and A. E. Creecy, 1st Lieut. M. J. Batchelder, and Q. M. Clerk W. J. Cahill. All other officers of the staff will remain on duty with the schools.

The following additional officers will be members of the faculty and staff during the coming school year:

Major W. C. Powers, Jr., Major W. Thing, Major S. M. Harrington, Major C. J. Miller, Lieut. Comdr. E. W. Broadbent, U. S. Navy, Captain W. H. Rupertus, Captain K. E. Rockey, Captain O. R. Cauldwell, Captain H. Rose, Captain L. D. Hermle, Captain R. Arnett, Captain F. D. Strong, Captain W. W. Walker, Captain W. E. Riley, 1st Lieut. J. A. Tebbs, 1st Lieut. S. E. Ridderhof, 2nd Lieut. E. A. Pollock, Q. M. Clerk C. F. Burrall.

## Next Years' Classes

The school term for 1926-1927 will begin on Friday, September 10, 1926, and end on or about June 15, 1927. Overseas Expeditions and Ship-to-shore Operations will be made an important feature in the tactical course in both the Field and Company Officers' Courses, in the future.

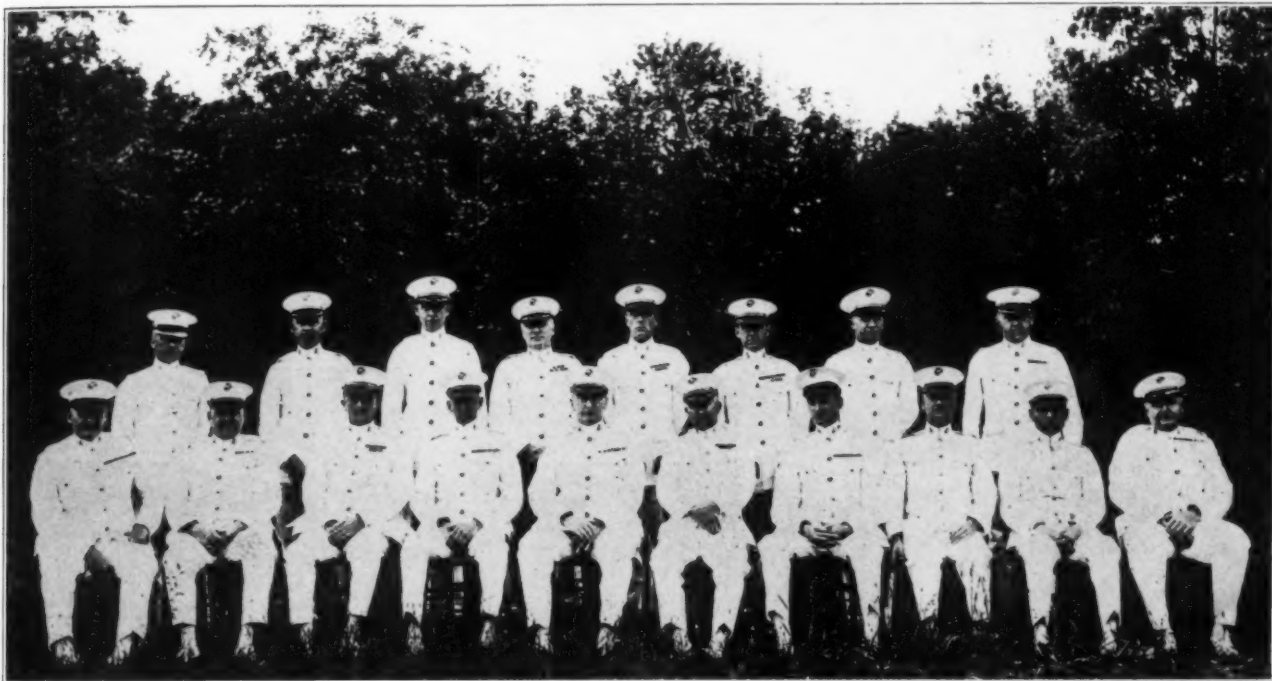
Naval Courts and Boards is to be eliminated from the Field Officers' Course,

*Continued on page fifty-six*



## THE LEATHERNECK

FIELD OFFICERS' CLASS, 1925-1926. MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS



(Photo by Borisas)

Seated: Left to right—Major Drum, Major Vogel, Lieut. Col. Creecy, Lieut. Col. Rixey, Colonel Reisinger, Lieut. Col. Backstrom, Lieut. Col. Sanderson, Major Randall, Major Wise and Major Coyle. Standing: Left to right—Captain Howard, Captain DeCarre, Major Marmion, Major Miller, Major Potts, Major Vandegrift, Captain Turnage and Captain Kingston.

MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS DETACHMENT, JUNE, 1926. MARINE BARRACKS, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA.  
CAPTAIN A. H. NOBLE, COMMANDING



(Photo by Borisas)

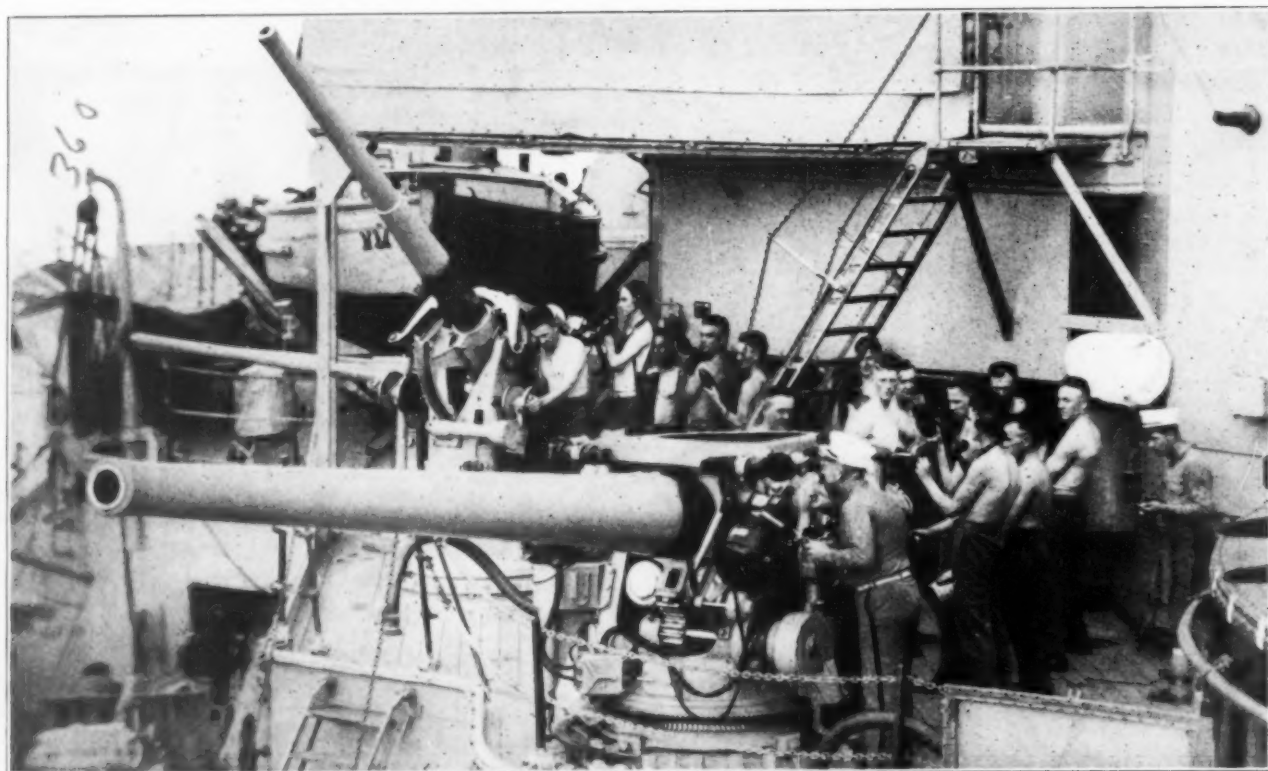


## THE LEATHERNECK



1. Mounted Marines.  
3. Pleasant Shore Duty.

2. Off for the Hills.  
4. Landing Light Artillery.



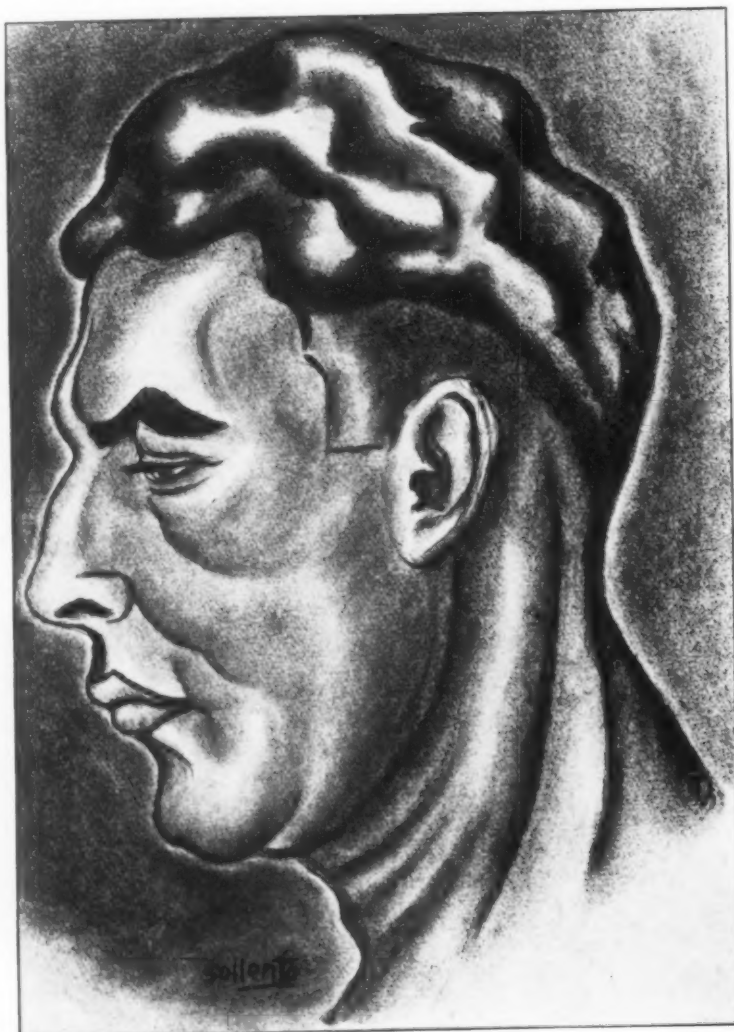
How Marines do it Aboard the Battlewagons

## THE LEATHERNECK



No! This is not a scene of the coal industry in Pittsburgh. Those who have done duty in Haiti will recognize it. An artist's impression of  
THE SUGAR MILL AT HASCO, REPUBLIC OF HAITI

## Famous Marines



CORPORAL HENRY X. McDERMOTT

A Physical Culture Propagandist. It is not surprising that Physical Culture should have a wide following in the ranks; but, however strong its advocates, one does not often encounter so vital and conscientious a practitioner as McDermott.

The fact that he was chosen for a prize by Liederman is not hard to understand. To see him at work in his exercises is to take in the perfect contours and the muscular development of his body, which go well to reveal the divine in human form.

Perhaps his greatest wish in life is to find himself in a world of greater athletes—at the head of a leading institution.

M. S.

July

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## Our Poets' Corner

## WE'RE BUDDIES

Y' say we scrap a lot? Well, heck!  
No need t' think an' study,  
For he's a Gob an' I'm a 'Neck,  
An' yet we're best o' buddies.

How come? Well, seems it's just this way:

We're on that ship out there;  
An' when we're idle, close o' day,  
We're arguin' for fair.

'Bout which is best for men that's bold  
T' wear when out on deck;  
He says: "The Navy Blue and Gold;"  
I say, "The Leatherneck"

Has all the world firm by the tail,  
An' one straight down-hill pull,  
When he struts his red-an'-blue mail;"  
Then Gob, he sneers out "Bull!"

An' so we have it up an' down—  
We call each other names  
That gives ol' Rocks an' Shoals dark frowns,  
An' willie-boys deep pains.

Yet, when it's over, he'll say: "Well,  
You poor benighted cuss,  
Let's can all this blue merry hell  
An' grab a shore'goin' bus!"

"All right—get on them blues," I'll grin,  
"No self-respectin' 'Neck  
Would have his fam'ly see him in!"  
Then he grins: "Go t' heck!"

An' so we wanders off ashore,  
An' gets a couple shots  
O' stuff that in the days o' yore  
They used for shinin' pots.

Well, maybe we'll take in a show,  
An' eat some ham an' eggs;  
Or go where lights an' music's low,  
An' shake us some mean legs.

Sometimes we gets into a mix  
With guys that thinks they're "tight;"  
Then Gob an' me turns loose our tricks—  
We fix 'em up just right.

Then I holds beefsteak on his eyes,  
That's swollen nearly shut;  
An' he tries hard t' feign surprise  
That my jaw's got a cut.

"Because," says he, "of all the birds  
That ever swung their dukes,  
You win the tub that's lined with fur."  
Then loudly I rebukes

Him for a lyin' scupper-rat:  
"You know damn well," I says,  
"You taught me all I know o' that;  
So don't give me the razz."

An' all the time we're kiddin' rough  
His eyes 're talkin' loud;  
An' me; Well, maybe I'm some tough  
But—hell!—I'm just as proud

T' stand an' fight 'longside o' him,  
An' cuss him when it's done!  
As for a king t' take me in  
An' call me his own son.

Yes, sir! We smoke each other's pills;  
When one of us is sad  
From lack o' cash, the other will  
Stake him, if't can be had.

There's no sham to us buddies—nope!  
It's clean-cut stuff clear through;  
But still I s'pose the shore-livin' dopes  
Are often puzzled blue.

Well—'xcuse me, mister—one thing more  
About that guy I'd boast;  
But now he wants t' go ashore—  
We're buddies—adios!

C. L. E.

## JIJIBOOM PAPERS

Expurgated by  
John Culnan

(Being the more or less rambling account of a notorious rambler of uncertain age but of certain noteworthy characteristics, Jijiboom Hidalgo by name, U. S. Marine by profession and hobby. Soldiers, sailors, and civilians are cautioned that they prespass herein at their own peril entirely.)

## I

On the leeward coast  
Of a Windward Isle  
North latitude, some twelve degrees—  
I was born in most  
Informal style  
The youngest rake in the Caribbees.

## II

Heartily sired by an army cook,  
Heartily dammed by a yeomanette,  
One knew, without a second look,  
That I would prove no teacher's pet.

## III

My parents died at sight of me.  
The sole survivors of our tree  
Were I and Uncle Xanimork.  
He, though, considered quite a toff  
Was then engaged in sweeping off  
The best known sidewalks of New York.

## IV

When I wired Uncle of my birth  
He took the statement at its worth  
And sounded off in song;  
Screened by the smoke from his cigar,  
He seized a schooner from the bar  
And sailed for Oomalong.

## V

I greeted him in swaddling clothes,  
At which the Unk turned up his nose  
And cried, with charming spleen,  
"Boy, throw that costume up the spout,  
And get your Cheeno khaki out,  
For you're a born Marine!"

## VI

The suckling problem was acute—  
A common wet-nurse would not suit,  
For, as my kinsman said,  
To be a super-Devildog  
My infant diet must be grog,  
Or I were better dead.

## VII

At length we found an Amazon  
Who hailed from far away Luzon—  
Ambrosia was her name;  
This groggy damsel brought me up.  
A lusty, snorting Devilpup,  
Brimful of youthful flame.

## VIII

I found my uncle in his stocking feet,  
Troubling deaf Heaven with his bootless cries.  
His bass viol solos, usually a treat,  
Rendered my melancholia complete.  
"Uncle, what brings the teardrops to your eyes?"  
"Jij," he replied, "we're breaking tropic ties."

## IX

'Twas true; we manned the Ruby Yacht,  
Set our sails, and all that rot,  
And shoved off for the States.  
At Parris Isle he dropped the hook,  
Made me acquainted with the cook  
And all my hungry mates.

## X

The Q. M. took my measurements,  
Altered some surveyed O. D. tents,  
And togged me out for fair.  
The Old Man, who was Uncle's pal,  
Christened me Captain of Morale,  
A berth extremely rare.

## XI

My duties were to drink all gin  
That through ye main gate might leak in,  
Or trickle through the fence;  
And to repulse, by any means,  
Girls with designs on young Marines—  
These functions were immense.

## XII

Having thus my lifework found,  
I dreamed of some day being crowned  
The world's immortal blade;  
For could less glory well befit  
A hardy soul who dared commit  
The sins of a brigade?

## XIII

Promptly I drank the island dry—  
The troops' morale grew wondrous high;  
They seldom went ashore.  
This was, of course, long years ago,  
Ere Volstead tangled with Old Crow,  
O, noble days of yore!

## XIV

Alas, I overplayed my hand—  
Spotting an over great demand  
For lemon extract, I,  
To put an end to the misuse  
Of this rare, concentrated juice,  
Drank the entire supply.

## XV

This good deed brought me little thanks,  
The court reduced me to the ranks,  
But I was well content,  
For now I was a member of  
An outfit standing by to shove  
A southbound regiment!

## XVI

It seems that down in Oomalong,  
That peaceful isle, a mighty throng  
Of natives had rebelled,  
Led by a legendary witch  
Whose voice, of low contralto pitch,  
In mighty awe was held.

Continued on page sixty-four



A.T.M.

## BROOKLYN, N. Y.

## Doings of the Colonel Robert L. Meade Detachment, Marine Corps League

At the last business meeting of the Colonel Robert L. Meade Detachment of the Marine Corps League held on June 6, 1926, in the ballroom at the Marine Barracks, the ritual of the detachment was put into force for the first time and it proved a very interesting ceremony, especially that part of the ceremony where new members were mustered into the League. Altogether it makes a very impressive ceremony and puts a wonderful touch to the meetings. Twelve new members were put through the ropes at the meeting.

Our executive Committee with Sgt. Major J. W. Thorp, Commandant; Mr. Alfred Weiner, 1st Vice Commandant; Sergeant William Shalongo, 2nd Vice Commandant; Mr. J. Sweeney, Chaplain; Mr. J. J. Clancy, Adjutant, and Mr. James Ayling, Officer of the Day, are responsible for the ritual and after witnessing this ceremony one can realize the capabilities of this committee.

The organization of the Ladies Auxiliary has been completed and they were officially received by the detachment at this meeting. As the Auxiliary was escorted into the hall by the Officer of the Guard, every member of the detachment stood up and rendered them a rousing cheer and believe me, comrades, it would have done your hearts good to see those ladies march into the hall fifty strong.

Our Commandant, Sgt. Major J. W. Thorp, welcomed them into the fold with a stirring oration on the objects of the league and the necessity of absolute co-operation and harmony in all affairs connected with the detachment and the league in general. The Auxiliary was then welcomed by each individual member of the detachment.

The detachment will hold a dance on Saturday evening, June 12, 1926, at the American Legion Hall, 123 Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Comrades, the Brooklyn Detachment is growing fast as we are now two hundred and forty-five strong and they are still coming in.

An election was held at this meeting to fill offices that were held vacant pending receipt of a set of colors and the following were elected to the offices as follows:

Sergeant William Shalongo, 2nd Vice Commandant; Mr. J. Sweeney, Chaplain; Mr. James Ayling, Officer of the Day; Mr. J. J. Foley, Officer of the Guard; Mr. John Walters, Senior Color Sergeant, and Mr. J. C. Marquette, Junior Color Sergeant.

The detachment has arranged an elaborate program of entertainments and picnics for the summer months. So watch The Leatherneck for the doings of the Brooklyn Detachment.

The Joseph Simmons Wilkes Detachment of Salt Lake City, Utah, have the honor of being the first to send in money toward the Belleau Wood Memorial Fund.

June 5th, 1926.

**From:** The National Commandant.  
**To:** The Detachment Commandants.  
**Subject:** Custodianship of Belleau Wood Battlefield.

1. On May 14th, 1926, a letter was received at this office from the Belleau Wood Memorial Association which contained the following resolution adopted by the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees on May 7th, 1926.

WHEREAS, The Belleau Wood Memorial Association incorporated by an Act of Congress approved March 3rd, 1926, is the owner in fee of the Belleau Wood, Department of Aisne, France, and is maintaining the same as a memorial to the men of the American Expeditionary forces who participated in the battle of Belleau Wood, France and vicinity, during the World War.

WHEREAS, It appears to be advisable and appropriate that the custody of Belleau Wood should be entrusted to some organization having special and patriotic interest therein which will assist in raising necessary funds for the maintenance thereof.

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED, That the custody of Belleau Wood under the supervision of the Association be tendered to the MARINE CORPS LEAGUE, upon such conditions as may be agreed upon between the Executive Committee and the MARINE CORPS LEAGUE.

2. Please call a special meeting of your detachment and inform them of the contents of this letter urging them to vote for the negative or the affirmative relative to the subject and return the vote to Major Fegan, the National Adjutant.

JOHN A. LEJEUNE,

Major General, U. S. Marine Corps, National Commandant, Marine Corps League.

## LAWRENCE, MASS.

The Frank Allen Beevers Detachment has just been organized at Lawrence, Mass., and has received a charter. The officers are: John F. Manning, Commandant; Ray H. Hyde, Senior Vice Commandant; Wm. E. Crompton, Junior Vice Commandant; John A. Reardon, Judge Advocate; and Alfred Gammond, Chaplain.

## LADIES AUXILIARY

On Thursday evening, June 3, the Ladies Auxiliary of the Robert L. Meade Detachment was formed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The purpose of this auxiliary is to bring together the many friends of the U. S. M. C., and to cooperate with them in their affairs.

The officers were greatly encouraged at the number of members present, and the interest they took showed in the proceedings.

Needless to say, the Auxiliary is desirous of increasing its membership as much as possible, and the assistance of the Marine Corps is asked in this respect. Requests for applications may be sent to Mrs. J. Lawlor, 64 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The following officers were elected: President, M. C. King; Secretary, Mrs. J. Lawlor; Treasurer, Mrs. Steinberg.

Meetings will be held the first Thursday of every month at Legion Hall, Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn.

## ATLANTA, GEORGIA

A meeting of the Marcus W. Beck, Jr. Detachment was held in this city on May 26. From all indications the reorganization of this detachment is going to be put over in true Marine fashion, and judging from letters received from various parts of the State of Georgia, the Marcus W. Beck Detachment will not only include Marines and ex-Marines residing in Atlanta, but also those from various cities in the State.

The following officers were elected at our last meeting: Angus A. Acree, Commandant; Frederick Jordy, Vice Commandant; Captain Maurice Willard, Paymaster; First Sergeant C. R. Baumgras, Adjutant. These are just temporary, having been elected for a period of three months. It is thought that at future meetings, after members get to know each other better, permanent officers may be elected.

Our next meeting will be held about the middle of June, and it is expected that our membership will pass the fifty mark. The following was taken from the "Constitution":

## Marines Lauded by Justice Beck

Tribute to the United States Marines as the foremost fighting unit in the world was paid last night at the organization meeting of the Marcus W. Beck, Jr., Detachment, Marine Corps League by Justice Marcus W. Beck, of the Supreme Court of Georgia. Justice Beck is the father of the young Marine, killed in Belleau Wood, for whom the detachment is named.

Justice Beck traced the history of Marines from the days of ancient Rome to the present day, pointing out that their lineage and heritage is one of unrelenting glory. "No longer is it necessary to say," said Justice Beck, "that the Marines have landed and have the situa-

Grand Hotel,  
Wien.

A. E. Beeg, National Paymaster,  
Marine Corps League,  
Room 3010, New Navy Bldg.,  
Washington, D. C., U. S. A.

Dear Sir: This is to acknowledge receipt of the lapel button of the Marine Corps League, which reached me here in Vienna and for which I desire to express my sincere thanks.

It might interest you to know that Vienna is a red city, under a socialist government. On May first, watching the parade of some 250,000 socialists and several hundred red flags down the Ringstrasse, I happened to be wearing the newly received button of the Marine Corps League. It is red in color. Venders were selling red ribbons and flowers, the socialist emblem. One approached me, but, seeing the red button in my lapel, muttered the equivalent of "Excuse me, Comrade," and passed me up, presumably in the belief that he had mistakenly addressed a fellow red who was able to flaunt a symbol of his convictions in red enamelled gold.

If he only knew what the corps and the league stand for!

Many thanks again for the button, and best wishes for the long life and success of the League.

Sincerely,  
FLOYD GIBBONS.

Vienna, May 12, 1926.

tion well in hand. It just needs to be said that the Marines have landed. The rest is understood."

Justice Beck recalled that the United States Marine Corps antedates the United States in birth, the organization having been formed about two years prior to the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

Arrangements were made to decorate the graves of four Marines buried in Georgia on Sunday, Decoration Day. A detachment in uniform will accompany Justice Beck to the tomb of his son at Jackson, Ga., where a "music" will blow "Taps." Another committee will visit the graves of the other three buried in Atlanta cemeteries. Captain Savage was named as chairman of this committee.

The following temporary officers were elected at last night's meeting which was held at the local recruiting headquarters, 59 South Forsyth Street:

Angus A. Acree, Commandant; Frederick Jordy, Vice Commandant; Captain Maurice Willard, Paymaster; First Sergeant C. R. Baumgrass, Adjutant; Sergeant Anstey A. Cranston, Sergeant-at-Arms; William J. Schwab, Chairman of the Membership Committee and Staff Sergeant A. P. Greer, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee.

#### BIRMINGHAM DETACHMENT

Though scarcely a month old, the Birmingham Detachment of the Marine Corps League feels that it has reason to be proud. We are rapidly building a real organization here and we want to tell the other detachments of the country about it.

Some six or eight months ago the Birmingham Detachment was thrust into being with a blare of trumpets and lots of hurrahs, like a puff of wind out of a clear sky. There was lots of display and nothing else. In consequence, it faded just as rapidly as that same puff of wind. The next meeting was attended by just enough to elect officers and apply for a charter.

That was the last meeting of the organization held in the city for many months and when the charter arrived it was taken to the local recruiting office, stowed away in the dust and forgotten.

Just a month ago, following some preliminary work by Sergeants R. I. Jenkins and Lemuel Hill, of the Birmingham Recruiting Office, and several ex-Marines, a meeting was held in the armory of the Old Post Office Building. There was nothing startling in the attendance despite plenty of publicity. In fact, the numbers were disappointing.

But the gang that did come was possessed of enough pep to put over a dozen such organizations. That same night temporary officers were elected and installed and plans were discussed for putting a real program of activity before the Birmingham Detachment.

The first of these plans was for participation in the Confederate Reunion Parade, which was to take place just two weeks from that date. On the eve of the parade we held another meeting—our second. It was attended by double the original number and we had a short talk, informal of course, from Major John Crowley, late secret dispatch rider for Jefferson Davis and General Robert E. Lee during the slight misunderstanding between Slave Owners and Slave Groaners. This aged veteran had given three sons and a daughter to his country during the World War. One of the boys died fighting with the U. S. Marine Corps at Belleau Wood.

Then came the parade and the showing of our group was such as to inspire pride in the Marine Corps League. Most of the boys were in uniform.

There were 50,000 people participating in that parade with another 200,000 watching from the sidelines. And as we marched the squads of the Birmingham Detachment of the League began to grow. Ex-Leathernecks were falling in all along the line of march. Somebody said if we'd marched five blocks further we'd have had a full war-strength company. That was a little exaggeration, but at least our ranks were swelled materially between the time the parade began and the ending.

Before we could have another meeting there came the celebration of Memorial Day. This meant another parade in which the Birmingham Detachment was not among the missing.

Wednesday, June 2, was the next meeting and the organization was still growing. Despite the interference of sickness and business, accounting for absence of several original members, we had a larger crowd than at both preceding meetings put together.

That, to date, is the history of the Marine Corps League in Birmingham. We plan immediate formation of a rifle and pistol team, a picnic and a number of other features. Further we are going to send a delegation to the national convention. Under the capable leadership

To the Editor of

The Leatherneck:

The June issue of The Leatherneck is certainly a splendid one and represents a great deal of thought and energy. It has won the most favorable comment not only from officers around Washington but from a number of publishers with whom I have come in contact. The Leatherneck is the message center of the Marine Corps League and without its columns I am sure the League could not have attained its present success. From what I hear The Leatherneck, is especially popular with Marines on sea and on foreign duty. The institution of the colored section is great and adds much to the attractiveness of the publication. Now that The Leatherneck has grown from boyhood to manhood I am sure its monthly message will be of greater benefit to the Corps than it has been at any time in the past, and that it will play the same part to the Corps that the Associated Press does to the United States.

Wishing you continued success,  
I am

Very truly yours,  
(S) J. C. FEGAN,  
Major, U. S. M. C.,  
Publicity Officer.

of Douglas Wingo, prominent young attorney and commander of our post, with the assistance of Sergeants Hill and Jenkins of the recruiting office, we are rapidly perfecting a powerful organization. You will hear from us again.

The officers of our Detachment follow: Douglas P. Wingo, Commander; John H. Smith, Vice Commander; William J. Mahoney, Adjutant; Lucien G. Brown, Paymaster.

#### PITTSBURGH, PA.

We are now without an Adjutant due to the transfer of Mr. H. T. Waller to the New York office of the concern with which he was connected. All of the good wishes of the Detachment went with him and he was given a vote of thanks by the Detachment on his departure. His leaving was so sudden that time did not permit a farewell dinner. We surely regret the departure of Mr. Waller, as he was a hard worker for the success of the Detachment. A new adjutant will be elected at the next meeting.

We are growing slowly but surely and hope to attain sufficient members to win the trophy at the Convention. We have several more prospective members and hope to have them lined up at the next meeting. This gives us 110 paid up, according to our records. We are getting along fine on the Belleau Wood Fund and expect to go across in great shape.

We gave a "whiz-bang" of a smoker last month and it sure was some "blazer." About two hundred attended and we are now well known to ex-Marines in this vicinity. Our watchword is "Watch Us Grow." Music, singing, burlesque, boxing and monologues were on the program of the evening; and the refreshments,



together with the chow, was the real thing. All went home early the next morning talking to themselves. Another big blowout is being planned. We have also begun to shape plans for a clubhouse. Several donations have been made for this purpose, and once the club rooms are established, we are set with no chance of backsliding.

We are giving another smoker toward the end of this month and it is hoped that sufficient funds will be raised then to pay off our allotment for the Belleau Wood Fund. We are going through with our allotment before the first of September, so do not worry about our falling down on the job. We are too live an organization. Our goal is FIRST in membership when the Convention takes place, and not SECOND. We hope to be second to no one. The battle cry of the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce is "Pittsburgh First," and that is our cry also. We are to give a boat ride for members and their families down the river in July and will hold open house on this trip to all of Pittsburgh. Hope to clean up big on this trip as a financial venture. We have real live wires here, also; and will take no dust from Spokane. First Sergeant Davis, who has been appointed Chief of Staff, Chief of the Membership Committee, and also Publicity Manager, will see to that. No dust from no one.

#### SECOND DIVISION, A. E. F., WILL ERECT MONUMENT

A national monument to the exploits of the Second Division and a comprehensive history of the organization's activities in France, were decided upon at the convention of the Second Division Association in Chicago, June 3, 4 and 5.

The monument will cost approximately \$150,000 and will be erected in Washington. It will commemorate the battles of Belleau Wood, of Vaux and Buresches, of Soissons and St. Mihiel, of Blanc Mont and the Meuse, and will be a lasting memorial to the division's 25,076 dead.

The division's war history, according to Maj. Gen. James G. Harbord, U. S. A., retired, its former commander, will strive not so much for the glorification of the division in its 18 months of overseas service, as it will to present an authentic and purely historical account of its movements in the A. E. F.

"Our aims are to produce a document that 50 years hence will be considered of historical value," General Harbord said. Maj. Gen. Preston Brown, U. S. A., will assist General Harbord in supervising the writing of the history.

Capt. Cylburn O. Mattfeldt, U. S. A., of Washington, D. C., is executive secretary of both the monument and the history committees.

There was talk at the convention of booming Col. Hanford MacNider, Assistant Secretary of War, and president of the association, as the ex-service men's candidate for President of the United States in 1932. Col. MacNider, who rose from a private to lieutenant colonel in the Second Division, will be put forward as the mouthpiece of the almost 4,000,000 soldiers who served in 1918-19, it was said.

#### SEATTLE, WASH.

The question of the Belleau Wood Memorial Fund was fully taken up at our last meeting and was received very favorably by the members. We expect no difficulty in our raising the sum allotted the Seattle Detachment; however, we cannot expect to have the honor of being the first detachment to raise its quota as local conditions are not right at this time of the year. You may reasonably expect our first installment in July and that the remainder of our quota will reach you in good time.

You will be pleased to know that our detachment is doing some fine constructive work and that we are building permanently. Our membership, while not equal to that of 1925, is gradually nearing that mark with no transient members on the rolls. Good meetings are obtained twice each month with a seventy per cent attendance.

#### THEY WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS

It is regrettable that prosperity is a condition that, even when only temporary, is more than some men can stand. Back in 1800 the sudden deluge of clothes upon a recruit in the Marine Corps frequently caused a difficulty which required finesse and close observation to overcome. New recruits, especially those somewhat worse for wear, and others not finding the strenuous military life quite to their liking, were in many instances so overwhelmed by the generosity of the Quartermaster that they frequently made off with their newly acquired clothes, much to the consternation of the recruiting officers.

Commandant Burrows, somewhat perplexed and annoyed by this practice, finally hazarded a solution: Do not give a recruit all his clothing. "A shirt and a pair of shoes and socks are enough for a few days; try him and see if he is contented before you lavish clothes upon him, lest he walk off with all."

C. H.

#### TO DETACHMENT COMMANDANTS

The National Adjutant has noted that numerous detachments, desiring cuts, pictures, etc., for publicity purposes, have delayed their requests for them too long. Consideration must be given for the time required by National Headquarters to procure these, and forward such articles through the mails. In the majority of letters of this kind National Headquarters is given a week from the date of the letter. Detachments should make their plans and notify Headquarters in ample time for us to procure these things and forward them to you by return mail. Two weeks is the average time required. National Headquarters wishes to try, at least, to fill every detachment's request, but often several detachments ask for the same articles. The above information does not concern pamphlets, lapel buttons, membership cards or such things that are usually sent detachments of the League in routine work.

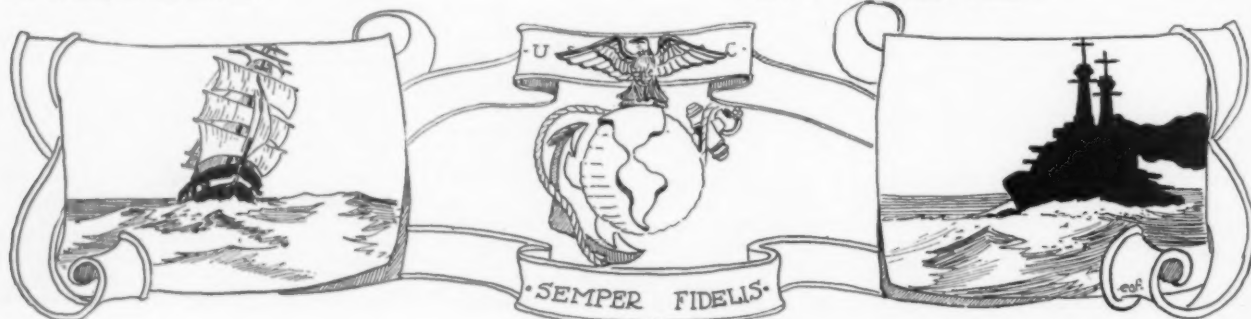
#### ALBANY, NEW YORK

The outlook for the local detachment is very promising. We finally got our organization under way, and we are very much pleased with the type of fellows selected as officers. All of them are workers and are very enthusiastic about the League. Instead of attempting a purely local detachment, we are going to have an organization embracing Albany, Rensselaer, Troy, Schenectady, Watervliet, Cohoes, and Green Island. There is a considerable number of Marines in these communities, not enough in any one for a local detachment, but combined all in one it should make a very sizeable and effective organization.

We had about thirty men at our meeting the other night, representing all of these communities and they promised to work up interest in their respective sections and get a big turnout for the next gathering. We hope to be able to do our bit on the matter of the Belleau Wood Memorial Fund just as soon as our organization is perfected. A very clever little entertainment wound up the last meeting, and the detachment was launched with appropriate ceremonies.

#### JACKSON, MISS.

The Jackson Detachment of the Marine Corps League is preparing to run a moving picture at one of the local movie houses in the near future. It is planned to run this picture under the auspices of the Jackson Detachment and the Belleau Wood Memorial Association; a portion of the proceeds will go to the Belleau Wood Memorial Fund.



## DETACHMENTS AND THEIR MEMBERSHIP STANDING ON JUNE FIRST, 1926

Lucien P. Waldron	Akron, O.	None
Albany	Albany, N. Y.	19
Marcus Beck, Jr.	Atlanta, Ga.	None
Charles A. Lauchheimer	Baltimore, Md.	14
Birmingham	Birmingham, Ala.	None
Theodore Roosevelt	Boston, Mass.	43
Robert L. Meade	Brooklyn, N. Y.	233
Oscar A. Swan	Buffalo, N. Y.	20
Canton	Canton, O.	32
Charles Hishinger	Charlotte, N. C.	11
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	3
George Budde	Cincinnati, O.	50
Cleveland	Cleveland, O.	17
Decatur No. 13	Decatur, Ill.	7
Denver	Denver, Colo.	24
Edward C. Fuller	Detroit, Mich.	34
Louis J. Magill	Erie, Penna.	44
Fort Worth	Fort Worth, Texas.	None
Nutmeg	Hartford, Conn.	17
McLemore Marines	Houston, Texas.	34
Jackson	Jackson, Miss.	14
J. C. Maloney	Jackson, Mich.	14
Simpson-Hogatt	Kansas City, Mo.	None
George R. Newitt	Kingston, Penna.	None
Richland	Mansfield, O.	26
Milwaukee	Milwaukee, Wis.	None
New Orleans	New Orleans, La.	16
New York, No. 1	New York, N. Y.	50
Newark, N. J.	Newark, N. J.	16
New Haven	New Haven, Conn.	5
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Oklahoma City, Okla.	1
Boyd William Carey	Omaha, Nebr.	43
John Francis Burnes	Parris Island, S. C.	72
Air City	Dayton, O.	15
Pittsburgh	Pittsburgh, Penna.	110
Albert Lincoln Harlow	Portland, Oreg.	48
Francis J. Weithorn	Rochester, N. Y.	12
Ernest A. Neil	San Antonio, Texas.	16
Joseph Simmons Wilkes	Salt Lake City, Utah.	45
David R. Kildruff	San Francisco, Calif.	33
James Dwight Snyder	Syracuse, N. Y.	16
Seattle	Seattle, Wash.	69
Spokane	Spokane, Wash.	100
Belleau	Toledo, O.	38
Roth-Barren	Tonawanda, N. Y.	21
Tulsa	Tulsa, Okla.	15
Laster-Lange	Waco, Texas.	14
Washington	Washington, D. C.	2
Wichita	Wichita, Kans.	None
Worcester	Worcester, Mass.	24
John L. Mayer	York, Penna.	14
Saginaw	Saginaw, Mich.	16
Frank Allen Beevers	Lawrence, Mass.	12
Members at Large		7

### NORTH TOWANDA, N. Y.

Our membership is now twenty-six, but the average attendance at meetings is ten. For this reason we find it a rather hard matter to accomplish the necessary work. It has, however, been voted that we have several benefits, the proceeds of which are to be sent to headquarters toward the Memorial Fund.

Captain John Ayrault, Jr., Russell F. Wherry, and James H. Draucker have been working to organize a Marine Reserve Company here in the Tonawandas since last December, and to date we have forty-six men sworn in. We are now awaiting action from headquarters organizing us as a company. In the meantime, we have had a couple of drills. Captain McVey, First Sgt. Ennis and Sergeant Strough have encouraged us by saying that we are going to have a first class company.

### HOUSTON, TEXAS.

The Adjutant of the McLemore Detachment writes that they have already raised the necessary funds to cover their quota for the Memorial Fund, but that they are holding it up pending information as to whether or not each member would receive an individual certificate of membership in the Belleau Wood Memorial Association.

For general information, only one certificate will be issued to each detachment. This decision was reached after careful consideration on the part of the National Officers of various suggestions that had been received. Certificates will be eleven inches by eight and one-half inches in size, with a money border of elaborate design.

To any person making a personal contribution of twenty-five dollars or more, a certificate will be issued, whether he or she is a member of the League or not.

### MEMORIAL DAY CEREMONIES IN NEW YORK CITY

Six thousand veterans marched rain-soaked before Governor Alfred E. Smith in the annual Memorial Day parade and review sponsored by the Grand Army of the Republic and among the divisions conspicuous were the Veterans of Belleau Wood, U. S. Marine Brigade, Inc., commanded by Webster deS. Smith. The rain failed to mar the ceremonies held at the Soldiers and Sailors Monument and amid the downpour a wreath was placed on the Memorial Oak of the Veterans of Belleau Wood, as their tribute to the memory of those Marine who gave their lives in the late World War.

### PARTICIPATE IN POPPY DRIVE

Never before were the public so responsive to a Poppy Drive in New York City, for those who did not wear the dot of red in their boutonnieres were conspicuous, as one among thousands. The monies received from this campaign will be the means of bringing sunshine into the life of some ex-Marine in unfortunate circumstances as the occasion is presented. The Veterans of Belleau Wood are the only organization licensed to specifically care for needy ex-Marines in New York City.

### HOLD ANNIVERSARY GATHERING

The ninth anniversary of the Belleau Wood engagement was commemorated in New York City by the Veterans of Belleau Wood in an unusually well-attended meeting at which Captain Daniel W. Bender painted an oral picture of his recent visit to Belleau.

Amid reminiscences of the days of war a buffet luncheon was served and the gathering disbanded by singing Hail Belleau Wood, of which the words and music were composed by Alfred T. Colony, formerly of the Sixty-sixth Company.

### BEQUEST LEFT TO VETERANS OF BELLEAU WOOD

In the last will and testament of the late Carl Oscar Johnson, recently probated in the Surrogate's Court, City of New York, County of Bronx, the Veterans of Belleau Wood, U. S. Marine Brigade, Inc., were bequeathed the sum of \$300.

The late Carl Oscar Johnson served with the Eighth Company, Fifth Regiment, U. S. Marine Corps, American Expeditionary Forces, in the late World War and was one of the charter members of the Veterans of Belleau Wood, U. S. Marine Brigade, Inc. In June, 1923, his condition became critical from the after effects of his service and he was finally confined to Saranac Lake, New York, where every effort was made by the Veterans of Belleau Wood to make his life as comfortable as possible, under the direction of their Welfare Officer. In October, 1923, an operation was resorted to and again the Veterans of Belleau Wood and Auxiliary rallied to his bedside daily, but shortly after he succumbed.

So grateful was he, that in his last moments he made the Veterans of Belleau Wood legatees, that other Marine veterans might also be benefited as was he.



A.M.

## CHESLOCK KNOCKS OUT ROHANNA AT QUANTICO

Vance-Braunstein Meeting After  
Sesquicentennial Bouts

By Ed Hagenah

Staging one of the most courageous come-backs ever witnessed in service boxing rings after being floored in the last few seconds of the second round of a scheduled six-round meeting, "Blackie" Rohanna, of Norfolk, struggled through the third and fourth rounds in a dazed condition managing to keep away from any great damage only to be knocked out in the fifth round with a left hook by Frankie Cheslock, of Quantico, and at present unofficial welterweight champion of the Marine Corps. The term "unofficial" is used in mentioning the title as Headquarters felt that there should be a series of elimination bouts fought between contestants before the title of Championship was stamped on any bout, therefore the meeting between Rohanna and Cheslock was staged as "unofficial" with the understanding that the winner was to represent the Corps at Philadelphia during the Inter-Service Championship bouts to be held there.

### Round One

With the opening gong both men faced each other and meeting in the center of the ring immediately jockeyed for an opening. Rohanna was the first to find one and flashed a left jab followed by a right hook that made Frankie cover for the moment only to attempt to reach the Norfolk boy's body with a long far sweeping right that missed its mark. Rohanna, dancing around, started to pepper Cheslock with a series of lefts and rights that, although they did no great damage, bewildered the veteran. Again and again he tried to drive the dancing Rohanna into a corner so that he might work his far-famed punches on that youngster, but with each attempt he was doomed to disappointment, as the Norfolk boy climbed out of danger peppering him with blows that were counting for points with the judges. The bell for the round found them in a neutral corner with Rohanna punching Cheslock at will. The round went to Rohanna by a great margin and left the opinion in many minds as a plain case of youth easily evading sluggish age at will.

### Round Two

Rohanna sprang from his corner with a grace expressing confidence to the nth power and meeting Cheslock immediately started to repeat the performance of the preceding round. Frank did his best to stop the ever-moving Blackie but his efforts resulted in wild, hefty swings

that made him appear very slow and brought wild cheers from the fans. Rohanna's reply to this was in the form of stopping for a moment to box Cheslock punching him in the face and body with blows that appeared to carry a little more power behind them than those of the opening round. Nothing, however, seemed to stop Frank in his aggressive, ever-forward plodding attack and he continued to follow the visitor around the arena. His only reward was to meet left jabs and right smashes right on the head and upper body which struck with all the similarity of machine gun rapidity. Being driven back until he was almost upon the ropes and, with only a few more seconds left in this round, Rohanna turned slightly to shift his position when Cheslock let fly with a right hook that caught the youngster square on the chin bowling him over to the canvass, flat on his face. It was so swift that few saw the punch start and their view of the finish was to see the fast moving Rohanna suddenly crumple to the floor in a dazed helpless condition. At the count of five the bell struck saving Rohanna and his seconds rushed out and dragged him practically unconscious to his corner. The fight up to this time had been all Rohanna's and had not the bell intervened Cheslock would have undoubtedly scored a knock-out.

### Round Three

During the minute rest Rohanna's handlers had been working frantically to revive the dazed and stupefied boxer so that he might be in condition to answer the bell for the next round, and in that short space of time accomplished wonders; for, at the sound of the gong, Rohanna, still groggy, rose and advanced into the ring. Cheslock, realizing his chances to finish the affair, immediately started into punch Rohanna off his feet. Covering carefully, the Norfolk boy attempted nothing in the way of returning the attack, being satisfied in keeping away from the terrific blows that crashed on his arms. Few, if any, of Cheslock's punches found any true mark, and the dazed boxer displayed a wonderful ability to evade Frank and his attack. Towards the end of the round Rohanna, appearing to be recovering, boxed Cheslock and at these times managed to keep the Quantico veteran away from him. The bell caught them sparring for position. This round was by all means Cheslock's.

### Round Four

Amid the wild cries of rabid fans who were crying for a knock-out Rohanna and Cheslock entered this round, the former still wild-eyed and cautious, the latter eager to hit a vital blow. The Norfolk boy seemed better and treated the fans to one of the best exhibits of defensive boxing, rarely witnessed outside of professional rings. Cheslock

again was made to look very poor at his every attempt to land one of his well-known haymakers, but followed Rohanna around ever hopeful of landing one, playing the ropes and using all the tricks known to him. Rohanna continued to keep out of danger, valiantly trying to recover his full senses, turning many times to lace Cheslock with a rapid series of stinging blows and then getting out of danger. The ending of this round Rohanna mixing it strong with the veteran much to the delight of the cheering spectators. The writer is under the impression that the judges called this round a draw.

### Round Five

Rapidly recovering his bearing Rohanna came from his corner at the beginning of this round with some of the agility he had shown in the first and was met by Cheslock who displayed the same dogged attitude of getting next to his opponent, who was creeping from his grasp. Instead of defending himself and boxing as he did in the third and fourth, Rohanna stopped to exchange punches with the veteran, keeping out of any danger himself and then turning suddenly only to repeat his performance much to Cheslock's dismay. Points gained by vital telling blows on Cheslock's head and body were counting up rapidly for Rohanna. Till suddenly, being backed into practically the same corner as he met his first Waterloo, Rohanna was caught flush on the chin by a powerful left hook that sent him sprawling across the canvass on his head and shoulder. Struggling to recover himself he rose to his feet and with hands dangling at his sides staggered across the ring and would have been floored by Cheslock if a towel had not fluttered into the ring.

The fight was one of the best ever witnessed in Quantico and, although he lost, Rohanna will long be remembered by those thousands of fans as "The Boy With a Fighting Heart." It is the opinion expressed by many that the knock-out received by Rohanna was undoubtedly the best thing that could have ever happened to this clever little boxer, as it would serve to strengthen him on the defense and to instill in him an ever-cautious attitude and eliminate a strain of "over-confidence" so prevalent in the majority of boxers who have never been knocked off their feet. Cheslock showed himself to be a hard-hitting, ever aggressive fighter, capable of taking a terrible beating and the ability to do great damage with either his right or left. Cheslock has been transferred to Philly to represent the Corps in the welter class and Rohanna has been sent with him, as it is felt they will make an excellent team. Hugh Sweeney accompanies these two boxers and in all probabilities will meet Cheslock on their return to Quantico later in the summer.



# Verner Wins In Sesqui Preliminaries

## RESULTS OF THE PRELIMINARY BOUTS

Army-Navy-Marine Corps Boxing Championships

June 11, 1926

### Bantamweight

Telleck, Army, vs. Chick Veazey, Navy. Veazey won by knock-out in third round.

### Flyweight

Johnny Meyers, Army, vs. Spick Abobo, Navy. Meyers won on decision.

### Featherweight

Al Foreman, Army, vs. Dick Houle, Navy. Foreman won by knock-out in third round.

### Lightweights

Leslie, Army, vs. Jimmy Ryan, Navy. Ryan won by decision.

Walter Vance, U. S. M. C., vs. Masonis, Army. Masonis won by decision.

### Welterweights

Mickey Flahive, Navy, vs. Hugh Sweeny, U. S. M. C. Flahive won by decision.

### Middleweight

Georgie Verner, U. S. M. C., vs. Franklin, Army. Verner won by decision (7th round).

### Light Heavyweight

Bova, Army, vs. Ernie Schaff, Navy. Schaff won by decision.

### Heavyweight

Chief Eagle, Army, vs. Buck Daring, Navy. Eagle won by decision.

### Welterweight

Tom McGarrigle, Navy, vs. Bill Harris, Army. Army forfeited to Navy, as Harris did not weigh in at proper time.

## FAMOUS MAJOR HELPS TRAIN MARINE BOXERS

Aiding in the training of Marine Corps boxers during their participation in the Inter-Service Championship Boxing Bout at the Sesquicentennial at Philadelphia, is Major A. J. Drexel Biddle, U. S. M. C. R., well-known sportsman of that city and famous exponent of the bayonet drill.

Major Biddle, upon hearing that the Corps was to send her leatherpushers to Philly, kindly offered his services in helping to prepare the men for the grueling physical tests they were to encounter. The major will be remembered by members of the Corps as being the officer so well versed in handling of the bayonet and who shared his knowledge of the art to men preparatory to their leaving for over-seas during the war. At the present time Major Biddle is on active duty at the Navy Yard, Philadelphia, putting a crack body of Marines through the bayonet exercise preparatory to their staging exhibition drills during the Centennial.

## HUGH SWEENEY LOSES ON REFEREE'S DECISION

### Vance Loses to Army Boxer—Navy Wins Five of Ten Bout

By Ed Hagenah

Ringside, Municipal Stadium, Philadelphia, Pa., June 11.—Fighting cautiously only to receive a draw at the end of his six rounds against Franklin, leading middleweight of the Army, Battling Verner stepped out in the extra-round provided and easily won the decision by a wide margin in what could be termed a "one-round fight." The bout was one of the ten staged here tonight in the preliminaries of the Army-Navy and Marine Corps Boxing Championships being held in conjunction with the Sesquicentennial. Hugh Sweeny, the Corps' banging, smashing welter, lost his bout with Mickey Flahive, of the Navy, on a referee's decision after a hectic six rounds of battling. Walter Vance lost his six-round meeting by a decision to Masonis, Army lightweight, after a very tame affair in which the Marine mitsman showed little aggressiveness.

To say that Verner showed class is to put it very mildly. Opening in the first the middleweight felt Franklin out in all positions to assure himself of all that has been said regarding the much touted Army boxer, who seemed to be of a heavy-hitting type ever willing to mix blows so as to be able to get his punches across. Aware of this Verner boxed opponent, which infuriated the doughboy and discouraged his attempts to slug. Clipping with lefts and rights at will Verner outpointed Franklin in the first three rounds, but in the fourth and fifth, while Georgie coasted, the Army man gained some much needed points by his aggressive, dogged punching. The sixth looked all Verner's, but upon rendering the decision the judges called the fight a draw and ordered another round to decide the question. Verner, whose plans it was to go through the fight without endangering himself so that he might not be effected late in the semi-finals and finals, was infuriated by the decision and with the bell leaped from his corner with all the ferociousness of a maddened tiger and started to pummel the surprised Franklin about the ring. The sudden change in his tactics and the beating administered the Army man easily won the fight for Verner.

The sixth bout of the evening brought together Hugh Sweeny, of the Corps, and Mickey Flahive, leading welter of the Navy. Their bout was the sensation of the entire card and from the first round kept the fans on their feet. Both are of the slugging type able to take as well as give. From appearances Flahive looked to be the more experienced boxer, although he was forced to throw all caution to the wind by Sweeny who tore into him with a continued series of lefts and rights.

The first three rounds appeared even, with Sweeny having the edge in the

fourth. Starting the fifth, Flahive used a cannier method of disposing of his punches which gained for him the round. Going into the final-round even, Sweeny uncorked the remainder of his fighting spirit in an ever-forward attack that in the consensus of opinion won him the round and fight. The decision, however, was left by the judges to the referee who gave the fight after much meditation to Flahive which brought the fans to their feet in a loud and constant uproar of disapproval. The writer wishing to verify his choice made the rounds seeking the opinion of the many newspaper men present and wishes to say that, with but one exception, the fight was given to Sweeny. The one called it a draw.

Walter Vance faced Masonis, of the Army, in the fifth bout, and during the six rounds displayed very little attempt to mix it with the doughboy. The Marine lightweight seemed to be waiting for a chance of landing a fatal blow, but the chance or the blow never made their appearance and although not beaten, Vance lost the fight to Masonis on lack of aggressiveness. It is rumored that Vance is hampered by a very poor eyesight caused by a growth in his nose which also affects his breathing while in action.

The results of the preliminaries finds the Corps with one victor out of three entries. Verner, in the middleweight class, will go through the semi-finals to be held on the 16th, at which time Frank Cheslock will get his chance to fight through to a welter title. Sam Braunstein will take up where Vance left off and endeavor to pull through to the semi-finals in the lightweights.

Mr. Frank McCracken, well-known newspaper writer, refereed the bouts.

## VANCE CHALLENGED BY ANOTHER

Walter Vance, present holder of the lightweight honors of the Marine Corps, and who is to meet Sam Braunstein, of Quantico, who has laid claim to a crack at Vance's crown, has been recently challenged by still another. The boxer who hurls a sweeping challenge to Vance is Julius Stencel, now at the Receiving Ship, Navy Yard, New York City. Following is his letter which has been forwarded to Walter Vance:

"Sporting Editor:

"I've read several articles in THE LEATHERNECK about Walter Vance's ring prowess. I challenge Walter Vance, or any other lightweight. I'll tip the scales at 135 pounds ringside."

This straight-forward challenge places another on the waiting list for a crack at the lightweight's crown and puts the situation into practically the same predicament as the Dempsey-Wills-Tunney affair. Although Braunstein's offer to meet Vance has been accepted and will come off sometime after the boxers return from Philly, Stencel now stands in line for his chance. Stencel will be remembered by many as being a very clever boxer with a punch that brings respect from them all.

## BIG MARINE NINE CLOSE SUCCESSFUL SEASON

### Diamond Stars Disbanded—Summary of Season's Work

After a very poor period of preliminary training on Parris Island, caused by high, cold, wet winds in which few of the players were ever afforded an opportunity to get working properly, Coach Tom Keady took his charges over into Georgia and begun what was known as the stiffest schedule ever faced by a service team, by beating Fort Benning (Army) 7-2. The second game of what was to have been a three-game series, was lost to the doughboys, 6-2, after a hectic nine innings of disputes and what-  
nots.

Following this series the squad started north to Quantico, playing some of the best Southern colleges on the way. Newberry, Davidson, Elon and Wake Forest Colleges fell before the Marines, but a stumbling block was met in a chap named Smith who shut Keady's men out when they played Guilford College, 1-0. The next game was played on home grounds at Quantico against Dartmouth, and the Leathernecks had things pretty well their own way until the ninth, when the New Englanders staged a rally and took home the bacon in the tenth, 4-3.

Temple University was the next to feel defeat and they fell, 5-2. In the following game with Bucknell, Jim Balis, Marine hurling ace, shut out the college nine while his buddies accounted for 10 runs. The next day was a history-making one for Marine Corps athletics, as Tom Stolle shutout Rutgers College, 9-0, not even allowing one hit and thereby establishing a world's record of two no-hit, no-run games two days in succession.

Lafayette, Vermont and Boston were next to meet defeat from Keady's men, Vermont to the tune of two games. However, the proverbial "jinx" appeared in the material form of Fordham College and these worthies took the Marine in tow for two games on successive days, but only after fighting hard for them, the last one going 11 innings. Holy Cross followed Fordham and catching the Marines on an off-day took the first game, but dropped the second 6-3. The next two games, with Blue Ridge College, were batting practice for Keady's men, and they ended 24-4 and 22-2, respectively.

Wake Forest put up a tough battle and it took fourteen innings to put the plucky collegians on the under side of a 7-6 score. Mt. St. Mary's was downed the following day, 7-2.

Traveling to Washington, Keady's squad put the crimp in Catholic University, 5-1, and in this game our veteran first baseman came close to being put out of the game for the rest of the season when he was spiked in the ninth inning. Virginia Military Institute was downed next, 10-3. Gettysburg College fell in line when they were beaten, 3-1. Guilford College, the only nine during the entire season to shut-out the Marines, which they did in an early season game, was beaten 18-4 and the squad feel as if they had just revenge.

Below is a Summary of the Ball Games Played for the Season of 1926 by the Marine Corps Baseball Team

Marines....	7	Ft. Benning, Ga. ....	2	Won
" .....	2	Ft. Benning, Ga. ....	6	Lost
" .....	10	Newberry College .....	1	Won
" .....	7	Davison College .....	4	Won
" .....	4	Elon College .....	2	Won
" .....	4	Wake Forest College.... (10 innings)	3	Won
" .....	0	Guilford College .....	1	Lost
" .....	3	Dartmouth College .... (10 innings)	4	Lost
" .....	5	Temple University .....	2	Won
" .....	10	Bucknell College .....	0	Won
" .....	9	Rutgers College .....	0	Won
" .....	13	Lafayette College .....	1	Won
" .....	6	Vermont University .....	2	Won
" .....	4	Vermont University .....	0	Won
" .....	5	Boston College .....	2	Won
" .....	6	Fordham College .....	9	Lost
" .....	5	Fordham College .... (11 innings)	6	Lost
" .....	4	Holy Cross College .....	13	Lost
" .....	6	Holy Cross College .....	3	Won
" .....	24	Blue Ridge College .....	4	Won
" .....	20	Blue Ridge College .....	2	Won
" .....	7	Wake Forest College ... (14 innings)	6	Won
" .....	7	Mt. St. Marys College .....	2	Won
" .....	5	West Va. University .....	1	Won
" .....	4	West Va. University .....	3	Won
" .....	14	Mt. St. Marys College .....	2	Won
" .....	5	Catholic University .....	1	Won
" .....	10	V. M. I. ....	3	Won
" .....	3	Gettysburg College .....	1	Won
" .....	18	Guilford College .....	4	Won
" .....	12	Washington College .....	4	Won
" .....	4	Randolph-Macon College .....	3	Won
" .....	13	Catholic University .....	3	Won
" .....	4	Virginia University .....	2	Won
" .....	4	Fordham College .....	7	Lost
" .....	11	Mt. St. Marys College .....	9	Won
" .....	4	N. Hampshire University .....	1	Won
" .....	9	Dartmouth College .....	2	Won
" .....	6	Vermont University .....	3	Won
" .....	4	Boston College .....	11	Lost
" .....	18	N. Y. Athletic Club .....	3	Won
Games Won.....	33	Games Lost.....	8	
		Percentage .802		
Runs Scored by Marines.....			316	
Runs Scored by Opponents .....			138	

During the remainder of the "home" season the Marines downed Washington, Randolph-Macon, Catholic University and Virginia University in rapid succession, before starting North on their last trip before closing the season.

Leaving at Quantico at full strength, although with a pitching staff that showed signs of weakening, the Marines again fell before their old stumbling block—Fordham—and were beaten in New York City, 7-4. Mt. St. Mary's was taken into camp the next day by a 11-9 score. New Hampshire University was beaten two days later, 4-1. The next day things were squared with Dartmouth College when they were downed by the Marines on their home grounds, 9-2. Vermont again met defeat by a 6-3 score the following day. Journeying into Boston, Tom Keady's men fell before Boston College, 11-4, and during their stay were the guests of honor at the Boston ball park of President Quinn of the Boston Red Sox.

Before returning to Quantico the Marines stopped off in New York and beat the famous New York Athletic Club, 18-3. This club is composed of all the leading baseball stars and had the day before beaten Fordham College, 3-0. Make your own deductions regarding Fordham being a "jinx."

### Final Batting Averages of the Members of the Marine Corps Team

	AB	Hits
Duncan . . . . .	380	158 60
Hannah . . . . .	355	76 27
Hall . . . . .	354	96 34
Freeny . . . . .	341	147 50
Bailey . . . . .	338	133 45
Balis . . . . .	333	27 9
Hriszko . . . . .	302	106 32
Chenoweth . . . . .	289	152 44
Stock . . . . .	280	100 28
Fox . . . . .	276	29 8
Stolle . . . . .	254	67 17
Maddes . . . . .	236	89 21
Hudson . . . . .	231	52 12
Parker . . . . .	182	11 2
Bukowy . . . . .	174	23 4
Vitek . . . . .	111	28 3

### The Following Is a List of Games Won and Lost by Pitchers of the Marine Team

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Balis . . . . .	7	2	.778
Bukowy . . . . .	4	0	1000
Parker . . . . .	3	0	1000
Stolle . . . . .	10	3	.769
Vitek . . . . .	6	2	.750
Parsons . . . . .	3	1	.750
Totals . . . . .	33	8	.841

# FORDHAM BREAKS MARINES WINNING STREAK

When the Marines crossed bats with Fordham College in the first game of their Northern trip on May 17, they had to their credit a string of 17 straight victories. But, fate and the proverbial hoodoo was "a'gin 'em" and the collegians took them over to the tune of 7-4.

Tom Stolle was given the mound assignment for the Leathernecks, but try as he may he could do very little with the Fordhamites. Bukowy relieved Tom and struggled through until the end, fanning only one man and allowing no free passes to first.

Marines:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Chenoweth, cf	4	1	1	2	0	0
Freeny, 1b	5	0	1	13	0	0
Duncan, lf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Bailey, c	5	1	2	3	1	0
Hall, 2b	4	1	2	1	4	0
Hannah, 3b	3	0	2	2	2	1
Hrisko, ss	2	0	0	0	0	0
Stock, rf	4	1	2	2	1	0
Stolle, p	2	0	0	0	1	0
Bukowy, p	0	0	0	0	2	0
*Hudson	1	0	0	0	0	0
†Balis	1	0	0	0	0	0
<b>Totals</b>	<b>35</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>23</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>1</b>

Fordham U.:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
White, ss	4	1	1	1	0	0
Landry, lf	4	0	1	3	0	0
Woerner, 2b	4	0	1	3	4	0
Carter, 3b	4	0	1	4	1	0
Clancy, 1b	3	0	0	13	0	1
Graham, cf	3	1	0	0	0	0
Porter, rf	2	2	1	0	0	0
Sheffott, c	4	2	2	2	0	0
Harrington, p	4	1	2	0	5	0
<b>Totals</b>	<b>32</b>	<b>7</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>26</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>1</b>

By innings:	
Marines	000 200 002—4
Fordham U.	030 202 000—7

Two-base hits: Sheffott, Harrington. Stolen bases: Sheffott, Stock. Sacrifice hit: Landry. First base on balls: Off Harrington, 5; off Stolle, 5. Struck out: By Harrington, 3; by Stolle, 1; by Bukowy, 1. Double plays: Woerner to Clancy (2); Carter to Woerner. Left on bases: Marines, 4; Fordham, 0.

Game at New York City. Time of game, 1 hour 45 minutes.

## NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB

Marines:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Chenoweth, cf	4	2	1	3	0	0
Freeny, 1b	4	1	0	9	1	0
Duncan, lf	5	4	3	1	0	0
Bailey, c	6	2	2	1	0	0
Hall, 2b	6	2	4	5	5	0
Hannah, 3b	4	1	1	0	1	0
Fox, 3b	1	0	0	0	0	0
Hrisko, ss	4	2	2	3	6	1
Hudson, c	5	3	2	4	1	1
Vitek, p	5	1	2	1	1	1
<b>Totals</b>	<b>44</b>	<b>18</b>	<b>17</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>3</b>

N. Y. A. C.:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
<b>Totals</b>	<b>30</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>25</b>	<b>12</b>	<b>8</b>

By innings:	
Marines	470 420 010—18
N. Y. A. C.	001 101 000—3

Two-base hits: Hall, Hrisko. Three-base hits: Duncan, Hall. Home runs: Duncan (2), Hudson. Sacrifice hit:

Chenoweth. Struck out: By Hartnett, 1; by White, 3; by Vitek, 3. First base on balls: Off Hartnett, 5; off Vitek, 5. Left on bases: Marines, 5; N. Y. A. C., 2.

Game at Travers Island, N. Y. Time of game, 2 hours 45 minutes.

## UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

Marines:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Chenoweth, cf	2	1	0	0	0	0
Freeny, 1b	4	1	2	10	0	0
Duncan, lf	3	1	0	3	0	0
Bailey, c	4	0	1	2	0	0
Hall, 2b	3	0	1	1	3	1
Hannah, 3b	3	0	1	0	2	0
Hrisko, ss	2	1	0	1	0	0
Balis, p	2	0	1	2	0	0
Bukowy, p	0	0	0	0	3	0
<b>Totals</b>	<b>23</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>19</b>	<b>8</b>	<b>1</b>

U. of Va.:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Wreem, 2b	2	0	0	0	4	0
Friedberg, lf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Diffey, cf	3	0	1	5	0	0
Cardwell, rf	2	0	0	2	0	0
Hushion, 3b	3	1	1	3	0	0
Cabell, ss	3	1	1	1	1	0
Brown, c	3	0	0	5	1	0
Sternes, 1b	3	0	1	6	0	0
Hair, p	2	0	0	0	2	0
<b>Totals</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>22</b>	<b>8</b>	<b>0</b>

By innings:	
Marines	300 000 100—4
U. of Virginia	000 200 000—2

Two-base hits: Freeny, Hannah, Bailey.

Three-base hit: Hushion. Stolen bases: Chenoweth, Wreem. First base on balls: Off Hair, 5; off Balis, 2. Struck out: By Hair, 4; by Balis, 2. Left on bases: Virginia, 2. Hit by pitcher: by Hair (Duncan); by Balis (Brown).

## N. HAMPSHIRE STATE UNIVERSITY

Marines:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Chenoweth, cf	5	0	1	3	1	0
Freeny, 1b	5	0	1	10	0	0
Duncan, lf	4	1	1	5	0	1
Bailey, c	4	1	1	1	1	0
Hall, 2b	4	2	3	4	3	1
Hannah, 3b	1	0	0	0	1	3
Fox, 3b	1	0	0	1	1	0
Hrisko, ss	2	0	0	0	4	0
Stock, rf	3	0	0	2	0	0
Vitek, p	4	0	0	1	3	2
<b>Totals</b>	<b>33</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>7</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>14</b>	<b>7</b>

N. H. S. U.:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Ramsey, ss	4	0	1	2	0	1
Hatell, 2b	4	0	0	1	3	1
O'Connor, lf	4	0	0	3	0	0
Nicora, 1b	3	0	0	10	0	0
Hoyt, 3b	4	0	0	2	1	0
Applier, rf	3	0	2	1	0	0
Jenkins, cf	2	1	1	3	0	0
French, c	2	0	1	3	0	0
Slayton, p	3	0	1	0	2	0
<b>Totals</b>	<b>29</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>25</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>2</b>

By innings:	
Marines	100 201 000—4
N. H. State U.	000 000 100—1

Two-base hit: Hall. Three-base hit: Freeny. Stolen bases: Hall, fox. Sacrifice hit: Stock. First base on balls: Off Slayton, 2; off Vitek, 2. Struck out: By Vitek, 1; by Slayton, 3. Double play: Vitek to Freeny. Hit by pitcher: By Slayton (Hrisko). Left on bases: Marines, 2; N. H. U., 4. Passed ball: French.

## UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT

Marines:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Chenoweth, cf	5	0	3	6	0	0
Freeny, 1b	5	0	1	11	0	0
Duncan, lf	3	1	0	0	0	0
Bailey, c	5	1	1	3	4	1
Hall, 2b	5	0	1	5	2	0
Hannah, 3b	4	1	2	2	3	1
Hrisko, ss	4	1	2	0	2	1
Stock, rf	3	2	1	0	0	0
Stolle, p	3	0	0	0	4	1
<b>Totals</b>	<b>37</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>15</b>	<b>4</b>

U. of Vermont:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Conway, ss	5	0	0	2	5	0
Smith, 2b	4	0	2	0	6	0
Morse, lf	3	0	0	3	0	0
Thompson, c	3	0	1	3	0	0
Randall, 1b	4	0	1	16	0	0
Guild, rf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Fogg, cf	4	0	1	3	0	0
Valenti, c	2	1	0	0	0	1
Roarke, p	3	2	3	0	2	0
<b>Totals</b>	<b>31</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>8</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>13</b>	<b>1</b>

By innings:	
Marines	031 110 000—6
Vermont University	001 010 100—3

Two-base hits: Roarke, Hrisko. Three-base hits: Chenoweth, Hannah. Sacrifice hit: Stolle. First base on balls: Off Roarke, 1; off Stolle, 4. Struck out: By Roarke, 1; by Stolle, 2. Wild pitch: Stolle. Left on bases: Marines, 1. Hit by pitcher: By Roarke (Duncan).

Game at Burlington, Vt. Time of game, 2 hours 5 minutes.

## BOSTON COLLEGE

Marines:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Chenoweth, cf	3	2	1	0	0	0
Freeny, 1b	4	2	2	5	0	1
Duncan, lf	3	0	2	1	0	0
Bailey, c	4	0	1	11	1	1
Hall, 2b	4	0	1	3	2	1
Hannah, 3b	4	0	1	1	2	0
Hrisko, ss	3	0	0	0	3	0
Stock, rf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Balis, p	3	0	1	0	2	0
Bukowy, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
<b>Totals</b>	<b>31</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>22</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>3</b>

Boston College:	AB	R	H	O	A	E
McNamara cf	4	0	0	3	0	0
Costigan, rf	2	3	1	0	0	0
Weston, 1b	3	3	1	7	0	0
Cronin, 2b	5	0	2	6	2	0
Murphy, lf	4	1	1	3	0	0
Moncewicz, ss	4	1	1	1	1	1
Haley, 3b	5	1	4	2	5	0
McMenimen, c	2	1	1	4	2	1
Mullowney, p	3	1	0	0	1	0
<b>Totals</b>	<b>32</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>26</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>2</b>

By innings:	
Marines	202 000 000—4
Boston College	320 000 600—11

Two-base hits: Chenoweth, Cronin, Murphy. Three-base hits: Freeny (2). Home runs: Costigan, Weston. Stolen bases: Moncewicz, Haley. Sacrifice hits: McNamara, Chenoweth, Hrisko. Struck out: By Mullowney, 4; by Balis, 6; by Bukowy, 3. First base on balls: Off Mullowney, 1; off Balis, 7; off Bukowy, 1. Double play: Hrisko to Hall to Freeny. Passed ball: Bailey. Hit by pitcher: By Balis (McMenimen); by Mullowney (Duncan).

Game at Boston, Mass. Time of game, 2 hours 20 minutes.

Remainder of box scores in August Issue.



## SOCKO!!

The Sport Is Growing  
Cheslock-Rohanna Meeting  
Any Flyweights or Bantams?  
John J. Corbett

With leaps and bounds, boxing in the Corps is taking on all the appearances of a "major" sport. It is reported that classes have been organized in some of the smallest posts by the athletic officers, and the men are being trained by some one man in the Post who knows the rudiments of the game. Of course, the larger posts are continuing with the classes and swelling in membership every week. Add to this the increased interest taken by men throughout the Corps and you have what is called "a good foundation" to work on. Another proof is the numerous letters this column gets not only containing information in boxing activities, but asking questions and discussing the sport in general.

Well, the Cheslock-Rohanna meeting is now history (full account on another page). Cheslock, veteran of many a ring episode, knocked out Rohanna in the fifth round of their scheduled six-round go with a left hook to the jaw.

Feeling that there should be more of an elimination before a championship meeting was announced, Marine Headquarters refused to sanction the fight, stating that the winner would go to Philly to represent the Corps in the welterweight class. As it turned out, both men will go and with them goes Hugh Sweeny, who will raise his mitts fists to defend the colors of the Corps in the same weight.

Of the eight weights listed and being entered into by the Army and Navy, the Corps is only listing men in three of them. Namely, the light, welter and middle.

The reason is very plain and is this: These are the only classes we can enter with any degree of security. We haven't any flyweights, bantamweights; no GOOD featherweights, no light-heavyweights to mention, who could hold their own with the Army or Navy, and the only man in the heavy class who could put up a showing is on the West Coast and time will not permit his transfer. This man is Ted Schneider, now at San Diego.

If there are any flyweights or bantamweights scattered through the Corps, will they please communicate immediately with this column.

This column would greatly appreciate hearing from Ted Schneider and receiving a picture, taken lately, of him. If this request is answered, it will be our pleasure to print the photograph of the hardest-hitting heavyweight in the Marine Corps. A man who has fought from one end of the West Coast to the other, beating some of the leading heavies in the services. "Sandbag" Schneider!

T. W. writes in and wants to know the service weights governing a featherweight. The little book says "Any man

# SHORTS on SPORTS

By ED. HAGENAH, Sports Editor

WITH little ceremony, the Marine Corps Baseball Team of 1926 closed its successful season on May 28 and was disbanded in Quantico a few days later. The season completed was the most brilliant one a Marine nine ever played through, and will go down in the Corps' athletic history as a record one to shoot at.

"They came; they played—and they hit hard!"

SUCH will be written down in brilliant lettering of the Marine Corps Baseball Team of 1926 which was recently disbanded in Quantico, closing the most successful season ever played through by a Marine nine.

WINNING 33 games out of 41 for an average of better than .802 is something to be more than proud of. It's something to BOAST about! Especially when some of the best collegiate nines in the East are in the column that total 33.

"— But don't bring Fordham."

ALTHOUGH by no means helpful, it is a little comforting to know that of the 8 games lost THREE were dropped to Fordham College, who were undoubtedly the greatest jinx the Marines ever ran into. The Gotham collegiates took two straight during their visit at Quantico and added another on the Northern trip. We are in no way bashful when we say "jinx." And, to substantiate this statement, let it be remembered that Keady's men trimmed the New York Athletic Club, 18-4, after those worthies had beaten Fordham, 5-3.

"Honored, but not Unsung."

TOO much credit cannot be given to the entire personnel of the baseball team from Coach Keady down. Everyone worked hard and consistently to one objective—to win—and they did.

weighing 119 to 126 pounds is known as a featherweight." We add that if a man tips the Fairbanks at 118 he immediately steps down into the bantam class and should he weigh 127 he is what is termed a junior lightweight.

This column received a letter from Joe Wasko, formerly of Quantico and now at the Receiving Ship in Boston Navy Yard. Joe, or "Battling Joe Wasko," as he is better known, states that he is working out in some of the best gyms in the Bean City and is looking forward to some bouts in the near future. He also wants to be remembered to all his old pals along the way, especially Jimmy Hill.

It's been a long time since we heard from Wasko and had about decided that he had been paid-off. Joe was a great scrapper while at Quantico and ranked pretty high as a light-heavy.

ALTHOUGH we are not accurately informed as to the number of followers of golf in the Corps, this column does not feel it is out of place in making a few worthy remarks regarding the old and aged game of the Scots. Some call it "cow pasture pool." A very fitting term if you are far from a group of fanatical followers of the sport and even then not a very becoming nick-name for the game that is affording so many athletic pleasure. However, enough for the comment and to get back to what we started out to mention. It seems that Jess Sweetser traveled over into England and won the British amateur golf title, which is one of the most coveted trophies in the British Isles. The most brilliant part of the procedure being that Sweetser was very ill at the time of play and only by sheer grit was he able to continue through the long days of bitter competition to high honors. What we would call— A TRUE SPORT.

IN keeping with our conversation, which is regarding activities happening across the Atlantic, allow us to bring to your attention the fact that two of our pluckiest girl athletes are now in Europe, both preparing themselves for future competition in athletic endeavor which promises to offer them stiff competition.

One is Miss Helen Wills who, when she recovers from her recent attack of appendicitis, intends to meet the French marvel, Susanne Lenglen, on the courts for the feminine honors of the world in tennis.

The other, Miss Gertrude Ederle, is priming herself for the supreme physical test of swimming the English channel. A feat never before accomplished by a woman.

Both have hard undertakings on their hands, but may the grit displayed by Jess Sweetser carry them through to victory.

This column would appreciate receiving more letters from the many posts in the Corps who have boxing classes and also photographs and data regarding them.

We received a letter from the tropics the other day informing us that there is a rip-snorting battler down there in the person of John J. Corbett.

Greetings, Johnny! Welcome to the fraternity of "Leatherpushers."

Corbett is due to return to the States in a short time and when he leaves, will carry the lightweight championship of Haiti with him. Since being in Haiti Corbett has had seven fights and has won all of them, the last one being a knockout over Hudson in the fifth round.

Let's have all the dope you know on boxers and the game in general. This column is open to everyone. If you have anything to tell the Corps, send it in, pronto!

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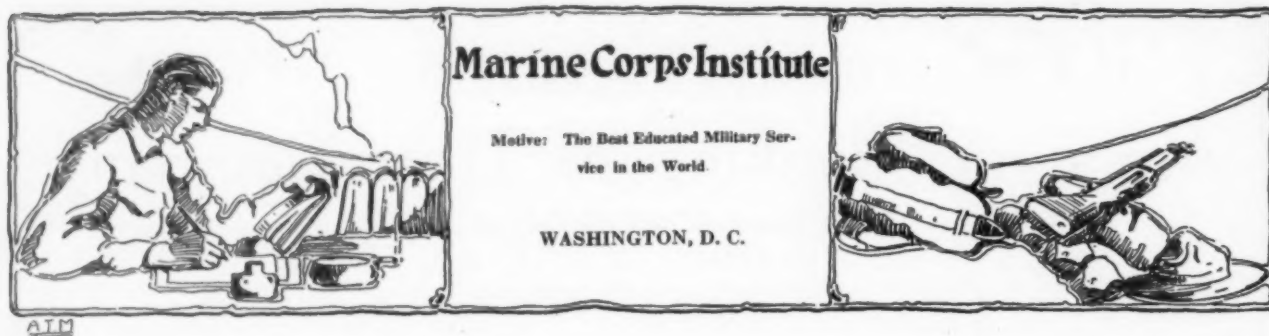
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## June 8, 1926—Monthly Report

Total number individuals enrolled .....	7,817
Total number enrolled since last report .....	362
Total number disenrolled since last report .....	249
Number examination papers received during period .....	3,645
Number examination papers received during year .....	27,288
Total number graduates to date .....	3,003

*Written especially for THE LEATHERNECK for the purpose of encouraging Marines to take advantage of the opportunities offered by the Marine Corps Institute*

Director, Marine Corps Institute.

My Dear Sir:

My course with the Marine Corps Institute has helped me beyond all expectations. I am making a very good record with the Southern California Edison Light & Power Co., the third largest in America.

I am now relief operator for the Eastern Division; twelve to sixteen days is my limit in any one station. I must handle all kinds and makes of apparatus, from a 110 V. motor to a 60,000 V. condenser. At this station I am operating a 7,000 H. P. frequency charger. These instances go to show just about what range the field in which I must compete, has; and I feel that I shall succeed.

I talk of the Institute to every Marine I meet, and should like to see every member of the Corps become a Marine Corps Institute graduate. In my estimation, a course is an invaluable asset to any one with a good, or poor, education--especially to the man with a limited education. I shall do all in my power to boost the school in every way possible; for it is all I have back of me—Marine Corps Institute knowledge.

Sincerely yours,

/s/ Charles D. Huntley (Ex Marine)

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Place



## POST NEWS—continued

rather dull and uninteresting on one humid evening last week, thought to create a little diversion and make a social call on some of their newly-made friends residing in the outskirts of the city. Fully armed, they started out disguised as a boni fide patrol and reached their destination in safety; but their victory was short, as fate in the guise of the Lieutenant and Top Sergeant, who were making a patrol, discovered them out where they had no idea a patrol was located. The two delinquents looked up in time to spot the Lieutenant and did a Houdini, but not before they were recognized. Subsequently they were found in camp, where they will remain for some little time.

A guard has been placed over a rebel general who fears for his life. It seems that rank in the Nicaraguan army has its drawbacks as well as pleasures. One thing to his advantage, he is living in a saloon and has a sailor guard to watch him while he indulges in things stronger than one-half of one per cent.

The Marine Detachment had a guard at the Palace for a few days when the guard was first established, and one of the orders was that each and every person entering the Palace gates was to be searched for arms by the sentry on post. Everything went smoothly until the Jefe Politico, or Mayor, of Bluefields approached the gate and started to saunter through. He was stopped by the sentry and told that it was necessary to be searched. The Mayor talks excellent English with a decided Oxford accent and emphatically voiced his disapproval of any such indignity to the person of the Mayor. However, the sentry persisted and the search was made. The conversation between the sentry and the Mayor was something in the following manner:

Sentry: You'll have to be searched for arms before entering here.

Mayor: I have no firearms; I am the Mayor of Bluefields and as such am exempt from searching.

Sentry: I don't care if you are the town stallion, you get a frisk before you get in here. Do you get me?

The Mayor evidently did, as he submitted to the search and went on his way far from rejoicing.

To date the health of the command is excellent; the only discomfort experienced is the lack of drinking water, which must be brought from the ship anchored off "The Bluff," and this is somewhat of a problem at this time. The weather has been very warm. It has rained but very little since we came ashore, and for some time it has been very dry. Many fires have been started outside of the city that must be put out and this has added to the duties of the Marines.

The only accident incident to the service occurred to Private Gerald Shantz early Saturday evening. Shantz ran into a wire used as a clothesline at the Radio Station, and in some manner lost three of his teeth in the front part of his upper jaw, making a painful injury, and one that will cause him to remember the country made famous by Walker (the filibuster, not the famous scion of the Walker family known as Johnnie).

## INSURANCE

All War Risk insurance must be converted on or before July 2, 1926, if continuation of the protection afforded by Government life insurance is desired. If War Risk insurance has lapsed it can be reinstated and converted by submitting an application for reinstatement (Form 739-a) and a report of a complete physical examination (Form 742), together with a remittance covering one monthly premium at the term rate and the first monthly premium at the converted rate on the amount of insurance to be converted, but application must be in the mail or delivered to proper officer on or before JULY 2, 1926.

The following letter dated April 10, 1926, has been received by the Paymaster from the Director of the Veterans Bureau:

Brig. Gen. George Richards,  
Paymaster, U. S. Marine Corps,  
Hdqs. U. S. Marine Corps,  
Washington, D. C.

My dear General Richards:

Receipt is acknowledged of your letter of April 9, inquiring whether or not an application for reinstatement or conversion to be accepted must be received by the Veterans Bureau on or before July 2, 1926, or if it is sufficient that such application be mailed or executed on or before that date.

An application for conversion accompanied by a remittance sufficient to cover the first monthly premium may be approved if deposited in the mails on or before July 2, 1926. This is also true of an application for reinstatement; however, for purpose of reinstatement, in addition to a remittance to cover premiums, it is necessary to submit evidence of insurability.

An application for conversion or reinstatement may be approved if accompanied by a remittance to cover premiums, or satisfactory arrangement made by allotment or deduction, and in the case of reinstatement, proof of insurability is attached and delivered to an officer of the Marine Corps charged with the duty of handling insurance for the men in his organization, on or before July 2, 1926.

An application though properly executed does not become effective until deposited in the mails or delivered to the proper officer, and if death or total permanent disability occurs or the conversion period expires before such deposit in mails or delivery to officer, it cannot be approved. Very truly yours,

FRANK T. HINES,

Director.

The commanding officer of the Marine detachment, in whose office allotment forms are prepared, should furnish the supply officer with sufficient copies to enable the latter to forward the number required by the regulations referred to.

## MARINES KILLED IN PLANE

## Plane Fell 200 Feet

First Sergeant J. B. Davis, naval aviation pilot, and Private (first class) Robert K. Thrasher, mechanic, attached to the United States Marine Corps aviation service, were killed on May 17 when the training plane in which they were flying went into a nose dive and fell 200 feet into a farm field near Imperial Beach, just south of San Diego.

## GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA

By Guy Griffith

It seems as though nobody gives a good darn as to how this famous unit of the glorious 5th is getting along; so, loving the world in general—and particularly good chow, and the 1st Battalion—I will be its champion and receive the heartfelt thanks of the multitude, and will inform all and sundry of the happenings within the camp on McCalla Hill, in this land of tropical heat, where men drink beer at Caimanera.

As most writers seem to describe only cut-and-dried happenings of their posts, consequently being of little interest to the average Marine who has never been there (does not know anyone there and cares less), I will try and set forth herein only news and happenings which may be of interest to the majority of readers of The Leatherneck.

For the purpose of easy reference and remembrance, we should entitle this monthly column "TOO MUCH TROPICS" and shall dedicate it in honor of those poor Marines who have served, are serving, and will serve at this post, tit for tat.

For the enjoyment of all these hard-working and industrious young men (I'm counting myself, too), a smoker was held on the night of the 15th of May, which proved to be a great success, much to the chagrin of all the barracks-rats in the post.

Great and heartfelt enjoyment was experienced by everyone because of the clever jokes cracked at the expense of our esteemed and popular Police Officer, who was seen to grin sickly once or twice to the delight of those craning their necks to get a glimpse of the subject of the wise cracks, but he took it all in with a spirit befitting the occasion. At the close of the smoker, delicacies and refreshments were served, and several of our most respected and self-admitted bon-gacons-sergeants and corporals were seen at the chow line as many as six times, especially one in the 49th Company who has a passion for catsup. Oh, sergeant!

A certain sergeant of the Headquarters Company claims he is the champion wit of the 1st Battalion; "for," says he, "ain't I always full of jokes and funny stories?" Yes, sergeant, you are, much to our regret and heartfelt sorrow. Bonhomie.

We will now let forth our pent up feelings with that masterpiece of Cpls' R. A. P. Van I., child brain, I mean brain child entitled, "PAPA DRANK A COKE THIS MORNING AND HE'S BEEN COCONUTS EVER SINCE."

To show we are brainy and don't care who knows it, and as we want to give those poor local Marines who are only trying to get along a chance, we are not going to let the following expression out, but we want to tell the world that expressions like this can be heard at all hours of the day, and out of the goodness of our hearts (God bless us), we will not impair the chances of some hard working looney by letting them out, when they could be given to the world to be benefited by them. It's really one in a thousand, just picked at random, "SO'S YOUR TORN PANTS," and tell me, Percival, ain't we bright?

## NEWS NOTES FROM GUAM

The baseball season is over in Guam for this winter, and the close of the deciding game for the cup between the Agana Cubs, a native team, and Aviation, saw the Cubs victorious by a score of 7 to 3. The Cubs took the lead early in the game, and were never headed; Aviation, for some reason, seeming unable to get started. In the last inning, the fliers rallied, and when, with the bases full Chappell, lengthy third sacker, lined out a drive, it looked like curtains for the Cubs. But Chappell was thrown out at third, which retired the side and ended the game amid groans from the Marines and yelps of joy from the natives.

Aviation line-up was as follows:

Schultz, catcher; Burke, pitcher; Headle, third base; Vickers, second base; Chappell, third base; Maloney, shortstop; Stube, right field; Wallace, center field, and Kalinowski, left field.

The Aviators had a good season, with 10 games won and 4 lost. Better luck next time, Aviation, and we hope that a Marine team will take the cup next year.

Sumay was out of the running, so far as baseball was concerned, due to the loss of almost the entire ball team in December. However, several ball players were included in the detail arriving in February, and it is not too much to say that Sumay has, at present, the strongest team on the Rock. The Gold Star team handed them two defeats in close games, the first being 6-5 and the second 7-6, but in spite of that we are confident that with a few more games under their belts and a little more teamwork, they will redeem themselves and put the Stars in the dust. The 42nd company of Agana also had a good team in the league, but they, too, were crippled by the loss of men.

The Post band at Sumay was greatly augmented by the arrival of fifteen men from the San Diego band, which addition brought it up to full strength and we now boast a band second only to the Marine Band at Washington. Under the direction of First Sergt. Norman B. Siegrist, Bandmaster, they play daily concerts at the barracks which are highly appreciated by all within hearing. They also play weekly concerts at Agana, Piti Navy Yard and Aviation.

We also have a Marine dance orchestra of nine pieces which is the hottest combination west of Frisco. It is much in demand at dances and other social functions; and like the good Marines they are, they always deliver the goods.

The Sumay Marines gave a dance at Sumay schoolhouse Saturday, April 10, and it was pronounced the best party of the year. It is planned to have this dance once a month in addition to the regular Service Club and Dorn Hall dances, so that the Gyrenes will have plenty of opportunity to trip the light fantastic on the waxed deck.

Capt. H. B. Price, U. S. N. (retired), ex-governor of Guam, left for the States on the station ship Gold Star, by way of the Orient, after turning over his office to Capt. Shapley, U. S. N., his successor to the gubernatorial chair. Capt. Shapley strikes us as being a good man for the position, and we wish him the best of luck during his term of office.

New arrivals at Sumay include Capt.

and Mrs. Russell, 1st Lieut. Fricke, 2nd Lieut. Mumford, and Sgt. Major Lee Blake. 1st Lieut. J. G. Clausing joined from Aviation in January.

Assigned to the 42nd Co., Agana, are Capt. Paull, Capt. Nicholas, 1st Lieut. A. C. Small, 2nd Lieut. R. S. Biall and Marine Gunner Lundt.

Chaplain W. R. Hall relieved Chaplain Salisbury as guardian of our spiritual welfare. While we are sorry to see Chaplain Salisbury go, as he is a man who commands respect and admiration, Chaplain Hall comes to us well recommended and we expect great things of him.

We regret to report the death of Pvt. Louis Keeler, Musician 1st Class, Post Band, Sumay, on January 18, 1926. "Louie," as he was known, was a fine musician, a good soldier, and a man well liked by his associates in the band, to all of whom his unexpected demise came as a shock. He became suddenly ill about nine o'clock in the evening, was removed to the hospital, and died at a few minutes past eleven. Death was painless, as he was in a comatose condition from which he never recovered. The remains were returned to the States on the Thomas in February. Keeler was well known both in the Marine Corps and in the Army, as he had served some fifteen or sixteen years in service bands.

In concluding, let me say that Guam cannot be so bad when, out of eight men of the band due to leave here on the next Chaumont, in June, six of them extended, and of the six, three had extended before, so that this extension will make them two years on the Rock. Think that over when you hear about what a terrible place is Guam.

## PARRIS ISLAND, S. C.

With actual work begun on the new track as a part of Lee Field, renewed attention is being given the prospects for a track team. The Athletic Officer tells us that if the post has a reasonably good team by Labor Day, Parris Island may be represented in a great track and field holiday to be held at Augusta, Ga. THAT'S worth working for.

Southeastern Division Rifle Competition results, held at Parris Island on May 24, 1926:

Stg.	Name.	Rank.	Score.	Pl.
*1	Blakley, John	Gy. Sgt.	767	No
1	Kwasigroch, E. D.	Sgt.	759	Gd
2	Penley, Dean R.	Pvt.	755	Slr
3	Smith, Wm. P.	Cpl.	755	Br
4	Ridiker, H. C.	Pvt. 1 Cl.	752	Br

(Gd) Gold; (Slr) Silver; (Br) Bronze.

\*Distinguished Marksman; not entitled to medal.

Southeastern Division Pistol Competition results:

1	Sgt. E. E. Daniels	1471	Gold
2	Cpl. E. V. Watson	1468	Silver
3	Cpl. H. T. Watson	1457	Bronze

On Memorial Day, the Field Music Detachment held a Field Meet. Many medals and prizes were awarded to the winners for first and second place. Pri-

vate Nelson W. Beck was awarded the gold medal for being the best all-round athlete. At the ceremony in which the prizes were awarded Lieut. Col. Jesse F. Dyer, Commanding Officer, officiated; Lieut. Emery E. (Swede) Larsen, assisted.

The Musics are now approximately 240 strong, and stand very high in athletics. The meet was a very successful one and the list of the winners with corresponding records are as follows:

100-yard dash—

Carl L. Matson, 11 seconds, first; Elmer L. Chambers, 11 1-5 seconds, second.

220-yard dash—

Frank P. Urednick, 27 seconds, first; Hershel T. Wade, 27 1-5 seconds, second.

Pole vault—

Nelson W. Beck, 9 ft. 4 in., first; Carl L. Matson, 8 ft. 9 in., second.

Running high jump—

Nelson W. Beck, 5 ft. 4 in., first; Robt. D. Charles, 5 ft. 3 in., second.

Running broad jump—

Henry L. Mudge, 17 ft. 11 in., first; Raymond C. Eshelman, 17 ft. 7 in., second.

Bar vault—

Frank P. Urednick, 6 ft. 6 in., first; Carl L. Matson, 6 ft. 4 in., second.

Baseball throw—

James Levey, 292 ft., first; Mark R. Quackenbush, 273 ft. 4 in., second.

The winner of the pennant for barracks attaining greatest number of points in the Field Meet was Barracks No. 2; Corporal John Peterson in charge.

Baseball pennant, for inter-barracks championship, was awarded to Barracks No. 5, the final game being between Barracks III and V; score: Barracks III, 13; Barracks V, 14; Corporal Harold L. Himes in charge of winning barracks.

The events in question were refereed and judged by officers outside of the detachment, and we wish to acknowledge in this respect the services of 1st Lieut. Donald Spicer, 2nd Lieut. Emery E. Larsen, 2nd Lieut. Leslie F. Narum and 2nd Lieut. Dudley W. Davis, all of whom officiated and at the same time handled the events promptly and efficiently.

## AVIATION DEFEATED BY QUANTICO BOXERS

Last year Quantico proper recruited their best boxers and traveled out to meet the best mittsters the Flying Field had to offer with the result that Quantico took the very short end of the card. This year the tables were turned and Aviation received a terrible lacing on a card presented on April 27.

In the final go of the evening Braunsstein, aspirant of the Corps' lightweight title, knocked out McCartney.

Brougher, of football fame, easily whipped Ansley, a willing fighter in the semi-final match after the flyer had been knocked down five times. The big boys made things hum while the go lasted.

Meeks, of the 5th, beat Leonard, of Aviation, after a classy display of boxing. Both are heady fighters and should follow the game closely after more experience.

In the opener, Pinion, of the 77th Machine Gun Company, took a three-round decision from Setner which earned worthy applause from the fans.

## SCHOOLS DETACHMENT, M. B., NAVY YARD, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Quite a while since last anything was heard from the Clerical School. Oh, yes! we are still alive and going strong. The present term of the school is just about half completed and we thought we would celebrate by letting the world, that is the Marine Corps world, know that we are still on the map.

We have as fine a bunch of men in the present class as any previous class could have boasted of. Each man keeping up with his work and still having plenty of time in which to look over the Sesqui City. I have heard it said that competition is the spur of business. No doubt this is true. I find it is also true in a service school.

In the Clerical School, we find each man trying for first or second place. What a wailing and gnashing of teeth, when the periodic reports are published and many find that all cannot be first or second! With a "do or die" look, similar to those of the heroes of fiction, they renew their promises for the ensuing period.

To date Oswald has managed to maintain the lead. With Kessler, Frederick, Fink, and Graves, to say nothing of the rest of the class, pushing along as they are, it is a question in my mind, as to whether he will long retain the laurels he won. May the best man win.

The Quartermaster Administrative School will complete its current term sometime in June. Three of the class have already been assigned. Corporal Arlan, Private first class Marthens and Private Swaim were transferred to the Depot of Supplies for duty as clerks. Corporal Leo Reedy, "Lovesick Leo," for short, is expecting to follow suit at the end of the term. Red Sheehan, he of the ever-ready smile, is hoping and praying. Hope he gets it.

The last term of the Armorers School finished its work during the merry month of March. After taking their furloughs, they were distributed to the various posts in the East Coast. A new class of six has taken up the work.

We celebrated the opening of a new Recreation Center in the yard with impressive dedication exercises. The Secretary of the Navy, Vice Admiral McKean, Rear Admiral Scales, Commandant of the Navy Yard, and many other distinguished visitors addressed the audience of gobs and gyrenes. The building fund was raised through the untiring efforts of Captain Dickens, Chaplain Corps, U. S. Navy, and several friends who were interested in the chaplain's idea. It is a building indeed worthy of the efforts of our chaplain. A building of this sort has been in his mind for many years. His own words, as he summed up his little talk, will show just how he felt about it. "Boys," he said, "this is the proudest moment of my life." Pretty nice, after thirty years of service, huh?

Some beautiful buildings have been erected on the Sesqui-Centennial grounds, just outside the main gate of the Navy Yard. The Sesqui promises to be a flourishing success. The City of Philadelphia is putting on its holiday togs in preparation for the hordes which it expects to invade its fair precincts from all sections of this continent.

The 43rd Co., 5th Regt., is to be the exhibition drill company. A snappy bunch of men and officers they are, too. The 16th Co., and the 20th Co., of the 5th Regt., are here to assist in anything that may be required. All in all, we have quite a number of men here, all expecting, and with just cause, a pleasant six months, the duration of the Sesqui-Centennial.

## RETIRES AFTER THIRTY YEARS

On May 28, 1926, Frank Gilman, 1st Class Musician, U. S. Marine Band, was placed upon the retired list, after having completed thirty years, seven months, and three days service in the U. S. Army and Marine Corps.

He first enlisted in the 12th Regiment Infantry Band, June 25, 1898, and served in the U. S. Army until August 20, 1905. Then on August 23, 1905, he began his career in the Marine Band, where he has served continuously and has received, after each enlistment, a discharge with Character Excellent. He has been awarded one Good Conduct Medal and four bars.

During the Spanish-American War, he served in the United States and Cuba with the New York 12th Regiment Volunteers and the 19th Infantry. From August 21, 1899, to May 28, 1902, he served in the Philippines.

His many friends wish him every happiness in his well-earned retirement from active duty.

## CELEBRATE ANNIVERSARY

Fifteen million people in the United States and Canada celebrated the birthday of a seven-year-old on May the fifteenth. The celebration was in the form of a good wholesome laugh for the majority, although letters, telegrams and messages flooded the home of this big grown-up youngster.

Seven years ago movie and vaudeville theatre patrons witnessed the original TOPICS OF THE DAY, then printed on glass slides and thrown on the screen at regular intervals—or hurriedly substituted when some unexpected happening delayed an act or the film broke in a projection machine. The novelty of sure-fire jokes on the screen proved an instantaneous success and today, rising from an editorial staff of one man, TOPICS OF THE DAY employs twenty-one professionally trained editors, readers and reviewers and is the outstanding reel of real laughs of the world.

During the year 1925, the Leatherneck was quoted several times in TOPICS OF THE DAY, which means that three thousand theaters, catering to a total audience of over fifteen million readers, projected on the screen good wholesome laughs or helpful paragraphs over The Leatherneck's name.

An average of six thousand newspapers and magazines are delivered weekly to the offices of Timely Films, Inc., producers of TOPICS OF THE DAY and individuals who have been so fortunate as to visit the editorial offices where this unique film of laughs is made, are amazed at the thoroughness with which TOPICS is compiled.

TOPICS OF THE DAY has a huge library of used jokes and paragraphs; it is called "The Morgue." In it are ten

thousand witticisms, each typed on a separate card and filed. The producers hold these records invaluable.

## FIRST AVIATION GROUP

### By "The Rabbi"

Being as how we were nicknamed, and only recently, "The Rabbi," we shall permit the boys to have a little fun at our expense; hence, let it be known that this bit of personals is contributed by none other than he whom has been designated "The Rabbi."

And in fairness to ourselves and others of whom we are somewhat personal, we trust that all will be taken as a matter of jest, that no offense be taken at what may appear in this column.

Our Sergeant Major has been laid up with some ailment and lately he has been doing bunk fatigue at the Naval Hospital in Washington. Every now and then one can see Lang at the field, which makes us believe that he is not so sick after all, and we are glad, we are you know! We are, however, looking forward to the time, in the not too distant future, when Sgt. Major Lang will be back at his desk in Hdqrs. In the interim, 1st Sergt. Hartkopf is batting 1,000 in the sergeant major's billet.

And while our mind is on the personnel of headquarters permit us to introduce to you "Mickey" Goldberg, our galloping mail orderly! Speech, speech, and more speech, but his name is Ahern, brethren.

As was predicted in this column "Joe" Centner turned the tables on Pinon of the 77th Machine Gun Co. the last time they fought. Perhaps the result was because Joe had that unbeatable combination as seconds, an Irishman and a Jew, but be that as it may, Joe showed a lot of improvement over his previous battle. Both men have a lot more to learn and with careful training and consistent hard work they will improve with each fight.

Centner asks us to announce to the world that he is willing to meet any of the boys at around 135 pounds.

With the advent of the interpost baseball league series the interflight series came to an abrupt end in order to permit the formation of the team that will represent Aviation in the interpost league. This year there are eight teams in the league, and although a hot fight can be expected, it is the opinion of many that the team representing the First Aviation Group bids fair to be one of the strongest contenders for championship honors.

It is regrettable that First Sergeant Novick will not be able to take care of the Aviation team as he is leaving on a thirty-day furlough. His father is reported as very ill and Frank wishes to be home with his folks that he may take care of the family affairs. Here's hoping Frank's dad pulls through O. K. and that we will see the First Sergeant back with us soon.

In the absence of Novick, Sgt. Van Buren has been selected by the members of the team to manage the Aviators. And Van knows baseball, too, so you can rely on a well managed outfit. We're mitt you Van, good luck to you and the team.



The tentative line-up for the opening game with the Tenth Regiment on June 14th has been picked. The pitching quartet is composed of three men who have done considerable twirling on Marine Aviation baseball nines in Haiti and Guam. Starr, as his name indicates, is perhaps the star of them all. Van Buren and Hardin, too, are aces on the aviation team. Red Bryant, the lone southpaw, rounds out the pitching quartet. Bryant is somewhat of a newcomer in aviation baseball circles, but he has three years of semi-pro baseball to recommend him.

"Half-Pint" Grivers and Bill Sievers will take care of the receiving end with Grivers getting the call. In the infield is the incomparable "Bones" Haddock, who will hold down first; "Baldy" Grayson, who will sport around the keystone sack; "Georgie" Williams, who will cavort the territory between second and third, and either Weenie Wanamaker or Piner getting the call at the hot corner.

While Novick is on furlough, the old standby, "Hoppe" Kildow, will traverse the right field berth; fleet-footed "Mike" Buccina will cover center, and "Strike-Out" Butler, a member of the All-Star Haitian team, will cavort the left field garden.

Here's our best wishes to you all, boys! We're backing you to win and we shall look forward to the time when you bring home the bacon! We know you can do it.

Lieutenant Sanderson is going to fulfill a long-looked-for wish when he leaves, by air, on the 12th of June for a cross-country trip to Great Falls, Mont. We all wish you a pleasant trip, Sandy. Besides, he has promised us a story of this trip, so, boys, you should be on the look-out for the August issue. You can be sure that Lieutenant Sanderson's story will be very interesting.

Work has been started in one of the seaplane hangars which will be converted into our recreation hall and gymnasium. The boys have long felt this much needed want and will appreciate it when it is completed. It is planned to set up the bowling alleys, etc., in one corner of the gym; to partition off a part for the boys who will do their training for boxing bouts, and there will be a large area converted into a reading room and library. A five-tube super-heterodyne Radiola set is to be installed for the benefit of the boys who care to listen in.

By the way, Lieutenant Sanderson promised the boys a smoker after he gets back from his Montana trip. And now the boys are looking forward to the event.

#### OLD-TIMER TALKS TO MARINES

On May 5 Ted Sullivan, one of the founders of baseball, gave an illustrated lecture for the Marines at Quantico on the early days of the game. Sullivan it was who organized the Giants-White Sox cruise around the world. He is the founder of both the Northwestern and Southern League. He was former pitcher and manager of the St. Louis Browns and also managed the old Washington club back in 1888. His address was well received by the Marines. Sullivan rates "Horse" Chadbourne as the greatest pitcher and player of all time, with Walter Johnson second.

#### SAN DIEGO BASE STAGES GOLF TOURNAMENT

By Allen G. Hines, 1 of 57

May 19—Today was played the finals of what I believe is the first Nine Hole Golf Tournament played by enlisted men of the Marine Corps; in other words, another Gyrene record.

On the 17th and 18th, the preliminaries were played. Sixteen players qualified and played for the prizes offered by the Post Exchange.

Captain Joseph T. Smith, our Commanding Officer, and First Lieut. Arthur J. Burks, Exchange Officer and Author, acted as judges and distributed the prizes. Captain Smith is new to our detachment, but is an ardent golfer, as he says, "Once you hit the pill and find it, you're doomed!"

Sgt. C. J. Anderson won first place, turning in a score of forty-six. His nibs, the second. Funny thing about that second place. In the morning after all scores were turned in, it was found that four men with respective scores of forty-eight each had tied for 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th prize money. The tie was played off in the afternoon by playing over three of the hardest holes. Cpl. J. J. Pifel, our Russian Matador, won third; Music H. L. Mather of the icy blasts, won fourth. Privates Gordon Lilley, Alex Brown and Cecil Bray, the fifth, sixth and seventh. Considering that our greens are sand, our fairways, rock, shell, sand and bunkers which Mother Nature has so kindly provided, the scores turned in are exceedingly good. The respective scores of the winners are as follows—numbers set opposite are scores resulting from the tie playoff:

Anderson, 46.  
Hines, 48—14.  
Pifel, 48—18—5.  
Mather, 48—18—7.  
Lilley, 48—20.  
Bray, 53.  
Brown, 54.

The writer is endeavoring to arrange a tournament between enlisted men from all posts and stations in the vicinity of San Diego. Local sportive merchants are lending me their support in way of prizes. If this speculated tournament goes through, I expect to find some real, hidden talent.

Many people sneer at the idea of golf-playing. They, however, never stopped to consider that golf is a game in a class high as football, baseball, tennis and many other sports; above all it is not a SISSY'S game! To be a good golfer one must have the eye of a good shot, the quiet nerve of a surgeon and the flexible, wiry muscles of a cat. He must also be a good cusser and loser. It is a game like swimming, where every muscle of the body is brought into play; it gets one out in the open where the air is fresh and clean; it builds up vitality and keeps one fit. Too much cannot be said of the benefits derived from the game. The majority of big leaguers, football stars and tennis champions are golfers. It is a game played by President and King; Steel Magnate and Steeple Jack; General and Private; in fact, it takes in men from every walk of life. One of the best golfers of the day was once a HOBO!

One way for people to get over their sneering at golfers, is to watch some pro or good golfer do his stuff. Then try to duplicate the drives, putts, and other shots they witnessed. That is almost a sure cure for the disease known as "Sneer."

There are many golf-widows waiting at home for the return of a husband who once sneered.

#### WHERE IS?

A. P. Wark is requested to write to P. O. Box 389, Wilmington, N. C. A young lady that made his acquaintance at Parris Island would like to hear from him.

Arthur Tabor is requested to write to Marine Recruiting, Wilmington, N. C. Steve would like to hear from him.

#### NEW AVIATION DUTY FOR HAITI

Aviation has been called upon to perform a new duty in Haiti, which will save the lives of several prisoners periodically and will save thousands of acres of good land.

There are two inland lakes, the Miragoanes, in the mountains of Haiti, from which there is but one subterranean outlet. This outlet becomes clogged up with natural debris from time to time and, in the past, it has been impossible to find anyone willing to risk removing the obstruction. Prisoners have been used for this work, and prisoners regularly have lost their lives performing it.

The mountains surrounding the lakes are so impassable, due to steep slopes and the marshlands waist deep with water, that engineers have been unable to solve the problem of cutting an outlet through the range which will prevent the inundation of the valley by the rising waters in the lake.

The Marine Corps flyers stationed in Haiti recently completed an aerial photographic survey of the lakes and the surrounding terrain from which the engineers can now lay their plans for blasting a way for the water to reach the sea several miles from the shores of the lakes. Whereas they formerly were groping blindly, trusting to luck to find the natural outlet, they can work direct to the beginning of the subterranean passage and open it without loss of lives.

#### AIRCRAFT MATCHES

It is interesting to note that in the annual machine-gun and bombing matches (aircraft) the Marine Corps Aviators entered in the contest all did exceptionally well. The competition is always held at the close of the regular practice season and is open to all components of the Army and of the Bureau of Aeronautics. Until this year neither the Navy nor the Marine Corps has been represented, but, in view of the fact that the pursuit squadrons at Quantico have recently been equipped with Boeing pursuit planes, it was deemed advisable to enter the competition against the cream of the Army.

The competition consists of four matches divided up in general according to the types of planes used. These matches are known as the pursuit pilots match, the observation and attack pilots match, the observers match and the bomb-

Continued on page fifty

# PLACES ON THE MAP

By Traveler

## I. YEMASSEE!

Yes, the place was really on the map for a long time before the U. S. Marines made the people in every State of the Union understand that it was there. In fact, the Marines made it famous.

Yemassee was certainly on the schedule of the Charleston and Western Carolina Railroad even before the Marines captured Parris Island. For was it not the only land-point which connected with the ancient and very beautiful town of Beaufort which has traditions of days dating back into the 1660's?

What, then, can there be of even passing interest to the men of the Marine Corps in a small triangular set of train rails fixed in such an almost inaccessible part of the country as this appears to be to the town or city visitors? The answer is, "It is the real approach to Port Royal, which in turn is the gateway to Parris Island."

Through it since 1917 have passed all sorts and conditions of men, rich and poor; men from the halls of learning, men from the little backwoods school-house, men from the mansion and men from city alleys, all eager to become the trained and faithful U. S. Marines. Some thought they had reached the end of the world when they changed cars on the railroad at this village with Indian name, while others with greater vision simply accepted it with the "all things" which necessarily enter into a life of military or naval service.

Right across from the small depot stands a tiny barracks in the grounds attached to a house or quarters, the residence of the noncommissioned officer in charge of the post. On the lawn flies the Flag of all flags which calls for the devotion and loyalty for which the Corps is famous.

The outlook very often is dusty, very sultry, and uninviting, whilst sometimes you see the uniform as you descend to the track and a lovely welcome is yours. On one occasion it was raining heavily as the writer arrived. He looked around for a porter to handle his grips but none hove in sight. A fine specimen of manhood in Marine uniform, however, stepped forward with the query, "Can I help you, sir?"

When I voiced the wish to get to Port Royal, the Marine seized the heavy grips and led the way to a waiting train.

"Have the Marines a Post here?" I queried.

"Sure, sir; I'm here," was the quick reply.

"But what is your duty?" I asked.

"Well," replied the Sergeant, "I'm here to keep fellows straight, and see that they go right."

Then noticing my bewildered look, he added, "You see, sir, this is the jumping-off place for Parris Island, the Marine Training Station. Fellows come here from all parts of the country and I'm here to meet them and to see they get on the right train. Then, when their training is over they receive their assignment and I make sure they go by the train taking them north, south, or west as called for by their orders."

I listened to this long and splendid explanation wonderingly and then remarked, "But isn't it a lonely job?"

Drawing back a little the Sergeant, pointing to the Flag beating wildly in the wind and rain, said, "See that Flag! That Flag goes up every morning and comes down every night just the same as if there were 500 men here, and see this uniform (proudly tapping his breast); this uniform is being worn by nearly 20,000 other men in all parts of the world. How can a guy feel lonely with a crowd like that and under that Flag?"

Many a time have I thought of that fine Sergeant and his finer lesson of that afternoon at Yemassee and of the many, many thousands of the Nation's finest young men who have passed through both ways to the splendid service of the Corps and of whom such a crowd proved their valor on the fields of France. Many went "West," while large numbers still bear the marks of those days and still suffer. The procession is always on the move and with a vision of the highest and best in Service they pass through the quiet little station with the same wondering thoughts as those of the thousands gone before whose motto also like theirs was and is "Semper Fidelis."

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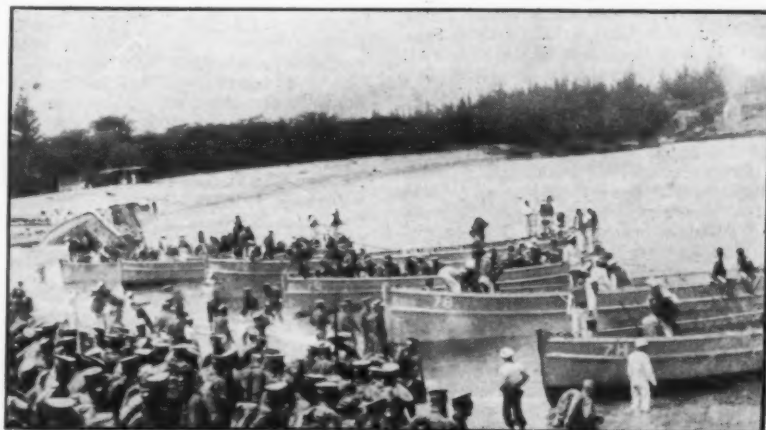
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## POST NEWS—continued

bardment match (heavier than air). In the pursuit pilots match there were nine entrants, of whom four were Marine Officers. These officers took second, third, fourth and ninth places, the pilots being First Lieut. Lawson H. M. Sanderson, First Lieut. Christian F. Schilt, First Lieut. Harmon J. Norton, and First Lieut. William L. McKittrick. In the observation and attack pilots match the Marine Corps had only one entry, Captain Robert J. Archibald, who took second place amongst four contestants. No pilots or observers were entered in the other two matches.

The pursuit pilots match consists of (1) firing at a ground target with fixed gun, (2) firing at a tow target with fixed gun, and (3) low altitude bombing. Firing on the ground target consists of fifty shots approaching from each of the following directions: front, right, left, and rear, a total of two hundred shots. Firing on the tow target consists of firing fifty rounds on a sleeve towed by another plane. In low altitude bombing ten bombs of a small type are dropped on a stationary target from an altitude not less than three hundred feet.

The observation and attack pilots match consists of firing upon a ground target and low altitude bombing.

The results, so far as the Marine Corps is concerned, are very gratifying in that this was the first year in which there were any Marine entrants in the competition and in that the courses fired were wholly new to the Marine Corps pilots. It is well to note that the difference between first and second places in the pursuit match was only 21 points, the scores being, respectively, 730 and 709, and that the difference between first and second places in the observation and attack pilots match was only 7 points, the respective scores being 197 and 190. It must be remembered also that the Army contestants were the best that the Army could produce from anywhere in the United States and the Canal Zone.

It is also well to note that the Marine Corps never had pursuit ships prior to March, 1926, and that all their training with these aircraft was accomplished in a period of less than three months.

## SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

## "Tell It To The Marines"

Exhibiting a brand of military culture that is acquired only by hard, long, conscientious training, three hundred and some Leathernecks, dressed in their most colorful uniforms made their cinema debut last Saturday in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's super military production, "Tell It to the Marines."

If it was possible to color this picture just as they were presented before the camera, one could not hope to see a more variegated harmony of color. Surrounded by ornamentally engraved Spanish buildings beautifully decorated with illustrious lavender vines with a border formed by black acacia trees; three hundred vivid blue uniforms offset by snow white gloves, belts and bayonet scabbards, dappled with the gold on the non-commissioned officers' sleeves, created what an artist would term a "perfect military romantic scene."

This picture is such a good advertise-

men for the Marine Corps that the Major General Commandant has detailed Major Willcox as military counsel and director. And from what we saw of Major Willcox's supervising last Saturday, we know that the military scenes will be without criticisms.

During one of the rest periods Lieut. Colonel Miller called a general assembly and introduced Major Willcox for the purpose of explaining "just what it was all about." In Major Willcox's talk we learned that Lon Chaney, one of the most clever actors on the screen, is to be the leading man in the role of a Marine Gunnery Sergeant; assisting Mr. Chaney will be Mr. Hines, who in the picture enlists in the Marine Corps and receives his recruit instruction in this Base.

Whipping a Marine into the principal character, Lon Chaney, is being done by Sergeant Hoople, U. S. M. C. It was amusing to the Marines to learn that Sergeant Hoople was giving out work in the line of drilling in wholesale lots to the stars of Hollywood.

It was also learned that the picture is to be a Marine picture from start to finish and the Major laid emphasis on the fact that everything the Marines did in this picture would go down as a mark of distinction for them; and nothing would be accepted but the usual way Marines did things, and that was the very best.

Mr. Wilson, the director, made a very interesting talk on the class of picture that "Tell It to the Marines" is going to be. He stated that "Classmates" was a great story about West Point and the Army. And the Navy was delighted with the "Midshipman," but the Marines are going to be doubly proud of their production, "Tell It to the Marines."

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Motion Picture Corporation is going to give a steam shovel in return for the services rendered by the Marines, a very welcome gift that will greatly lessen the man power and labor in reclaiming the soil of this Base.

Mr. Wilson also promised the Marines that if the films were a success he would send them down as soon as practicable so they could be shown on the screen here.

Last Thursday afternoon the Fourth Regiment turned out in full force to render the highest honors that can be given an enlisted man in time of peace. That is to pass in review in his honor. The man in question is none other than Sergeant Major Benjamin J. McFarland, U. S. Marine Corps, who on June 30th will have completed thirty years of honorable service under Uncle Sam.

McFarland first enlisted in the U. S. Army in 1898. During his time with the Army he served in the Philippines, China, Cuba, Mexico, Nicaragua and Central America.

He enlisted in the U. S. Marines in 1913 and has served with this fighting outfit ever since. McFarland has a record that he can proudly compare with any of the old timers.

He was a member of the Marine Detachment aboard the U. S. S. Pittsburgh on her cruise to Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo and Buenos Aires in 1917. From there he returned to Quantico, and then home to San Diego. He immediately re-

enlisted and joined the Machine Gun Replacement Battalion of Marines and left for Quantico on a special train with a nucleus for forming a battalion of machine gunners. Mac says they were real Marines, every man of them, and the pick of the West Coast. He says that one can see a great many of their names decorating the memorial tablet at Balboa Park in the American Legion Building. And only a Marine who was a member of the Fifth and Sixth Regiments or of the Sixth Machine Gun Battalion of Marines knows what calibre that crowd of men was made up of: Jesse Ball, Sonnie Jones, Walter Luckie and Pat Moran are just a few of the old guard and no doubt are remembered by all the old timers. And maybe Mac himself wasn't a fighting Irishman. It was men like him that made the Kaiser say: "With the help of God and a few Marines I could conquer the world."

Mac was the 125 pound champion of the U. S. Army and Navy, winning the belt from Nixon of the U. S. S. Pittsburgh during the opening week of the Alaskan-Yukon Exposition, and has trained a great many fighters of the Navy and Marines since that time.

McFarland has actually served twenty-four and one-half years of straight service and has five and one-half years of double time. And what's more he does not regret a single day spent in the Marine Corps, and he adds that he doubts very much whether or not any man in civil life has seen as much of the world as he has since his first cruise in this man's outfit.

It is men like McFarland that have given the Marine Corps its high standing. As General Butler said last Thursday upon presenting McFarland with his warrant as Sergeant Major, "I want all men of this command to take a good look at McFarland and let him set an example for new recruits." After thirty years of service he is still a good man, and they say that he is still clever with the gloves.

We take this opportunity to wish him the best success, and that his life on the outside will be full of happiness and prosperity. We know that he will never forget the old Corps.

Sergeant H. C. Powers, Corporal William D. LeRoy, Private First Class McKinley Floyd and Private John G. McDonald left this base at 7:00 o'clock last night for the Santa Fe station where they boarded the 2 o'clock train this morning for Hollywood. They are to report to Major J. P. Willcox, U. S. Marine Corps, Military Counsel and Director of the picture, "Tell It to the Marines," now being filmed by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation.

The above named Marines are to take part in the picture along with Lon Chaney who is the star of the play. They will remain in Hollywood until ordered by Major Willcox to return to this Base for duty.

## MARINES OUTSHOOT NAVY

The Quantico Marines defeated the Midshipmen in a dual rifle match at Annapolis, May 22, by 65 points, scoring a total of 2,380 to 2,315. The Plebe riflemen engaged Central High School, of Washington, D. C., winning 1,352 to 1,262.



## ANOTHER MUSICIAN RETIRES

On June 15th, Principal Musician August Pfeleger, of the Marine Band, was placed upon the retired list of enlisted men of the U. S. Marine Corps. Upon the date of retirement, he had completed thirty years and nine days service in the U. S. Army and Marine Corps. His record was one of long and faithful service, a credit to himself and to the Marine Corps; and it is hoped that he may find much happiness during the coming years.

He served throughout the Spanish-American War and has served continuously in the Marine Band since June 7, 1902. His records show no days absent, and he was discharged at the expiration of every enlistment with character Excellent. He was awarded one Good Conduct Medal and five good conduct medal bars.

He has traveled throughout the United States from coast to coast during his period of service with the U. S. Marine Band.

He regrets very much that the time for his retirement has come so soon, and wishes that he could stay longer among the many friends he has made in the service.

## MARINE BARRACKS, GUAM

When you look at the map covering the islands of the broad Pacific, you will possibly spy a very small speck there marked GUAM. It looks very small, n'est-ce pas? Well, take it from me, and don't allow the map to disillusion you, because this place is much larger—larger not only in size, but in Marine activities, social, athletic and military.

The Leathernecks on this island have something to do all of the time, and it is not all work. In fact, a great amount of the time is devoted to pleasure. The command is widely separated, and the distance between the three posts, Agana, Piti and Sumay, ranges from seven miles up to twelve and a half miles, but a regular schedule Government and privately owned liberty busses brings the posts closer together.

Naturally, the social athletic activities interest the Marines most. Agana is the center of the social activities, which include parties and dances held at least twice a month, either at the Service Club or Dorn Hall. Capacity crowds, and the fair ladies are never conspicuous by their absence, are always in attendance. The Service Club dances are sponsored by the Chaplain, while the Dorn Hall affairs are conducted under the auspices of the R. E. M. These dances are general service dances, but the Marines, ever on the job, are hosts at their regular dances given at the Sumay schoolhouse, as I said before, twelve and a half miles out of town; but that is a small matter because transportation is furnished for all points north, east, south, and west, and because of the elaborateness of our parties, we never fail to draw a record crowd. Talk about music, the Marine Jazz Orchestra on this rock would put Paul Whiteman to shame.

The climate in Guam does not permit extensive athletics, but nevertheless, the Plaza in Agana is often the scene of

very successful smokers which are knockouts in every sense of the word. At the last convention of the pugilistic artists, the hard hitting Gyrenes scored three knockouts and two decisions out of the seven bouts. Polouski, Judge, Alexander, Doucet and Catagnier were the winners and all showed excellent form.

And last, but not least, get an earful of this dope. One week ago, it was decided to form a club for noncommissioned officers. At a meeting held April 23, 1926, the noncoms all assembled and the club was duly organized. Sergeant Major Lee Blake was elected president; Quartermaster Sergeant Phillip J. Manning, vice president; First Sergeant Allen R. Donaghy, secretary-treasurer; and First Sergeant James R. Brown, chairman of the board of governors. The day following the organization of the club, preparations were made to whip the clubhouse, which is a large building overlooking the Pacific at Orote Point, into shape for immediate occupancy. And when we move in, it will be with a crash—not temporary, but a permanent thing, with the ball rolling continuously. The new Noncommissioned Officers' Club is to serve many purposes. Its premier purpose is to develop a feeling of good fellowship and camaraderie among the men, a place where they can gather for their bull-fests, chow-fests, and any other kind of a fest that they see fit to indulge in. It is the present plan of the members to hold dances twice a month, and from the outlook at this time, it appears that they are going over the top with their plans.

Then hear ye! All ye Leathernecks that have painted a false picture of the Island of Guam and the duties and life of a Marine stationed there. Erase that picture and draw a mental one of the Marines at Guam on a nine-hole golf course, on the dance floor twice a month, and lounging at ease in a well equipped clubhouse. When the next detail leaves for Guam and your name appears on the list, don't consider yourself as an unfortunate, but snap out of it and know that you are coming to a place that is not so bad after all.

## HAITI CAMPAIGN BADGE

Officers and enlisted men who have not yet received their Haitian campaign badges, 1919-1920, should apply at once to the Bureau of Navigation. The large number of unclaimed medals indicates that the officers and men who served in the Haitian campaign do not know they are entitled to the medal. The period for which this badge is issued is from April 1, 1919, to June 15, 1920, and any officer or enlisted man of the Navy or Marine Corps who served in Haiti during this period, or part of such period, is entitled to the badge, as are also the officers and enlisted men who were attached to certain vessels which operated in Haitian waters. The names of the vessels and the service for which the medal is granted can be ascertained from General Order No. 77.

## WHERE IS?

Miss Ida Wibbessmann, Box 164, Harvey, Ill., is anxious to hear from Victor Erickson, who, she believes, was transferred to the West Coast about a year ago.

## WOULD AWARD CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR TO COM. BYRD

Award of the Congressional medal of honor to Lieut. Comdr. Richard E. Byrd for "his dauntless courage and unerring skill" in piloting the first aircraft over the North Pole is proposed in a bill introduced in Congress by Representative McLeod of Michigan.

The measure would authorize "due recognition" to other members of the Byrd expedition, particularly Naval Aviation Pilot Floyd Bennett, assistant pilot of the Polar plane.

In advocating passage of the bill Congressman McLeod declared that the "flight is another and perhaps one of the most conclusive bits of evidence that the day of aviation has arrived."

## REFUSES TO TAKE OATH

An unprecedented incident marked the graduation exercises at the Naval Academy on June 3 when Midshipman Earl B. Zirkle, appointed from Kansas, refused to take the oath administered to all graduates. By direction of the Secretary of the Navy the Navy Department issued orders that Zirkle be permitted to retain his diploma, for the time being at least, and that he be sent on the Midshipmen's cruise. As the case is without parallel the department will make a careful study of its legal aspects and reach a decision as to what final action will be taken.

Zirkle, whose repeated resignations were refused during the winter, says he regards himself as unfit by temperament and character for naval service.

## COLONEL BRADMAN'S SON PASSES FIFTH

Frederick Bradman, Jr., son of Colonel F. L. Bradman, commanding officer of the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., has just passed with a high standing the Naval Academy entrance examinations.

Out of a group of forty-four Presidential nominees, he wound up in fifth place—an excellent showing.

At some time in the not-too-distant future we hope to see this boy, like his father, in the uniform of a U. S. Marine.

## KEEPING UNIFORMS ON DISCHARGE

Secretary of the Navy Wilbur has urged the Military and Naval Affairs Committees of the House of Representatives to block passage in Congress of the bills, S. 2912 and H. R. 8592, which would deprive enlisted men of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, of all their outer uniform clothing when honorably discharged or transferred to the reserve, except such clothing as they may be permitted to wear to their homes.

Secretary Wilbur stated that as many enlisted men of all the services purchase extra clothing over and above their clothing allowance, to deprive them of all their clothing including that so purchased would be an infringement on their constitutional rights in that it would be a seizure of property without due process of law. The Senate already has passed its bill, and the House bill is on the calendar, having been reported favorably by the Military Committee.



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## SHARPE'S LAST GAMBLE

Continued

twisted his mouth to keep from laughing.

"No, Sir!" Sharpe was vehement in his denial. "No, Sir! I do not know her. She's either a liar or she is mistaken! I—"

"Very well, Sharpe, allow me to present you to your wife, Mrs. Tineo, I believe, is her name."

"Oh, good Lord!" The words were a wail, and perspiration once more stood out on a worried forehead.

"Sharpe," the Old Man's eyes twinkled, but his voice was icy, "you know it is against regulations for you to fight chickens, to even visit the pits! What have you to say?"

"Nothing, Sir!" Poor Sharpe was almost crying. "Nothing, Sir! I never saw the woman before, Sir! It is true I gambled. I remember now that Tineo did say something about betting his wife and his home and his pig, and I won the fight; but, Sir, I didn't want the woman and the business and the children, and I never used any of them, Sir! I swear it, Sir! I—"

The boy sounded as if he were praying, and the little quirks of laughter at the corners of the Old Man's mouth got deeper and deeper, but he kept his face solemn and his voice steady.

"Well, Sharpe, seeing that you were guilty, there must be a punishment! But I'll give you a chance this time. You shall go out and find this fellow Tineo, bring him back and restore to his arms his wife, reunite this happy family which you have so ruthlessly torn apart. If you can prevail upon Tineo to return and take up the burden of this woman's support, restore to him his pig, his house and his business, you may consider your account squared. Unless, of course, you prefer to assume the responsibility of caring for this woman and her children yourself."

"Oh, Lord, Colonel, just give me a chance! I'll find Tineo if he is in the Island, Colonel! Oh, Freeman, get that woman out of here! Tell her Tineo'll be home tonight! And—Colonel, Sir, please, Sir, if you could just manage to keep it quiet, Sir!"

"Keep it?" The Colonel gave Sharpe a hurt look. "Would you deny me the pleasure of telling this, Sharpe! I can't promise to keep it, Sharpe; it's good—too good to keep to myself!" and the Old Man, almost human for the time, burst into a loud chuckle and held his sides while Sharpe went out to look for Tineo.

"Go with him, Freeman, but," and the laugh made his words jerky, "but mind you come back and tell me about it!" and the fat hand rested on my shoulder while we forgot dignity and rank and laughed.

We found Tineo some hours later, out in the brush; a cold, hungry, and weary Tineo, eager and willing to go back to his wife, but the pig was another matter. The pig was gone, and in all Alongapo we could not find him. A black pig, Mrs. Tineo assured us, with a red rag around one leg. We searched all afternoon, and at last hired a dozen "gu-gu" kids to help us in the hunt, promising two pesos to the one who brought us our prize. Within an hour we had seven black pigs, each with a red rag on a leg, and who is

## MARINE BREAKS WORLD RECORD



CORPORAL FRANCIS J. SHANNON, U. S. M. C.

Above we have Corporal Francis J. Shannon, U. S. Marine Corps, new champion rifle shot of the world. Shannon, firing on the Marine Rifle Team from Bremerton, Washington, made the phenomenal score of 347 out of a possible 350 on the regular Army course, at the Marine Corps Rifle Range at La Jolla, on the 18th of May while firing during the Western Division Competition meet.

He made possibles on all ranges with the exception of 200 standing, where he made 47. No one but a Leatherneck could accomplish such a feat. Rifle shots all over the world will probably be shooting from now until the end of the world attempting to beat this young Marine's record, but in order to do so they will have to fire 69 rounds of ammunition without getting out of the white ring once, and on the seventieth shot will have to get at least a tray. Corporal Shannon has certainly put up a record for the world to shoot at. The former world's record was 346, held by Lieutenant Conrad.

Corporal Shannon's home is in Boston where he lived prior to enlisting in the Marine Corps, three years and eight months ago. He went through training at Mare Island, being transferred to the Marine Barracks, Bremerton, Washington, from there. Shannon last year fired in meets at Mare Island and later went to Camp Perry to join the Marine Corps Rifle Team, although he was eliminated before the world's championship matches. He will take another chance at the big Marine team this year, and although it takes a good man to make the team, from his past records he should certainly find a place open.

there to say which pig was the right one? For that matter, Tineo did not know, and he little cared. He was a happy hombre, owner once more of a profitable cockpit, a pig of some sort, a wife, and father of the children which he had once thoughtlessly gambled away.

And Sharpe! Well, when we ragged him that night in the mess hall about his "Matrimony," he threatened us with his mess tools, swore that he'd ram the

story back in the throat of any man that dared to tell it; and then, to make doubly sure that I wouldn't talk, he bargained with me for peace, and gave me gallant little Buck, the cause of all the trouble.

Needless to say, Sharpe was through with chickens! I don't believe he has ever again bet on a cockfight, or even gone to see one. I hardly think he ever will!

## THE DEATH PLANE

Continued

face. The fierce-eyed man was staring at Calnan in unconcealed ferocity.

"Wade dead!" spat out the swarthy man contemptuously. "I don't believe it. If he is, you can't mix us up into it. I can prove he left here in his SW Experimental. The kid over there heard him take off—and there are others who knew he was going to make the hop."

"Right," agreed Calnan quietly. "And who in God's world would have guessed that he was sitting there stone dead—while you were down here guiding him through the dark with the radio control he had given his life to?"

There was an electric-charged silence as he completed. Landre trembled suddenly and slumped into a terrified, cringing figure. The tiger-eyed man uttered an inarticulate cry and broke into a torrent of words in some foreign language, directed at his comrade. Stafford looked at Calnan almost in disbelief.

"Radio?" he repeated. "You mean they killed him here and sent him clear to the field by radio control? I thought you were using the idea of a parachute."

"I gave that up when I saw the gyroscope under the front seat," explained the flight surgeon. "I suppose I could have told you but I was in a hurry and it would have wasted time. The radio set and the relays were in a case bolted to the bottom of the front seat, and the antennae was in the wings. If the landing gear hadn't been smashed we could have found a catch of some sort for holding the plane to that catapult out there in the tent."

"That's how they work it ordinarily, though I imagine Wade had some valuable improvements to the system. A catapult car holds the plane while compressed air shoots the car up to a high speed in a few yards. Then the car stops suddenly, the plane is launched, and the radio control does the rest. The thing has been worked out in some foreign countries with fair success, but I'll bet no one ever used it to hide a murder before."

He turned to the sergeant who was holding Landre.

"See if there is a bunch of keys in his pocket. Ah, now, we'll check up on ourselves."

He swung open the door leading into the room the boy had described as Wade's workshop. In one corner was a large switchboard, on which were mounted several dials, rheostats, and snap-switches, each bearing a letter or word. From the board a number of cables led to the floor, disappearing in a conduit. Calnan inspected the room with a quick eye.

"It's pretty easy to figure out what they meant to do," he said to Stafford. "Once the ship was launched the thing was to get it as far away as possible. That's why I figured it came on a straight line. Also they would fly it at a good height. Then they could send it into a steep dive—and God help anything that happened to be in its way! There wouldn't have been a thing left. No one could have told who had been in it—and there wouldn't have been the slightest suspicion of murder. The radio control and the gyroscope would have been smashed to bits."

"Then, when the newspapers came out with the story, these two could come forward and tell about Wade's leaving on a night hop. It would be called another flying accident without any doubt. When things cooled over they would be free to leave—with the plans of the control and its underground antennae improvement which I found in Landre's room."

He glanced down at the swarthy figure, huddled over in pain.

"It had me guessing until I saw you, I'll admit. Even then I couldn't place you, though I knew I had seen you somewhere. But the M. I. D. kept a pretty good gallery of the foreign agents during the war, and I'll bet I can prove I'm right in the name. I don't know who your helper is, but maybe I could name the country you're working for. However, we'll leave that for the courts and the State Department to figure out. Stafford, see if you can't find a phone and call the police from Allendale. I guess they'll be glad to overlook the legal fences we've jumped if we let them have the credit of this thing."

As Stafford turned to go the flight surgeon smiled acidly down upon the swarthy face of the man he had trapped.

"You forgot just one little thing, Landre. You fastened Wade's flying belt, but you never thought to secure his arms to keep them from moving around. The jerk from the catapult must have thrown him against the instrument board, so that his arm dangled down in front of the control stick. I suppose you left the stick in to make it look natural, in case the wreck didn't burn up. As long as you kept the ship level everything was all right. But when you pressed the diving button over there the stick moved forward and jammed against his arm. The jam started the automatic relay and shut off the motor, and the result was a slow glide—with a dead man at the stick. So Wade reached out after you, my friend, and revenged himself upon the man he had trusted."



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## THE MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS

*Continued*

and the course in law will include Relations with Civil Authorities in Domestic Disturbances, and Military Government. The course in law and administration in the Company Officers' Course will be reduced.

The following is a tentative list of the officers who will attend the Marine Corps Schools during the 1926-1927 session:

### Field Officers' Course

Lieut. Col. E. R. Beadle, Major N. C. Bates, Major W. S. Harrison, Major S. S. Lee, Major B. W. Mills, Infantry, U. S. Army; Major C. E. Nutting, Major J. A. Rossell, Major H. M. Smith, Major L. S. Willis, Captain W. C. Byrd, Captain A. C. Dearing, Captain A. F. Howard, Captain M. H. Kingman, Captain T. M. Luby, Captain G. D. Miller, Captain DeW. Peck, Captain T. T. Taylor, Captain R. R. Wright.

### Company Officers' Course

Captain E. O. Ames, Captain C. T. Beecher, Captain M. Cox, Captain L. Cukela, Captain S. C. Cumming, Captain W. S. Gaspar, Captain P. S. Geer, Captain E. B. Hammond, Captain R. H. Jeschke, Captain E. D. Kalbfleisch, Captain N. E. Landon, Captain H. O. Martin, Captain J. D. McLean, Captain C. H. Medairy, Captain R. E. Mills, Captain E. L. Mullaly, Captain L. W. Putnam, Captain G. B. Reynolds, Captain W. P. Richards, Captain C. S. Schmidt, Captain M. H. Silverthorne, Captain J. F. Talbot, Captain J. H. McGam, Captain J. W. Webb, Captain W. A. Worton, 1st Lieut. B. W. Atkinson, Jr., 1st Lieut. R. C. Battin, 1st Lieut. A. E. Benson, 1st Lieut. F. C. Biebusch, 1st Lieut. D. Byfield, 1st Lieut. W. S. Fellers, 1st Lieut. F. S. Gilman, 1st Lieut. J. C. Grayson, 1st Lieut. G. Hall, 1st Lieut. C. H. Hartsel, 1st Lieut. O. A. Inman, 1st Lieut. D. Kipness, 1st Lieut. C. W. Lavlett, 1st Lieut. C. W. Martyr, 1st Lieut. C. W. McLeod, 1st Lieut. O. B. Osmondson, 1st Lieut. M. V. Parsons, 1st Lieut. R. S. Pendleton, 1st Lieut. E. A. Poe, Jr., 1st Lieut. J. T. Selden, 1st Lieut. H. P. Smith, 1st Lieut. M. D. Smith, 1st Lieut. A. Stahlberger, 1st Lieut. L. S. Swindler, 1st Lieut. C. R. Wallace, 1st Lieut. W. G. Farrell, 1st Lieut. A. R. Holderby.

### Correspondence Courses

The Correspondence Courses of the Marine Corps Schools will begin in September, 1926, under the direct charge of Major H. H. Utley, and six instructors. The Army Correspondence Courses, modified to meet Marine Corps conditions, have been adopted for the instruction and training of officers of the Marine Corps and the Marine Corps Reserve who may desire to enroll in them. About one hundred and sixty enrollments have been received.

It is believed that these courses will prove a valuable addition to the Marine Corps educational system. They have withstood the test of several years' use in the Army, where they have proven a most valuable and popular means of instructing officers who cannot attend one of the established schools.





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## "DOC" CLIFFORD

Continued

The singing was through, prayer had been offered. I had spoken so often that I wanted an inspiration. "What shall I speak about tonight, boys?" was my query. "The old stuff, Doc," the immediate response of a little Marine. "What do you mean by the 'old stuff'?" I asked. After a few moments hesitation, an officer rose and said, "The real religion of Jesus Christ, sir." The crowd cheered and clapped and for the next twenty minutes they again had "the old stuff."

Can they be trusted? Absolutely! Not long ago the train on which I was a passenger halted at a station in the South. Two Marines came aboard, taking the seat near the door in the right corner. Soon followed a lady with two little girls aged eight and twelve years. Giving all the passengers the once-over, she at length reversed the seat in front of the Marines, placed her children therein and, having the baggage placed on the rack, said, "Will you two boys look after my girls till they get to— and then see them out safely?" "Sure, ma'am," was the reply. A kiss to the girls, a "thank you" to the Marines, and she was gone. I followed to the platform. "Pardon me, madam," I exclaimed, "do you know those men?" "What men?" was her reply. "Why, the men into whose care you gave your children." "No, sir," she answered; on which I said, "Well, do you think such a thing is wise?" Her answer came back, "But they are Marines, Sir!" "Yes, that may be," I enjoined, "but they are only service men, and to leave your little girls in their charge seems very unwise; for all strangers, and especially service men, are not to be trusted in such a way." Her eyes flashed as she burst out, "My boy was a Marine; he went to France and was killed there, and all Marines can be trusted." "All aboard!" shouted the conductor; and, after a handclasp and "God bless you, mother," I got back into the train and told the boys what she had said. The girls certainly had a good time, and were safely put off the train. One of the boys approached me, saying, "Gee, 'Doc', if everybody trusted us like that!" I have always said to the Marines, "Our country trusts us; we never betray that trust. Old Glory knows that 'Semper Fidelis' means the old Corps. The world trusts us, our people do trust us, mothers and their daughters trust us, and our own trust in God must enable us to realize our highest ideals of service by our daily becoming the body of men upon whom they and God, too, can depend to carry an unblemished reputation in all the things which go to make up real Christian manhood." This also I endeavor to carry out myself, in order that they, watching me, may be constrained to follow my Master.

I have taken Catholic boys to their Mass, I have accompanied Jewish boys to their synagogues, I have visited almost every church with the men, and I think one of the biggest compliments ever paid me was when a Catholic boy was once asked, "To what Church does 'Doc' Clifford belong?" replied, "Church hell! He don't belong to no church; he belongs to God and the Marines!"

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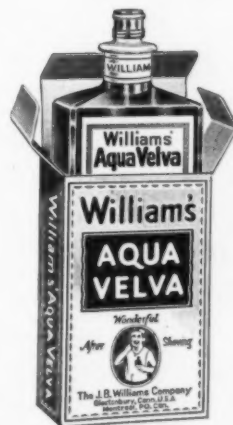
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## SOME DOGS I HAVE MET IN THE CORPS

By John H. Clifford

It is the ambition of most boys to possess a dog, and from their earliest baby days they are anxious to make friends with any lone, mangy pup that crosses their path. "The Gang" in the picture show always has a greater fascination when the dog is portrayed, while "Rin-Tin-Tin" is almost revered by the crowd of movie fans who watch with chills running up and down their spine the dangers encountered in their favorite's thrilling escapades and rescues. One of Charlie Chaplin's most popular presentations was seen in "A Dog's Life," and who has not watched the amazingly clever antics of the circus or vaudeville troupe of performing dogs?

No class of men can find and make friends with the dogs of a village, town, or city more readily than a group of Marines. This we realized to a wonderful degree in France when on every hike and in every advance a whole crowd of dogs of every conceivable size, and color, and breed accompanied the moving battalions. This also has proved true when the Fall Maneuvers has taken the Quantico Marines through the fair fields and over the roads of Virginia and Maryland. Many a farmer searched for days before he recovered the dog which had fallen under the spell of the marching regiment and had simply left home and enlisted without consent.

Every post has its dogs, too, with a record ranging from Sergeant Major



"TED"

Jiggs, the celebrated "Bull," to the meanest looking cur it is possible to imagine. Today, however, I want to speak of TED the splendid St. Bernard attached to the Marine Barracks at Washington, D. C. Ted has a service record book kept as carefully as that of any Marine. From it I have taken the following entries:

Name: Rowe, Theodore.  
No.. 13952, Barracks Detachment.  
Date of birth: June 10, 1919.  
Accepted for enlistment: July 19.  
Made Corporal: Oct. 1, 1923.  
Language: Dog English.  
Eyes: Brown.  
Hair: Brown and White.  
Height: 26 1-2 inches.  
Weight: 125 pounds.

Originally owned by Major Charles Sanderson, but changed ownership on April 1, 1925, when name was changed as above.

Special qualifications: Inspector of troops during entire period of duty. Excellent.

Rate of pay: Private: 1 beef bone or hind leg of suitable cow daily. Corporal: additional provision of 2 plates of ice cream on Sunday and occasional permit to sleep in the First Sergeant's quarters on a rug.

Remarks: A. W. O. L.—5 days bread and water. A. O. L.—bath and one week's restriction. Disobedience of orders—lash with belt. For biting "Billy," another dog—mouth washed with laundry soap. Failing to stand at attention during evening "Colors" and howling at trumpeter—bath.

Ted knows when he has done wrong and feels keenly the disgrace of any punishments inflicted. He has, however, a fine record of late, as his last A. W. O. L. is dated March 26 to 28, 1925, when his sentence was one day's restriction and no beef bone for dinner. Ted believes in the uniform and unless ordered by his master, the First Sergeant, he will not make friends with people in civilian attire. He loves and is loved by every Marine who has the privilege of service in the Marine Barracks of the Capital.



SERGT. BARTLEY, of the Quantico Gymnasium, the owner of the police dog "Lady Jane." They know and understand each other and revel in each other's company.

## THE GAZETTE

Major General J. A. Lejeune,  
Commandant

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. John C. Beaumont.  
Lt. Col. Walter N. Hill.  
Maj. Harry K. Fickett.  
Capt. John D. Lockburner.  
1st Lt. James M. Smith.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

Col. J. C. Beaumont  
Lt. Col. W. N. Hill  
Maj. H. L. Larson  
Capt. F. S. Robillard  
1st. Lt. H. C. Busbey

## MARINE CORPS ORDERS

May 12, 1926

No orders were announced.

May 13, 1926

Maj. P. H. Torrey, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, NA, Annapolis, Md.

Maj. H. F. Wirgman, detached MB, NA, Annapolis, Md., to Staff of American High Commissioner, Port au Prince, Haiti.

Capt. F. C. Cushing, detailed as an Assistant Quartermaster, effective July 1, 1926.

Capt. R. A. Presley, detached NAS, San Diego, Calif., to First Brigade, Haiti.

1st Lt. C. W. Martyn, detached MB, NOB, Key West, Fla., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. L. B. Puller, detached from aviation duty at NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to duty at Marine Barracks there.

2nd Lt. L. R. Kline, detached from aviation duty at NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to duty at Marine Barracks there.

May 14, 1926

Capt. L. M. Bourne, Jr., detached Air Service Tactical School, Langley Field, Hampton, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. W. K. MacNulty, detached MB, NYD, Boston, Mass., to duty at OIC, Recruiting District of San Francisco, San Francisco, Calif.

Capt. J. F. Moriarty, detached Air Service Technical School, Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. A. G. Rome, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYD, Boston, Mass.

1st Lt. F. O. Rogers, detached Air Service Tactical School, Langley Field, Hampton, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

May 15, 1926

Capt. A. H. Page, upon completion of the COC, relieved from duty with the Marine Corps Schools Detachment, and ordered to duty with the First Aviation Group, MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. L. E. Woods, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. L. B. Puller, detached MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

Qm. Clk. H. J. Smith, detached MB, NS, Guam, to Department of the Pacific.

May 17, 1926

Capt. G. D. Miller, detached MB, USS NEVADA, to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. H. Pefley, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, USS NEVADA.

Qm. Clk. R. L. Willis, detached Department of the Pacific to MB, Quantico, Va.

May 18, 1926

No orders were announced.

May 19, 1926

Pay Clerk G. W. Stahl, on May 11, 1926, detached Headquarters Department of the Pacific San Francisco, to MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

May 20, 1926

No orders were announced.

May 21, 1926

Mar. Gnr. J. F. Evans, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB (San Diego, Calif.).

Qm. Clk. H. J. Smith, assigned to duty at MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

Pay Clk H. J. Gerhard, detached MB, NS,

St. Thomas, V. L., to Headquarters Marine Corps.

Pay Clk. M. E. Richardson, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

May 22, 1926

No orders were announced.

May 24, 1926

Col. A. S. Williams, when directed by the CG, Dept. of the Pacific, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to duty as OIC, Western Recruiting Division, San Francisco, Calif.

Lt. Col. N. P. Vulte, upon reporting of relief, detached from duty as OIC, Western Recruiting Division, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

Maj. A. E. Randall, APM, on June 1, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Office of the Assistant Paymaster, Philadelphia, Pa.

Capt. C. B. Cates, when directed by the CG, Dept. of the Pacific, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Recruiting District of Spokane, Spokane, Washington.

Capt. C. I. Murray, upon reporting of relief, detached Recruiting District of Spokane, Spokane, Washington, to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Capt. J. T. Walker when directed by the CG, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, USS WEST VIRGINIA.

Capt. A. W. Jacobsen, upon reporting of relief, detached MD, USS WEST VIRGINIA, to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. M. Watchman, on July 15, 1926, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, New Orleans, La.

May 25, 1926

Maj. C. A. Lutz detached Air Service Tactical School, Langley Field, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. G. C. Darnall, detached Army Tank School, Camp Meade, Md., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. J. W. Flett, detached Army Tank School, Camp Meade, Md., to MB, Quantico, Va.

May 26, 1926

No orders were announced.

May 27, 1926

Maj. C. S. McReynolds, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to Naval War College, Newport, R. I.

Capt. F. E. Verner, died on May 25, 1926.

1st Lt. G. W. McHenry detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. J. W. Beckett, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NA, Annapolis, Md.

Qm. Clk. J. E. Reamy, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

The following named officers have been promoted to the grades indicated:

Maj. S. L. Larsen.

Capt. F. M. Howard.

1st Lt. W. H. Doyle.

May 28, 1926

No orders were announced.

May 29, 1926

Maj. T. D. Barber, APM, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. A. E. Creesy, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Asiatic Station.

Capt. R. A. Presley, detached NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to First Brigade, Haiti.

1st Lt. C. H. Hartsel, detached MB, NS, New Orleans, La., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. R. Skinner, detached MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Pay Clk. A. D. Sisk, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to Naval Hospital, Norfolk, Va.

June 1, 1926

Capt. C. S. Schmidt, APM, detached Gendarmerie d'Haiti to Headquarters Marine Corps.

Capt. C. T. Beecher, detached Gendarmerie d'Haiti to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. M. V. Parsons, detached Gendarmerie d'Haiti to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. L. A. Dessez, detached Staff of the American High Commissioner, Port au Prince, Haiti, to MB, NYD, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. E. G. Kirkpatrick, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. D. A. Stafford, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. W. H. Lee, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va.

The following named have been appointed second lieutenants in the Marine Corps and assigned to temporary duty under instruction in aviation at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.:

E. W. Snedeker  
L. B. Henderson  
C. B. Graham  
C. G. Wadbrook  
B. F. Kaiser, Jr.  
J. L. Wolfe  
J. S. E. Young, Jr.  
N. N. Nelson  
H. J. Withers  
A. H. Butler  
R. S. Burr  
C. D. Silard  
W. E. Dickey  
T. B. Jordan  
E. J. Ashton  
M. S. Crawford  
K. W. Benner  
E. S. Davis  
R. M. Gulick  
T. A. Wornham  
E. N. Salzman

The following named have been appointed second lieutenants in the Marine Corps and assigned to duty at the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.

R. N. Jordahl  
F. P. Pyzick  
F. J. McQuillen  
K. H. Cornell

June 2, 1926

Maj. W. S. Harrison, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va.

Maj. C. B. Vogel, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Capt. C. M. Jones, resignation accepted to take effect June 15, 1926.

1st Lt. E. A. Poe, Jr., upon reporting of relief, detached MD, USS MAYFLOWER, to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. F. E. Stack, On June 2, 1926, detached Headquarters Marine Corps to MD, USS MAYFLOWER.

June 3, 1926

No orders were announced.

June 4, 1926

Lt. Col. H. D. South, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to the Naval War College, Newport, R. I.

Major J. D. Murray, detached Headquarters Marine Corps to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. C. Grimm, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to Recruiting District of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Capt. G. F. Stockes, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Recruiting District of Denver, Denver, Colorado.

Capt. W. S. Gaspar, detached Recruiting District of Denver, Denver, Colo., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. L. Wright, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, St. Thomas, V. I.

Capt. A. H. Page, Jr., detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, Guam.

Capt. R. B. Buchanan, detached MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.

2nd Lt. H. D. Harris, detached MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

2nd Lt. L. C. Goudeau, detached MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

2nd Lt. C. R. Freeman, detached MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

2nd Lt. J. F. Hough, detached MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

2nd Lt. R. L. Griffin, detached MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

2nd Lt. J. C. Burger, detached MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

2nd Lt. E. J. Trumble, detached MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. G. M. Britt, detached MB, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. A. Zuber, detached MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. E. L. Pugh, detached MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. R. C. Orrison, detached MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Continued on page sixty-two



## The Smiling Marine

Have you noticed this chap? A parting of the lips and a flash of glistening white teeth that makes his smile convey more than the usual message of cheer.

Everyone notices his teeth—for good teeth are 95% of the attraction in any smile.

Your teeth are noticed too. Healthy teeth are good teeth and healthy gums are important. Four out of five are victims of Pyorrhea because they neglect their gums.

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## THE COMPARATIVE STANDING OF OUR NAVY ACCORDING TO THE NAVY LEAGUE

The Navy League of the United States recently took sharp issue with press summaries of the British Admiralty "Blue-book,"—a presentation of data concerning the ships of the chief navies of the world.

The press summaries criticized were based on a story carried by the London Evening News and stated that the British fleet is outnumbered by the American fleet 444 to 543, and also stated that the United States had secretly armed its battleships with 5-inch anti-aircraft guns.

The League commends the Blue-book as a valuable publication, but states that the summary of vessels which appears at the beginning of the book is misleading because it includes vessels which are obsolete in the British Admiralty's own definition. Further than this, the League states, the various effective age-limits assigned different types of vessels have been increased over the ages assigned in previous Blue-books, which changes do not materially affect the British list but cause the inclusion of numerous older vessels in the fleets of other countries.

"The so-called Blue-book, issued annually by the British Admiralty, is a comparison of the relative strength of the leading navies of the world. It is a valuable official publication which should not be overlooked by those on this side of the Atlantic who object to comparisons being made between our Navy and other world navies.

The arrangement of the data in the Blue-book has given rise to several misconceptions the chief of which is that made by the London Evening News and quoted widely in this country, that the United States has 543 warships to 444 for Great Britain. The inference, of course, is that our Navy is much the stronger.

While it is true that there are 543 vessels carried on the United States Navy list, the inference that our navy is stronger is in no way justified.

(1) Many vessels still useful in peacetime but obsolete as fighting ships are still carried by us whereas few of these are on the British list and (2) Our numerical superiority comes entirely from our many war-built destroyers and submarines.

For reasons not stated, the Blue-book has departed from the age limits heretofore used by it, setting the age of cruisers at 20 years and for destroyers at 16 years. By this increase in age limits no additional vessels are brought into the British totals of effective ships but the change does bring a considerable number of vessels into the totals for the United States, Japan and other countries.

The revised tables show the United States with a slight numerical advantage over Great Britain but this is misleading. It is obviously absurd to consider the fighting value of one vessel just as good as that of another, regardless of type or size. Tonnage is a better guide. On a tonnage basis, taking the figures from the Blue-book and revising them according to the accepted American age limits, the totals are: United States 1,079,650; Great Britain 1,311,836; Japan 564,295.

The mere fact that the British Navy employs 95,000 men in carrying on its naval activities, in comparison with the 82,000 enlisted men employed in maintaining our own Navy is a check on the tonnage comparison.

As stated before, the American numerical superiority is due largely to destroyers. The destroyer is an important type, but, ship for ship, has nothing like the fighting value of capital ships, aircraft carriers and cruisers or even fleet submarines.

Still, in the Blue-book, 309 of our total of 543 are destroyers; of Britain's 444 only 172 are destroyers. The Navy Department puts our number of effective destroyers at 284. It does not count 20 given over to Coast Guard service. The other 5 are over twelve years. In the new British calculation sixteen years are given a destroyer.

The British Departure in assigning longer life to vessels is more striking in the figures for cruisers. The life of a cruiser is seventeen years, judged by the standard proposed by the United States at the Washington Conference; by previous Admiralty standards fifteen years; this year's Blue Book's twenty. But none of Britain's 47 cruisers is seventeen years old. In the consolidated summary of the Blue-book, however, the United States is credited with 32 cruisers, only ten of which are modern, whereas some, like the Olympia which won fame in the Spanish War, are veritable museum pieces.

Again the consolidated data for warships building and projected are misleading. The totals are, Great Britain 35; United States 36; Japan 62, etc. Foot-notes mention that 22 of the United States vessels projected have not been appropriated for. Some of these, as 12 destroyers, are from the 1916 program. No one imagines for an instant that we are going in immediately for more destroyers.

It is pertinent to point out that it is the practice in Great Britain, Japan and elsewhere, to appropriate the necessary funds to build naval vessels when they are authorized. The United States authorization and appropriations are not at all synonymous, as illustrated by the 12 destroyers mentioned above, authorized in 1916 but never appropriated for.

The real test in pacific motives is the number of warships laid down or appropriated for since the Washington Conference. They are: United States, 11; Great Britain, 30; Japan, 50.

The total tonnage of the 11 United States vessels will be about 25,000 tons; that of the 30 British not less than 150,000 tons; of the Japanese 50 vessels not less than 175,000 tons.

Another stupid deduction of the London Evening News from a harmless footnote in the Blue-book is that the United States had "secretly" armed its battleships with 5-inch anti-aircraft guns.

While there is no provision of the treaty which requires changes in the secondary battery of capital ships to be announced, the fact that 5-inch anti-aircraft guns would be installed on our battleships was announced by the Navy Department to the press, April 27, 1925."

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July, 1926

## THE LEATHERNECK

Sixty-one

## WHEN YOU'RE WELL OFF

By Sgt. C. Krieger

Since being connected with the Marine Recruiting Service I have learned much regarding the advantages of the men in the Corps. This data I've obtained mostly from ex-Marines who have become successful civilians, and those who have tried the "outside" and contemplate reenlisting.

The majority of men, when discharged, haven't the intent to reenlist. This is not because of the discipline of military life, but because of the financial probabilities that might await them on the outside. If every Marine would look upon his work as a real job and not merely a "life," the financial interests of the civilian could lure him but little. When a person becomes successful, it is usually because he has given his chosen work every possible effort and consideration. Much of the time comprising his recreation hours, he has perhaps donated to his work.

The pledge to "serve faithfully" is indeed a great contract and should be given serious thought. For a Marine to fulfill his contract is not merely to comply with obligations, but to better his own personal conditions. That requires self application which can be done in spare time of which Marines have plenty. I've often heard men remark that after they were discharged and had given the outside a fair trial, then they began to comprehend the possibilities that were within their grasp. Speaking from a financial viewpoint, privates pay is not much; but there are so many things which have cash value that if they were to be purchased on the outside as frequently as in the Corps, it would often take more than average wages to supply the individual need. With the average service man those things are given little consideration.

The Marine, when off duty, instead of taking advantage of the recreation provided for him in the vicinity of the barracks, usually makes his liberties in town. This is a drain upon his pocket-book. After his money is spent, invariably the outside calls. Had he been a civilian how many such liberties could he have made? Without an exceptional job or position, not many.

A civilian must first of all supply his personal necessities before laying aside money for pleasure. That's something a Marine doesn't have to do regardless of its importance. To some extent acquire the business habit. Apply it to your pay, clothing account, and everything which the Corps supplies you. Put it all into figures and soon you will agree that you're getting a danged good salary.

In regards to the Marine Corps Institute, if you are not a student, by all means be one, and study hard. I've talked to business men and experts in various mechanical trades who heartily indorse the International Correspondence Schools. If the training acquired is properly applied, the time devoted to study is well worth an enlistment. The idea of just putting in your time is an expensive error. Take it out of your head. You have a job for four years, so make it worth your while.

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## THE GAZETTE

Continued

2nd Lt. T. B. Millard, detached MB, Nyd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.  
 2nd Lt. T. C. Green, detached MB, Nyd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.  
 2nd Lt. A. V. Gerard, detached MB, Nyd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.  
 2nd Lt. I. M. Bethel, detached MB, Nyd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.  
 2nd Lt. W. M. O'Brien, detached MB, Nyd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.  
 2nd Lt. J. D. Blanchard, detached MB, Nyd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.  
 2nd Lt. R. N. Johnson, detached MB, Nyd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.  
 2nd Lt. F. A. Stephenson, detached MB, Nyd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va.  
 2nd Lt. D. L. Cloud, detached MB, Nyd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va.  
 2nd Lt. F. K. Clements, detached MB, Nyd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NTS, Newport, R. I.

June 5, 1926

Major C. E. Nutting, AA&I, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, to MB, Quantico, Va.  
 Capt. C. A. E. King, dismissed.  
 Captain C. A. Larkin, detached Recruiting District of Portland, Oregon, to Department of the Pacific.  
 Capt. L. W. Wright, detached as an Assistant Quartermaster.  
 2nd Lt. G. H. Bellinger, detached MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to MB, NSB, Coco Solo, Canal Zone.  
 2nd Lt. F. W. Biehl, detached MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., to MB, Quantico, Va.  
 2nd Lt. J. N. Hart, detached MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.  
 2nd Lt. J. W. Lakso, detached MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to MB, Quantico, Va.  
 2nd Lt. W. W. Orr, detached MB, Nyd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.  
 2nd Lt. R. J. Straub, detached MB, NSB, Coco Solo, C. Z., to MB, Quantico, Va.

June 7, 1926

1st Lt. C. W. Melgs, detached 1st Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va.  
 2nd Lt. J. D. Muncie, upon the reporting of relief, detached MD, USS Texas, to MB, Quantico, Va.  
 2nd Lt. T. C. Perrin, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, USS Texas.  
 2nd Lt. A. Kautz, Jr., upon acceptance of appointment, assigned to duty at MB, Nyd, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 2nd Lt. L. N. Ults, upon acceptance of appointment, assigned to duty at MB, Nyd, Philadelphia, Pa.

June 8, 1926

Lt. Col. W. L. Redles, retired as of June 3, 1926.  
 Capt. A. F. Howard relieved from detail as an Assistant Paymaster.  
 Capt. T. A. Tighe, when directed by the CG, detached from MB, Quantico, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.  
 1st Lt. A. E. Benson, upon reporting of relief, detached Recruiting District of San Francisco, San Francisco, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va.  
 1st Lt. E. A. Craig, detached MB, Nyd, Washington, D. C., to Headquarters Marine Corps.  
 1st Lt. W. W. Davies, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Nyd, Puget Sound, Washington.  
 1st Lt. G. T. Hall, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to duty as CO, MB, NAD, Puget Sound, Washington.

June 9, 1926

Lt. Col. F. Halford, on August 25, 1926, detached Naval War College, Newport, R. I., to Army War College, Washington, D. C.  
 Major H. L. Parsons, on June 15, 1926, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.  
 1st Lt. H. C. Major, detached 1st Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Nyd, Norfolk, Va.  
 Capt. C. L. Fordney, MCR, on June 13, 1926, assigned to active duty for training

at MB, Quantico, Va., and on June 27, 1926, relieved from active duty.

Capt. F. A. Mallen, MCR, on June 21, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at MB, Quantico, Va., and on July 5, 1926, relieved from active duty.  
 Capt. N. Old, Jr., MCR, on August 10, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at MB, Quantico, Va., and on August 24, 1926, relieved from active duty.  
 1st Lt. H. S. Davis, MCR, on June 13, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at MB, Quantico, Va., and on June 27, 1926, relieved from active duty.  
 1st Lt. J. D. Marine, MCR, on June 2, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at Recruiting Office, Philadelphia, Pa., and on June 13, 1926, relieved from active duty.

## MARINE CORPS RESERVE ORDERS

Capt. T. H. Hart, MCR, on June 1, 1926, assigned to active duty for training with the Marine Corps Basic School, MT, Gretna, Pa., and on June 23, 1926, relieved from active duty.

1st Lt. S. A. McClellan, MCR, on May 15, 1926, assigned to active duty for aviation training at MB, Quantico, Va., and on May 31, 1926, relieved from active duty.

1st Lt. W. V. Colhoun, MCR, on June 1, 1926, assigned to active duty at Recruiting Office, Detroit, Mich., and on June 12, 1926, relieved from active duty.

2nd Lt. W. F. Murray, MCR, on June 14, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at MB, Quantico, Va., and on June 28, 1926, relieved from active duty.

Maj. J. D. Nevin, MCR, on June 1, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at MB, Nyd, New York, N. Y., and on June 30, 1926, relieved from active duty.

2nd Lt. F. C. Donald, MCR, on June 13, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at MB, Quantico, Va., and on June 27, 1926, relieved from active duty.

Capt. J. F. Flynn, MCR, on June 1, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at Recruiting Office, Boston, Mass., and on June 12, 1926, relieved from active duty. On June 13, 1926, assigned to duty with the 301st Company, and ordered to MB, Quantico, Va., for active duty for training and on June 27, 1926, relieved from active duty.

2nd Lt. S. D. Irwin, MCR, on June 1, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at Recruiting Office, Boston, Mass., and on June 12, 1926, relieved from active duty. On June 13, 1926, assigned to duty with the 301st Company, and ordered to MB, Quantico, Va., for active duty for training and on June 27, 1926, relieved from active duty.

2nd Lt. E. F. Haddad, MCR, on June 1, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at Recruiting Office, Boston, Mass., and on June 12, 1926, relieved from active duty. On June 13, 1926, assigned to duty with the 301st Company, and ordered to MB, Quantico, Va., for active duty for training and on June 27, 1926, relieved from active duty.

Capt. C. A. Ketcham, MCR, on June 13, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at MB, Quantico, Va., and on June 27, 1926, relieved from active duty.

1st Lt. H. S. Evans, MCR, on June 7, 1926, assigned to active duty for training with the Marine Corps Basic School at MT, Gretna, Pa., and on June 21, 1926, relieved from active duty.

1st Lt. J. D. Marine, MCR, on June 13, 1926, assigned to active duty with the 305th Company, and ordered to MB, Quantico, Va., for active duty for training, and on June 27, 1926, relieved from active duty.

1st Lt. W. B. W. Stroup, MCR, on June 14, 1926, assigned to active duty with the 309th Company, and ordered to MB, Quantico, Va., for active duty for training, and on June 27, 1926, relieved from active duty.

1st Lt. E. F. Doyle, MCR, on June 13, 1926, assigned to active duty with the 302nd Company, and ordered to MB, Quantico, Va., for active duty for training, and on June 27, 1926, relieved from active duty.

1st Lt. C. W. Videan, MCR, on June 12, 1926, assigned to active duty with the 306th Company, and ordered to the MB, Quantico, Va., for active duty for training, and on June 27, 1926, relieved from active duty.

1st Lt. M. V. Calhoun, MCR, on June 13, 1926, assigned to active duty with the 306th Company, and ordered to the MB, Quantico, Va., for active duty for training.

and on June 27, 1926, relieved from active duty.

2nd Lt. DeL. G. Davie, MCR, on June 13, 1926, assigned to active duty for training at MB, Quantico, Va., and on June 27, 1926, relieved from active duty.

## RESERVE COMMISSIONS

Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, has forwarded commissions in the Marine Corps Reserve to:

Capt. Darius T. Wool; Capt. Arthur E. Lyng; 1st Lt. Stephen A. McClellan; 1st Lt. Carl R. Berglund; 1st Lt. Marcus L. Whitford; 2nd Lt. Samuel D. Irwin; 2nd Lt. Elias F. Haddad; 2nd Lt. Fred L. Chapman; 2nd Lt. Searcy J. Lowrey; 2nd Lt. Fred E. Billman; Capt. George M. Hollenbeck; Capt. Joseph R. McCuen; 2nd Lt. Harry G. Klemfuss.

## RESERVE ASSIGNMENTS

The following is a list of men assigned to Class 3, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve: Robert G. Gambrel; Peter G. Peterson; Sherman S. Barnson; Rudolph A. Johnson; Steve R. Brooks; Earl E. Eberline; Robert E. Hockenberry; Charles R. West; John F. Wood; Michael Peskin; Miller P. Hutcheson; Howard G. Kline; Cleveland Eldridge; John J. Rawley; Bertram H. Stirk; Harry B. McLean; William W. Ragan; Bishop P. Shackelford.

## NAVAL TRANSPORTS

CHAUMONT—Arrived San Francisco 27 May from Mare Island. Will sail from San Francisco on 2 June for Honolulu, Guam and Manila on the following schedule: Arrive Honolulu 8 June, leave 11 June, arrive Guam 22 June, leave 25 June, arrive Manila 30 June, leave 7 July, arrive Shanghai 11 July, leave 14 July, arrive Chefoo 16 July, leave 19 July, arrive Honolulu 31 July, leave 4 August, arrive San Francisco 10 August.

HENDERSON—Arrived Navy Yard Norfolk 25 May. Will sail from Hampton Roads 14 June for the Asiatic on the following tentative schedule: Arrive Annapolis 15 June, leave 16 June, arrive Panama 24 June, leave 28 June, arrive Honolulu 14 July, leave 31 July, arrive Shanghai 14 August, leave 20 August, arrive Manila 24 August, leave 10 September, arrive Guam 15 September, leave 17 September, arrive Honolulu 29 September, leave 4 October, arrive San Diego 12 October, leave 29 October, arrive Panama 8 November, leave 12 November, arrive Hampton Roads 19 Nov.

KITTERY—Sailed from San Juan 23 May for Hampton Roads. Due to arrive Hampton Roads 2 June. Will sail from Hampton Roads 17 June for Port au Prince and Guantanamo on the following schedule: Arrive Port au Prince 22 June, leave 24 June, arrive Guantanamo 24 June, leave 25 June, arrive Hampton Roads 30 June.

NITRO—Sailed Balboa 23 May for San Diego. Due San Diego 5 June, leave 3 June, arrive Mare Island 10 June, leave 24 June, arrive Puget Sound 27 June.

ORION—At Navy Yard Norfolk. Will be placed out of commission 15 June, 1926.

PATOKA—Sailed Port Arthur 27 May for New Port. Due Newport 5 June. About 8 June will leave Newport for Port Arthur to load another cargo of fuel oil for discharge to vessels of the Scouting Fleet at Newport.

RAMAPO—Sailed Balboa 27 May for San Pedro. Due San Pedro 7 June. Will remain in San Pedro until 6 July at which time she will proceed to Guantanamo with a cargo of fuel oil.

SAPELO—Arrived Port Arthur 23 May to load cargo of fuel oil for discharge at Hampton Roads. Will arrive Hampton Roads about 5 June. About 12 June will proceed to Port Arthur to load a cargo of oil for discharge to vessels of the Scouting Fleet at Newport.

SIRIUS—Sailed Philadelphia 22 May for the West Coast on the following itinerary: Arrive Canal Zone 29 May, leave 2 June, arrive San Diego 13 June, leave 15 June, arrive San Pedro 16 June, leave 19 June, arrive San Francisco 19 June, leave 24 June, arrive Bremerton 30 June.



VEGA—At Navy Yard Norfolk for overhaul. Date of completion of repairs 30 May. Will sail from Hampton Roads 19 June for the West Coast on the following tentative itinerary: Arrive Canal Zone 16 June, leave 18 June, arrive San Diego 28 June, leave 30 June, arrive Mare Island 2 July, leave 9 July, arrive Puget Sound 12 July. On 24 July will sail from Puget Sound for Alaska.

BRAZOS—Arrived Boston Yard 18 May.  
BRIDGE—Arrived New York 14 May.  
ARCTIC—Arrived San Diego 15 May.  
GUYAMA—Arrived San Pedro 23 May.  
KANAWHA—Arrived San Pedro 2 May.  
NECHES—Arrived Mare Island 27 April.  
PECOS—Arrived Manila 26 May.

#### TENTATIVE SAILINGS

VEGA—From Hampton Roads to West Coast 10 June.

HENDERSON—From Hampton Roads to Manila 14 June.

VEGA—From Puget Sound to Alaska 24 July.

CHAUMONT—From San Francisco to Manila 2 June.

CHAUMONT—From Manila to San Francisco 7 July.

KITTERY—From Hampton Roads to Port au Prince and Guantanamo 17 June.

RAMAPO—From San Pedro to Guantanamo 6 July.

SAPELO—From Hampton Roads to Port Arthur 12 June.

SAPELO—From Port Arthur to Newport 19 June.

PATOKA—From Newport to Port Arthur 8 June.

#### RECENT GRADUATES

1st Lt. Windsor B. W. Stroup—Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing Course.  
1st Lt. Nicholas E. Clauson—Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing Course.  
Sergt. Sidney Greenblatt—Civil Service General Clerical Course.

Corp. Jean E. Thomas—Poultry Farming Course.

Corp. Ray G. Botts—Commercial Correspondence Course.

Pvt. Albert H. Huettner—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Pvt. Edward F. Lynn—Complete Automobile Course.

Pvt. Leslie C. Scott—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Pvt. Walter L. Bassaro—Complete Automobile Course.

Pvt. Louis Roseman—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Pvt. August P. Wark—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Pvt. Frank M. Sterbak—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Pvt. First Class, Charles A. Seekamp—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Pvt. Herman P. Halterman—Complete Automobile Course.

Pvt. Thornton K. Burdett—Soil Improvement Course.

Pvt. Frank A. Bargas—Farm Crops Course.

Pvt. Darrell McD. Monteith—Pattern-making Course.

Pvt. Herman L. Lay—Citrus Fruit Growing Course and Good English Course.

Corp. Harry D. Moore—Poultry Breeding Course.

Pvt. Harry M. Blix—Automobile Electric Equipment Course.

Gun. Sergt. Joseph J. Karynaske—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Capt. Carl S. Schmidt—Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing Course.

1st Lt. Ralph R. Robinson—Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing Course.

2nd Lt. Robert G. Hunt—Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing Course.

Corp. Irving E. Bacon—Radio Operator's Course.

Corp. Harold W. Lowe—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Corp. Oliver Pauly—Commercial Law, Sales and Credit Management Course.

Corp. Henry Shepherd—Practical Telephony Course.

Private, First Class, George J. Vavricka—Railway Postal Course.

Private, First Class, John G. Burnham—Bookkeeping and Accounting Course.

Private, First Class, Edward G. Hall—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Private, First Class, Joseph H. Rada—Show Card Lettering Course.

Pvt. Stephen Popson—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Pvt. Louis F. Krombholz—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Pvt. Lad Vojas—Elementary Electrical Engineering Course.

Pvt. Robert J. Rogers—Steam Fitters Course.

Sergt. Thomas O. Kelly—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Sergt. Herman E. Maret—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Sergt. Frederick H. Bayhi—Reading Architects' Blueprints Course.

Corp. Andrew Grela—Market Gardening and Truck Farming Course.

Corp. Gordon W. Heritage—Banking and Business Law Course.

Pvt. Wilfred A. Lussier—Civil Service General Clerical Course.

Private, First Class, John B. Tolles—Motorman's Course.

Pvt. Stanton V. Gillum—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Mar. Gun. William S. Robinson—Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing Course.

Pharmacist's Mate, Second Class, Elmer R. Francis—Traffic Management Course.

Sergt. Samuel S. Goodspeed—Civil Service Clerk-Carrier Course.

Corp. John J. Medalls—Railway Postal Clerk Course.

Corp. Robert A. Bean—Complete Automobile Course.

Private, First Class, Floyd J. Lackey—Practical Electrician's Course.

Private, First Class, Omar F. Noel—Practical Electrician's Course.

Pvt. Theodore A. Musall—Shop Electrician's Course.

Private, First Class, Peter B. Emanuel—Bookkeeping and Auditing Course.

Pvt. Albert Goette—Complete Automobile Course.

#### REENLISTMENTS

Ivins, Marvin N., at Los Angeles, 5-18-26, for MB, San Diego, Calif.

Owen John, at San Diego, 5-13-26, for MB, San Diego, Calif.

Texler, Martin W., at New York, 5-20-26, for Depot Hampton Roads.

Feyrer, Valentine, Jr., at Chicago, 5-19-26, for Recruiting, Chicago.

Roesch, Joseph A., at Detroit, 5-18-26, for Recruiting, Detroit, Mich.

Rasmussen, Holgar F. C., at Parris Island, 5-25-26, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Patke Stanley G., at New York, 5-25-26, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Rawley, John J., at Boston, 5-24-26, MB, Portsmouth, N. H.

Van Valkenburgh, Robert, Youngstown, 5-25-26, at MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Brown, Laurence E., at San Diego, 5-19-26, at MB, San Diego, Calif.

Linder, John, at San Diego, 5-19-26, for MB, San Diego, Calif.

Meanley, James M., at Kansas City, 5-7-26, for MB, San Diego, Calif.

Moore, Bartley C., at Washington, 5-25-26, for Marine Band, Washington, D. C.

Tobin, William J., at Boston, 5-4-26, for Recruiting, Boston, Mass.

Martin, Henry, at San Francisco, 4-29-26, for MB, San Diego, Calif.

Rossich, Louis, at Quantico, 5-1-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.

Karczewski, John, at Baltimore, 5-7-26, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Beard, Reid, at MB, Washington, 5-7-21, for MB, Washington, D. C.

Oliver, Leonard I., at Kansas City, 5-8-26, for MB, Philadelphia, Pa.

Stejskal, Joseph, at Chicago, 5-5-26, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Whisner, Leavitt C., at Detroit, 5-6-26, HR, for West Coast.

Glascow, Walter, at Oakland, 5-3-26, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.

James, Charles W., at Seattle, 4-30-26, for MB, Puget Sound, Wash.

Powers, Harold C., at Los Angeles, 4-20-26, for MB, San Diego, Calif.

Holloway, Willie, at Norfolk, 5-12-26, for MB, Norfolk, Va.

Clarke, William J., at New York, 5-10-26, for MFF, Quantico, Va.

Richardson, Wilfred A., at Chicago, 4-16-26, HR, for West Coast.

Stucks, Lyman E., at Chicago, 5-13-26, for Recruiting, Chicago, Ill.

Bombich, Bernard, at Pittsburgh, 5-22-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.

Montgomery, Cornelius, at Baltimore, 5-22-26, HR, for West Coast.

Hedges, William A., at Chicago, 5-21-26, HR, for West Coast.

May, Eugene J., at New York, 5-22-26, for MB, New York, N. Y.

Plaum, Louis, at Yorktown, 5-22-26, for MB, Yorktown, Va.

Joyce, Peter J., at Chicago, 5-12-26, HR, for West Coast.

Brown, William A., at Philadelphia, 5-2-26, for Depot, Philadelphia, Pa.

Chyznesky, John, at Boston, 5-5-26, HR, for West Coast.

Hanvey, Marvin M., at Washington, 5-6-26, HR, for MB, Quantico, Va.

Flynn, Joseph, at Kansas City, 5-4-26, for MB, San Diego, Calif.

Whinery Terry H., at Louisville, 5-4-26, for MB, Philadelphia, Pa.

Winterringer, Frank, at Kansas City, 5-4-26, for MB, San Diego, Calif.

Wright, John F., at St. Paul, 5-4-26, for MB, San Diego, Calif.

Robinson, Owen S., at Quantico, 5-6-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.

Bayles, Arthur, at Washington, Pa., 5-21-26, for Recruiting, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dugan, Timothy A., at Baltimore, 5-20-26, for MB, Norfolk, Va.

Nelson, William, at Mare Island, 5-12-26, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.

Haslett, Andrew, at San Francisco, 5-10-26, for MB, San Diego, Calif.

Weibel, Albert R., at Quantico, 5-15-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.

Wundram, Lewis, at Hampton Roads, 5-16-26, for MB, Hampton Roads, Va.

Taylor, Hollis W., at Quantico, 5-21-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.

Padgett, Robert F., at Washington, 5-29-26, for Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

Raub, Frank R., at Washington, 5-28-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.

William, Guy C., at Washington, 5-29-26, for Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

Skrzypczak, Stephen J., at Chicago, 5-27-26, for Recruiting, Chicago, Ill.

White, Alexander, at Houston, 5-27-26, for MB, Quantico, Va.

Boller, John F., at Portland, 5-24-26, for Recruiting, Portland.

Ode, William F., at Spokane, 5-22-26, for MB, San Diego, Calif.

West, Kenneth M., at Cape Haitien, 5-14-26, for MB, Cape Haitien.

#### DEATHS

VERNER, Frank E., Capt., died May 25, 1926, at St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. Next of kin: Mrs. Hazel P. Verner, wife, R. F. D. Baltimore Highlands, Baltimore, Md.

ANGIONE, Joseph, Pvt., died May 19, 1926, at Parris Island, S. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Josephine Angione, mother, 48 Spring Street, Norwalk, Conn.

BLOCK, Morris J., Pvt., died May 23, 1926, at Quantico, Va., of injuries received in ball game. Next of kin: Mr. Louis and Mrs. Eva Block, parents, 3126 Coney Island Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DAVIS, Jeff B., 1st Sergt., killed May 17, 1926, in airplane crash at San Diego, Calif. Next of kin: Mr. James Davis, father, 308 E. Mitchell Street, Louisville, Ky.

DRUMMOND, Thomas B., Corpl., died May 24, 1926, at Atlantic City, N. J., of injuries received in soccer game. Next of kin: Mrs. Therese Drummond, mother, 239 So. 62nd Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

OGLETTREE, Joe C., Pvt., died May 6, 1926, of disease at Port au Prince, Haiti. Next of kin: Mrs. Josephine Oglettree, mother, Fountain Hill, Ark.

THRASHER, Robert K., Pvt., First Class, killed May 17, 1926, in airplane crash at San Diego, Calif. Next of kin: Mrs. Daisie Thrasher, mother, Saginaw Street, Mount Morris, Mich.

DWYER, Neil P., Gunr. Sergt., retired, died May 5, 1926, of disease at Philadelphia, Pa. Next of kin: Mr. James F. Dwyer, nephew, Garden Street, Bayside, Long Island, N. Y.

HAIGHT, Charles H., Pvt., retired, died March 21, 1926, of disease at Philadelphia, Pa. Next of kin: Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, neice, 1613 Harford Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

GUDAITIS, Anton, Sergt., F. M. C. R., inactive, died October 11, 1925, of disease at New Haven, Conn. Next of kin: Agnes Poustis, sister, 84 Lawrence Street, New Haven, Conn.

ORTIZ, Jose S., Pvt., M. C. R., inactive, died May 14, 1926, at Tuckerton, N. J. Next of kin: Louis Sanchez, brother, P. O. Box 121, Comorio, Porto Rico.

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## JIJIBOOM PAPER

Continued

### XVII

The *Tuscarora*, famous craft  
(Stern was forward, bow was aft),  
Bore us down the line.  
Her decks, you know, were seventeen;  
Her skipper was an ex-Marine—  
Her dummy stacks were nine.

### XVIII

She made the run in splendid shape—  
Her forced draft made the sockoes gape,  
And everything went well  
Until a tropic cowfish saw  
The good ship's bottom was of straw,  
And chewed it all to hell.

### XIX

We foundered thirteen miles from port,  
But I tossed down another quart  
And swam the troops ashore.  
They piled on, twenty at a crack;  
I docked them like a deep-sea hack,  
Then swam around some more.

(You are requested to stand at ease  
until the August number appears, mes  
enfants, wherein you will read of how  
Private Hidalgo played an exceedingly  
modest part in putting down the fright-  
ful Oomalogian revolt of some date or  
other—it slips me now. Or was it some-  
what shorn of modesty? That, too,  
eludes me for the moment; but we shall  
see.)

## THE CRUISE OF THE EUGENE JAMES

By Minnie J. Hardy

A handsome craft was our friend Jim  
James,  
As he sailed the sea of life;  
But he cruised away from the pretty  
dames  
Who are always strong for the courting  
game,  
And he said "Ho! Ho! I'll use my brains;  
No wife for me, no wife."

"O, I'll be free," quoth he, quoth he,  
"For I am very smart."  
But Fate stepped in—"You will!" said  
she;  
Then whispered, "Dan, come, please help  
me;"  
So that little lad laughed loud with glee  
As he picked a good strong dart.

Jim anchored close to a pretty craft  
By a bay so warm and blue;  
She wore silk sails both fore and aft,  
And her dimpled cheeks most drove him  
daft.  
Here Cupid aimed—The sweet girl  
laughed—  
Oh, what could the poor man do?

He went to a dance one moonlit night,  
Saying, "Oh, but I am wise;"  
That maid was there, her feet were light,  
Her soft brown eyes were very bright;  
Then Love came in and bandaged tight  
Poor Jim's admiring eyes.

Then he breathed, "O Lord, keep me from  
harm;"  
For the way seemed very dark.  
That maiden took him by the arm,  
She kissed his cheek—her lips were  
warm;  
And then he settled on a farm,  
With an arrow through his heart.

# This Man Wouldn't Stay Down



He was putting in long hours at monotonous unskilled work. His small pay scarcely lasted from one week to the next. Pleasures were few and far between and he couldn't save a cent.

He was down—but he *wouldn't stay down!* He saw other men promoted, and he made up his mind that what they could do *he* could do. Then he found the *reason* they were promoted was because they had special training—an expert knowledge of some one line. So he made up his mind that *he* would get that kind of training.

He marked and mailed to Scranton a coupon like the one below. That was his first step upward. It brought him just the information he was looking for. He found he could get the training he needed right at home in the hours after supper. From that time on he spent part of his spare time studying.

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It just shows what a man with ambition can do. And this man is only one out of hundreds of thousands who have climbed the same steps to success with the help of the International Correspondence Schools.

What about *you*? Are you satisfied merely to hang on where you are or would you, too, like to have a real job and real money? It's entirely up to you. You don't *have* to stay down. You *can* climb to the position you want in the work you like best. Yes, you can! The I. C. S. are ready and anxious to come to you, wherever you are, with the very help you need.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Banking Law        | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English       |
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